

THE
ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL PAPERS.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Vol. I.

Sumite materiam vestris scribitis, æquam
Viribus, et versate diu, ^{unde} ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res?
Nec facundia deserat humi, nec lucidus ordo.

Horace

CALCUTTA :

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THE
ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

JANUARY, 1843.

[No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

BY A TEMPORARY OCCUPANT OF THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

THE commencement of a new year has been reckoned a suitable time for reviewing the past and forming plans for the future. On no occasion is such "looking before and after" more appropriate than when a new periodical is to be ushered to the notice of the public, founded on one of a similar cast which has already run its career. The circumstances connected with the one which will cease to exist with the nascence of the new aspirant to public favor (like the old year expiring in giving birth to the new,) may have been such as either to afford cause for gratulation at what has been achieved, or matter for regret at what has been left undone of that which was promised or anticipated. But whether the aspect of the past be inviting or repulsive, the projectors of a new undertaking owe it to themselves and their supporters, to sketch out a distinct outline of the objects in view and the manner in which those objects are to be accomplished.

The person who, for the nonce, has pushed the editor of this journal from his stool, and has undertaken to bespeak the indulgence of a generous public, may not be considered qualified to do such justice to his task as may reasonably be expected from him who is, from month to month, to labour in the vocation. He is ready to acknowledge the justice of the surmise, and to apologise for his temerity in occupying even temporarily so responsible a post as that of leading the van, though he must strenuously maintain that the editor himself cannot feel a livelier interest in the periodical which it is his part to herald to the public and to success.

He even presumes to think that the very circumstance of his not being immediately engaged in the conduct of the undertaking, may

give him some advantage over the editor, even as a looker-on, though but indifferently skilled in chess, is sometimes able to see more clearly than the player the situation of the game and the effects likely to result from a particular succession of moves. The mind of the player may be fixed on a particular part of the board; he may be intent solely on the moves necessary to frustrate the attempts of his adversary; and this concentration of his energies may prevent his availing himself of all the advantages of his position. But the spectator, whose passions are not so warmly set on victory, has greater leisure to survey every part, and can thus espy opportunities for those critical moves which decide the fortune of a game.

It may be allowed to the occupant of the editorial seat, without laying claim to great critical perspicacity, to assert the necessity of a periodical literature—an assertion which the editor of the journal may not deem it fitting in him to promulge, how well soever convinced of its justice. Such a remark, though founded on a sincere conviction of its truth, may appear, when proceeding from the editor, merely the dictate of interest. But another, even though acknowledging himself to desire earnestly the success of the periodical, will not render himself liable to such an imputation. The writer of these lines ventures, in this persuasion, to combat the argument, which is borrowed from the large stock of our permanent literature, by those who are seemingly influenced by a reluctance to open their purse-strings rather than by any love to literature. A sincere regard for letters would induce one to hail every attempt to extend the cultivation of learning. The true lover of literature would cherish even a humble attempt to extend its influence, for he would not hope to see the luxuriant oak precede the sapling; and the more ungenial the climate, the more would he conceive his fostering care to be requisite for the growth of the nursling plant.

Instances, however, may occur in which the support claimed is denied, from an inadequate conception of the value of periodical literature. There are persons who conceive nothing to deserve their attention that does not come recommended by its magnitude. They look upon the ponderous folio as the repository of the quintessence of wisdom. They estimate an author not by his genius, but by his weight. Bulk is with such persons the standard of erudition, as it is with the Hottentots that of beauty. But even if such voluminous works are considered to be

intrinsically valuable, as products of research and labour, it should be remembered that literature, like physical science, is progressive; and that it must be adapted to the age or it will lose its value. To direct the student in chemistry to the volumes of Lavoisier and Priestley, is to require an unprofitable occupation of precious time. To him the slightest sketch of the science in any periodical of the day, would be of far greater use than the volumes which detail the first attempts to analyse matter. It is precisely the same with the literature of a past age. That literature embodies the feelings and portrays the manners of an age with which we have no sympathy. As matter of research, it may be amusing to the curious few to compare the authors of a past age with their successors; but we can no more desire to converse with the former, than we would desire to have for our companions the mummies of the catacombs. The men and women of the age must live and converse with their contemporaries. The same cause leads them to prefer modern duodecimos to the huge folios or the equally bulky quartos of by-gone centuries. It is to no purpose, therefore, to pretend to depreciate the compositions of our times, and to admire those of antiquity. Formerly no author was considered fit to be presented till he had acquired the consistency and dimensions of a folio. But we should like to see the gentleman that would wish to lead into a saloon a lady enveloped in ruffs and farthingales, or the lady that would consent to open a ball with a partner in an enormous peruke and corresponding habiliments of the age which Vandyk has transferred to the canvas.

This age does not differ from previous periods merely in the quality of its literature. It is characterised by the *form* which its literature assumes. Occasional volumes, the records of improving science, or the vehicles of fiction and poetry; periodical journals that embrace every department of science and literature; and diurnal publications, the messengers of passing events and opinions to every quarter of the civilised globe; these are the modes in which our literature exists. The first of them sufficed for the ancients. The second and third owe their invention to the increasing wants of modern times, and are as necessary and as useful as watches and steam-engines. An attempt to decry the utility or necessity of any of these modes of communication in the world of letters, merits the reception which would be given to a proposal to dispense with either of the instruments which have been

named, on the ground that neither Pythagoras nor Archimedes invented them.

The uses and advantages of this variety in the form of our literature, are so obvious as scarcely to call for notice, except for the conviction of the decriers of periodical works. They who seek for information on a particular subject, refer to the volumes which embrace the object of their enquiry. They whose reading is more desultory, have their attention directed by periodical journals to subjects of interest; are acquainted with the researches of the learned without being under the necessity of entering too deeply into any one of them; or are entertained by details of foreign adventures, accounts of works of art, and the lighter efforts of imagination. But newspapers are welcome at every door. The man of science and the man of business can afford to glance at a newspaper, since it contains items acceptable to both; but he on whom time hangs heavily, devours its contents with the same relish with which he swallows his toast and tea. Thus by the varied means within the reach of moderns, literature, instead of being confined to academies and cloisters, is universally diffused. It is thrust upon us in every pamphlet and newspaper. Every domicile is a school of knowledge.

While each of these forms of our literature has something to recommend it, the circumstances of this country seem particularly to demand the cultivation and encouragement of periodicals. In this land of sojourn to many of us, where the reading public is so small, the composition of standard works cannot be expected to become general. On the other hand, an ephemeral newspaper affords no scope for literary efforts. The fact is too obvious to require proof. It follows therefore, that those publications have the best chances of success and the best claims on our attention, which require no great sacrifice of time and labour from its conductors, and which are not so fugitive as to induce haste and carelessness of composition.

Such are the grounds, briefly stated, on which we may rest the claims of a journal like the present, when addressing those who, from a sincere love of literature, are anxious to extend its benefits and accelerate its progress. For those persons who take up a book with the sole view of its acting on them like an opiate, and who are so ingenuous as to own this idiosyncrasy of their intellects, these remarks are certainly not intended.

The disappearance of many a periodical of this country, may, appear to denote either an insufficiency of encouragement, or a want of persevering zeal in contributors. Both these causes may be surmised to have hastened the dissolution of magazines commenced by projectors confident of their own powers and sanguine of public encouragement. If the past therefore is to afford a warning to those who come after, this circumstance ought to be borne in mind by readers as well as by writers; by the former as a reason not to withdraw, after a brief period, the support held out by them, on the strength of which this magazine is commenced; by the latter as a motive not to relax in the labors from which the magazine is to derive its pabulum and the public their entertainment. Nevertheless, the instability of former attempts is not to be regretted with much sorrow. In a country where the state of society is so changing, either by the departure of its members to the homes of their youth, or by untimely removal from the face of the earth, it is vain to expect permanence in literary efforts.

This reflection, drawn from the writer by the remembrance of similar publications of other days, may not seem improper to those who shall see these lines ere the last vibrations of the knell of another year have ceased. It has not, however, been suggested by the work which this day becomes extinct. The "Literary Blossom", expanded under the warm and kindly influences of an indulgent public; but the Blossom, however brilliant and gay, was necessarily evanescent, and has given place to the fruit which is now offered to those under whose protecting care it has been formed.

The designation of this journal, indicates a mine, the working of which by the contributors to its pages cannot but enhance its value in the estimation of the lovers of local literature. An Oriental Magazine ought to be redolent of *orientalism*. To render the name of the journal appropriate to its contents, should therefore be the aim of its writers.

That the literature of this country ought to be suited to the circumstances in which we are placed, is a position that cannot be controverted. It is true that we are but as exotics in this land of the sun, and that our sentiments and feelings are essentially those of another clime. But prudence teaches us to adapt ourselves to our situation, to modify our habits according to the country we live in, and to partake of the

enjoyments which we can command instead of sighing for those which are unattainable. At this very season, when more northerly climes are covered with snow and present a dreary and cheerless aspect, we feast our eyes with the splendors of the florae of Europe and America, and our tables are spread with those culinary productions which England cannot mature till she enjoys the fervent heats of summer. Is our literature alone not to reflect hues derived from the country? It were vain indeed to attempt to divest ourselves of those sentiments and those modes of thought which we derive from our native literature. Nor is such renunciation requisite. Still, they who make this land their sojourn, and they who regard it as their home, may adapt their compositions to the country, not only by selecting themes derived from the people among whom they dwell, but by rendering their lucubrations in keeping with the spirit of the East.

How advantageously English literature may partake of this Orientalism, may be seen in the success of *Lalla Rookh*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*. Let the poetical writers, at least, of this journal endeavour to infuse this spirit into their pieces. Even when they address their love-sonnets to the beauties of another hemisphere, let the scenery of their compositions be Eastern, to indicate the soil in which their musings had birth. And if they find nothing to admire in the face of the country, the very contrast of its features with those of the *natale solum* will excite, in the bosoms of the expatriated, feelings and emotions akin to those which the *Tristia* of Ovid, composed in exile, perpetually remind us. Were it permitted us to borrow an illustration from a kindred art, the writer would refer to the Oriental Heads of Mr. Grant, as a proof of the interest which may be created by art when not treading the beaten track. The sketches made by that ingenious artist of persons most generally known in this community have an interest purely local; but those which we have in view will excite attention even in England, where his other drawings, considered as works of art, would be lost in the blaze of those superior productions which are yearly exhibited in the Royal Academy. Artists in Europe who may wish to paint subjects connected with the East will refer to those "heads" as authentic studies for attaining a *vraisemblance* in their compositions.

Nor is there any fear that a writer, who aims to catch the genius of the place, will feel himself restricted within the circle of a few ever-

recurring topics and images. The poet in India who frames his verses in the mould of English literature can never be more than an imitator ; his thoughts and images must either be tame copies of what he reads in books, or the faint transcripts of recollections enfeebled by lapse of time. He who paints from nature, such as nature is in India, and describes the emotions of his own breast, whatever be his defects, will always possess a freshness and a truth which the author of mere reflected poems must despair of attaining.

To seize this Orientalism, to transfuse this Eastern spirit into their own compositions, our writers must not see through the "spectacles of books:" they must study nature ; they must read India with their own eyes, must understand her people from their personal knowledge. Their observation must be as extensive and penetrating as the field is vast and productive. A single instance may serve to explain what is intended and to show what may be gained by close study of the people. The nature of caste, that institution peculiar to India, which has attracted the curiosity of Europe for two thousand years, is but imperfectly understood even in this country by its rulers. It is commonly thought that Brahmins are the highest in the scale, and that food prepared by them may be eaten by all inferior castes. But it has been recently ascertained that Rajpoots, among whom the distinctions on this point are minute beyond conception, will not partake of food dressed by Brahmins, or even by persons of their own tribe, unless the parties are connected with, or are intimately known to each other. The application of this curious fact will not readily appear : it is one, however, which might have been of service on a recent occasion. But it may be said, in a word, that the people of India can never be thoroughly known but by close personal observation of their habits of life, thought, and action.

The subject has allured the writer to extend his remarks beyond the limits which he should have prescribed to himself. There is one sign of the times, however, which it would be unpardonable not to allude to in the introductory pages of an *Oriental Magazine*, namely, the various undertakings which are now in progress, with the object not only of acclimatising whatever is most valuable of the productions and the institutions of Europe, but of developing the long neglected resources of India. To this subject, deeply interesting as it must be to every dweller in the land, it is, the writer trusts, unnecessary to direct the best attention of every contributor to these pages.

It is time the writer should vacate the editorial chair. Commending the *Oriental Magazine* to public patronage, he accordingly makes his *congé* to the editor for the permission he has received—to be tedious.

THE PAST YEAR.

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur Anni;—

• *Horace. Ode 14th, Book 2d.*

THE pleasures of Memory, are, for many reasons, preferable to those of Hope. The latter indulges in anticipations which have no “local habitation;”—it awakens images, which have neither substance nor reality—it paints a lovely transparency—it opens to the view, a delightful *Visita* of the future—its pencil sketches some *beau-ideal*, too lovely to be of the earth, earthy;—and fancy and imagination contribute their assistance to heighten the effect, adorn the beauty, and throw a rich coloring, over the delusions of Hope. It is, in truth, the *mirage* of human life; exciting the wearied, animating the dejected, promising all ranks and conditions of life, and—after all,—ending in disappointment!

Memory on the other hand, affords us pleasure, because there is some substance, there is a *reality* in its enjoyments—it refers to the *past*. Although by-gone hours are sealed with the irrevocable doom,—*never to return*;—although they are consigned to the grave of past time;—and their knell has been rung;—yet these hours, in Memory, live again;—they experience a resurrection;—they do not rise in their grave-clothes—but like the flowers, that bloom in returning spring, they are clothed with a beauty, the effect of which does not thrill our frames; but excites in us a subdued pleasure—a kind of *philosophic melancholy*, (if we may be allowed to say so,) which while it grieves, also rejoices. They are seen at a distance; all their asperities are therefore smoothed, and their pains have lost their sting. Moreover it is wise to think on our past years—to muse over days gone by. It is instructive to read over again, in Memory’s page, our past conduct and actions—they warn us of our future career—they strengthen our good resolutions. It is solemnising to the mind, to exercise ourselves, in such a review.—The mercies of Providence, his gracious dealings with us, all pass over the disc of our mind, and leave an impression behind them.—Standing thus at the brink of the past—and illumining with the light of Memory, our past life, with all its exciting hopes and its drooping fears, we learn to meditate, on that *hereafter*, where the light of Heaven will once more expose to our view, fully and completely, all our inmost thoughts and hidden actions, which even, on earth had escaped the prison-house of our remembrance.

The narration of those parts of a man’s life, which may appear to him, either entertaining or striking, will be of no profit to the *public*—

Biography is delightful; but the private thoughts and occurrences which are to be found in the lives of any ordinary individual, will afford no pleasure to the readers of this magazine. Every man can take a retrospect of his own career—can trace his life from infancy to the present hour—and with this exercise, he alone can be pleased, because it only concerns his important—*self*. But during the past year, great events have taken place in the world; events which have struck the most indifferent with astonishment, and caused the careless to awake from his slumber, and ponder over the passing scenes.

A general peace now prevails over India's politics and India's fears—the booming artillery has ceased to discharge its thunder and its ire; the sword has returned to its scabbard; the proud banner of England waves in the gentle breeze. The fields will soon be clothed with verdure—and where desolation grimly sat, will beauty and fertility spring up. These are matters of great rejoicings—a nation's shout of victory proclaims its joy.

British power and British Valour have again triumphed over the ruthless treachery of the Affghans. For a moment, the brittle faith of Akbar Khan had extinguished the hitherto blazing fame of England—her escutcheon was disgraced—and the bones of her sons, ingloriously whitened the enemy's plains. But this disgraceful defeat lasted but for a moment. England raised a piercing cry for revenge—and the smoking ruins and the overturned cities of Afghanistan, prove how English soldiers have avenged their brothers' blood and death.

• Reflect but for a little while, on the foreign policy of British India. The great bugbear, Russia, frightened Auckland's wits—his satellites increased his fears—an independent king was asked to submit to certain conditions. What man, but a slave, would brook dictation! Straightway a fugitive king, a wandering crowned—beggar, was forced upon a brave and independent nation—the field of Bameean, tore the crown from Dost Mahmood—and bestowed it upon Shah Soojah. The work was quickly done—as quickly was it undone. The fiery spirits of the Affghans watched an opportunity and destroyed the insolent intruders. For a while, a gloom hung on the city of Palaces; the strand was darkened with the mourning liveries of parents and relatives—and when the intelligence reached England, the hero of Waterloo shed scalding tears over the unhappy fatality that had seized British supremacy in Central Asia.

Immediately, the cry of “revenge, revenge,” tore the skies—the God of battles was invoked to help *injustice*, and to give victory to desperate revenge. Homes, villages, and towns, suffered. Vengeance was wreaked on the inanimate creation. The English, infuriated by frenzy, acted the part of little children—and levelled the guns against brute matter. Ellenborough bade a nation pray—all churches thanked God, for this brutal *revenge*. The gates of the Temple of Somnauth were retaken and ordered back to their original site. All native India heard this from Ellenborough—Oh! the strange triumph of Christianity and Paganism—the triumph of *injustice*. The triumph of *revenge*—attributed, impiously attributed to the Most high God.

Peace, too with China is restored. Let him who can, justify, the

Chinese war. To force a people to take *poison*—to compel them to use what is most hurtful to their bodies—to administer, by violence what proves the ruin of their families, and increases the grief of their friends—to do this, was the celestial empire invaded by British Titans. The skill, knowledge, and power of England was directed against a people whose civilization is stationary, and who were happy in their own conceit. The Chinese were at peace with all—the *magnet* never made them pirates—their gunpowder never destroyed harmless nations—and the *press* never justified a flagrant breach of the morality of nations. It did not require the wisdom of Solomon, to pronounce on whose side, victory would incline—England had the glory of centuries to urge her onward—the skill and knowledge of her sons were brought into use. China opposed the British army, with soldiers that never witnessed war. The Chinese ships were scattered, by the British steamers, like chaff before the wind—the Chinese general was better fitted to carry a general's baggage—her *admiral* was a mere *landsman*. For this victory has God also been thanked.

But enough of this for the present. It is heart-sickening to read and see such actions—a day will come, when the oppressor will be overthrown. However it is more cheering to dwell on peaceful themes—to mark the spread of education—the increasing circle of human knowledge—the efforts of Religious Societies, to meliorate the condition of the people and direct their thoughts to heaven—the exertions of other assemblies, to improve the tone and raise the character of the degraded people of India. It is delightful to contemplate such subjects—to meditate on such things.

We must now close. We have said enough—and wishing our readers a happy New Year, we drop our pen.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

THE LAND OF POESY AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, BY HENRY PAGE.—We have been very kindly favored with a copy of this work; and we think in justice to the author, we should offer something in the shape of an opinion on the merits of the performance, though we must confess, we have not time at command to be able to do more than submit a few cursory remarks, which we could make after glancing over its pages. In the first place we would say a word on the typographical execution of the volume before us, which it is hardly necessary to state, is of a superior order, and the best that could be obtained in Calcutta. The book is very neatly got up, and the whole appearance is so tempting as to induce one to open the volume, even were he not inclined to pore upon its contents. With regard to the work itself we must observe, there is much to be said in commendation of Mr. Page, who has given at least a very good earnest of what he is able to do. The principal poem is divided into three books, all of which contain some very beautiful passages, though it must be remarked that they are occasionally interspersed with lines, which might have been rendered more clear and harmonious if a little more pains had been

bestowed upon them. In the first Book there are some stanzas which stand unrivalled, amidst all that we have read in the work, under consideration; one of which we shall take the liberty of transcribing in full. The poet after reviewing India in its past and present conditions respectively, writes in the following strain:—

This is the land of Poesy!
 Enchantment reigns around!—
 Here may the veriest trifle be
 The subject of a theme to me
 Of praise that knows no bound:
 A single bud, a single flow'r,
 That opes its fragrant breast
 To drink the night-cloud's dewy show'r
 Hath in itself the magic pow'r
 To make this heart so blest,
 That it could dwell in rapturous bliss
 E'en on a poor, frail thing like this!

The above we think is a very fair sample of the Author's poetical talents, which we may add require but the fostering hand of encouragement to mature them. In the miscellaneous department of the book there are some pieces with which we have been highly pleased; of these "Stanzas to the Memory of H. L. V. Derozio," and "The last Farewell," we consider the best in the whole collection.

LINES TO ——

OH! do not cheer me with that smile—
 Once it thrill'd thro' all my frame—
 Is it fair to employ such wile,
 To give my tender bosom pain?

Oh! do not look with that meek eye—
 Once it gain'd my humble love—
 But soon you pass'd me coldly by—
 Could you such conduct e'er approve?

Oh! do not write in tender strains—
 You'll sure remind me of the *past*—
 A frenzy fires my torpid veins,
 My bliss with storms, is overcast.

'Tis late alas! to be so kind—
 When once the fatal blow is giv'n—
 No peace—no resting place I find,
 My heart with sorest grief, is riv'n.

'Tis vain to say, you still love me—
 No joy the ship-wreck'd sailor feels,
 When toss'd amidst the foaming sea,
 The sun too late, himself reveals.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.—No. I.

THE FRIEND. 6

"[The author here supposes a man, who had, after many years of exile, returned to his native land, and is making enquiries after those whom he had left behind. The hint is taken from Crabbe's "Farewell and Return."]

1.

Returned from India's barren shore,
In which I passed ten years and more.
I long to see my home again,
And ask of friends, that may remain,
Some tidings of those, that are dead;
Of those by gain or avarice led,
To spend their youth's most precious time
In India's scorching, distant clime.

How chang'd the spot ! In days of yore,
A cottage stood—but now no more,
The ivy's in the lattice high,
Or flowers that bloom for rustic eye.
The splendours of that cot are gone,
Its inmates and its joys have flown.

I see a man just near the wall ;
He sure can tell the cot's sad fall ;
He may relate, where is my friend,
Upon whose love I did depend.

2.

M.—Ah ! well you may this scene deplore ;
Nought now charms, that charm'd before—
This cottage fell—this ruin then began
When death removed that pious man.

P.—And is he dead ?—Oh ! just relate
The cause of this unhappy fate.
Did sickness chill his tender frame ?
Was it the body or the mental pain ?
Where is the maid, that lov'd him true ?
Went she before ? or does she strew
With fading flowers, his lonely tomb,
Anxious to meet a similar doom ?

M.—Oh ! No ! for when was woman known,
To seek and live with one alone ;
Tir'd—she turns another way,
And looks for others to be gay ;

Ne'er sighs for those she left behind,
But *looks before*, the past to find ;
Forgets the heart, that bleeding lives,
And takes that love, she never gives ;
Pleads conscience still-upbraiding voice
Then bids *this* go—and *that* rejoice :
Intent on hearts, she tramples one,
Then courts another—this soon done
She looks if others she can find,
To give their feelings to the wind.
Happy she bleeds full many a heart,
And to all, deep wounds impart.

P.—And can this be? the maid was fair,
Her words were kind—she seem'd sincere.
For two long years and more he strove
To make her happy with his love. •

M.—Yes, so it was ! but you must know,
Her days *alone* with him did flow ;
He watched and sigh'd and sorely wept,
When sickness to the room her kept.
In him, no joy, no pleasure dwelt—
For her, and her alone he felt :
She knew it—but of that no more :
A stranger came—she felt her station sore ;
Soon she felt a sickness draw
Deep disgust, on all she saw :
All her happiness seem'd gone,
So she too with the stranger left her home.

P.—Oh ! tell the end of this sad tale.

M.—What could against such grief prevail ?
Poor Clarence sank in deepest gloom—
He shut himself up in her room ;
He looked at things which brought to mind
The faithless one—who left behind
A sting, that madden'd all his brain
And brought on woe's most dismal train—
Like when thro' your hand a serpent glides,
It passes off—but leaves a sting besides.
He liv'd—so lives the man, who sees
The time, when death will bring release.
His grief he felt—it was not bold,
A word, a look, a line, it told.
But he ne'er spoke, in language clear,
That all might understand and hear.
He kept, close pent up in his heart,
That cruel, killing, unjust part ;—

Which would his love, his faith pourtray,
 Her cheat, inconstancy betray;
 Like running stream that eats its bed,
 His grief—at last had seized his head.
 He raved and called on her aloud,
 Until death wrapp'd him in his shroud.

He sleeps by side of his dear child,
 Of all his joys on earth beguil'd—
 She lives and if her conscience feel,
 She too must mourn—her heart's not steel:
 Once in a day, it will reveal
 The anguish she would now conceal.

THE ANGLO INDIAN;

OR AN INSIGHT INTO THE HISTORY OF MR. SILAS SCRIBBLER, A SCRIBE.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein Mr. Scribbler makes a beginning of his story, with a hurried glance at his own beginning, and the days of childhood.

I am, says Mr. Scribbler, a scribe, and like scribes in general, in fact like the rest of humankind, have experienced much misery, commingled with a modicum of happiness. As I intend this autobiography to be a faithful account of the remarkable and unremarkable passages of my life, of course I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of asserting, that any singularity attended my birth; that a "lambent flame" played round my head, or that an eagle or hawk perched on the housetop to denote the future greatness of the young stranger: to the best of my belief, which is certainly saying a good deal, no such phenomenon happened, on the contrary, I find from the testimony of my nurse, of whom I have made the most diligent enquiries on the matter, that I was ushered into the world as quietly as nine-tenths of mankind generally are, and that there was no noise whatever beyond a little squaling on my own part.

And now as I have summarily introduced myself to the reader, I shall leave it to his sagacity to infer, that I must have had some care and nurture, to have been able to escape the fangs of the multifarious emissaries that grim death sends to this terrestrial sphere as scouts in the shape of croup, hooping cough, convulsions, measles, &c. to remove such of the young squallers as they can have access to. I will candidly confess that I have not the most distant recollection of the first few years of my existence, but it appears from a reference to the feminine authority above quoted, that as soon as I could lisp the words *mamma* and *papa*, and express my wants and wishes in the language

of the country, that is mutilated Oordoo, I became suddenly transformed into a very studious character, having been placed on a stool with a huge board in my hands, whereon were inscribed the six and twenty letters of the English alphabet, with the nine digits and a cypher to boot. This my first task I mastered after poring over it for a week, and then by a gradual process well known to schoolmasters, I became quite a proficient in elementary learning, and had besides as the baptismal service runs, learnt "the creed, the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments," add to the above the Church catechism, and you are in possession of the full extent of my acquirements at the early age of six. As I was decidedly a smart little fellow, and regularly attended the place of divine worship, I chanced to attract the notice of the unordained great man, (who made a show of being a pious one too,) who read the liturgy once a week. This dignitary took a fancy to hear me repeat the catechism one Sunday, which I did with stoical firmness, and without a single mistake in the presence of a dozen people. My catechist was so well pleased with my aptitude, that he gave me a tangible token of his satisfaction, in the shape of five goldmohurs, whereof he had always a goodly collection in his capacious pockets.

As I had not the good luck to be born to any great inheritance, it was necessary that I should earn my own livelihood in due time, and to enable me to do so respectably, it was resolved that I should have some useful knowledge. With this view I was at the age of ten, placed as a day-scholar at Mr. Flogallin's academy, at Radagabad. Although I had never been at a school before, I had nevertheless a vague idea of its miseries, and entertained as great a horror of it as all boys do, and as I was tardily trudging on the first morning to this "Emporium of literature," with Dilworth's spelling-book and Reading Lessons under my left arm, and a parasol in my right hand, my thoughts were, indeed, of a very unpleasant kind, inasmuch as I was revolving the probability or otherwise, of receiving a baker's dozen immediately on my admission, and whether the said dozen would be inflicted with a cane or a whip, as also the manner of the infliction, for I had heard that the fierce pedagogue was an adept in all modes of flagellation, from a bare-back hoist to a horizontal position on a form! It had been raining heavily in the night, and while I was indulging in my sombre reverie, the umbrella fell from my hand, and in stooping to recover it my foot slipped, and I "measured my length" on the miry earth, a cause which produced the disagreeable effect of assimilating my outward man with the hue of the maternal element that I had involuntarily embraced. As it was out of the question to proceed to school in the plight I was in, I very ruefully retraced my steps homewards, where I quickly divested myself of my soiled garments, and being enveloped in a clean suit hurried off in the utmost alarm, lest I should be punished for the delay occasioned by my mishap. On arriving at the building in which the rising generation were initiated in the mysteries of the several departments of knowledge, I tremblingly walked in, and murmuring almost inaudibly, the salutation of "good morning sir," to the regnant sovereign of the switch, took my seat diffidently

on a vacant bench to which he directed me, where I sedulously pored over my spelling-book feeling very uneasy in the consciousness of being the object of the gaze of some fifty boys. After allowing me about an hour to get over I presume the strangeness which youngsters naturally feel on their first occasion of going to school, the master called me up, and with a view to ascertain my qualifications, asked me to spell the word "abaddon," which I commenced doing in my usual way, videlicet, A by itself a,—b-a-d bad *abad* d-o-n *don* *abaddon*. My mode of spelling quite shocked the refined ears of the master, and set one half of the half hundred pupils smirking; however I soon conformed to the custom of the school, and my rusticity gradually wore off. At the lapse of a year circumstances caused me to become an inmate in Mr. Flogall's family as a boarder, and though I did not relish this arrangement at first, yet I was quite satisfied when I grew habituated to it, and the days of juvenility passed away pleasantly enough, bating the castigations I occasionally received.—Not long after my admittance, I was discussing with a companion the respective merits of a couple of rival taws, at which converse we were detected by an eaves-dropping and tattling usher, who represented it to the master, and as that functionary was very rigid in enforcing academical discipline, and would never tolerate any infraction thereof, my fellow-culprit and myself were summoned to the bar of offended mastership, and not having any thing to say in our justification, we were condemned to suffer on the tender palms of our outstretched hands, the "pains and penalties" attendant on the "high crime and misdemeanor," of talking in school.—Once I was discovered in the immoderate exercise of my cachinnatory powers, and on another occasion I had dared to play at the game of fisticuffs with a school-fellow, for all which and several other juvenile delinquencies, I was duly visited with the lachrymal process of the cane. A pretty frequent repetition of such inflictions, engendered a most unmitigated abhorrence in my mind towards that odious article the ratan, and conjointly with my youthful companions, who cordially sympathised with my feelings on this subject, I devised manifold expedients of secretion and total annihilation, to uproot its dominion, but all in vain for no sooner did one disappear than another supplied its place, till at length we were obliged to abandon our purpose.

Ere I close the scenes of boyhood I must record an adventure attended with unpleasant consequences, that happened when I was about fourteen years old. A couple of miles from the schoolhouse there was a fine garden, belonging to an opulent native; it abounded with a variety of luscious fruits which afforded a temptation of pillage too powerful to be resisted by a parcel of wild scamps, more especially as the majority of them were rather partial to loquats, oranges, apples, &c. To this orchard a dozen of young fellows, myself included, made an excursion one morning, and commenced helping ourselves freely with the sweets, an occupation which though pleasing enough to our selves, was apparently not quite agreeable to the gardeners in charge, who requested us to desist in a very imperious tone: aware of the impropriety of our conduct, I immediately desisted and entreated my companions to do so likewise, but they obstinately disregarded my

remonstrance, and determining to defy the people, continued the work of spoliation, till at last the whole bevy of gardeners, armed with immense bludgeons, approached the depredators with a menacing aspect, which indicated pretty plainly their resolution to effect a compulsory ejection. This was a sad state of things, and as I had always an irrepressible horror of unequal hostilities, I became very apprehensive for the consequences which might follow the imprudence of my friends, who only mustered among them a hunting whip and a ruler, with which however they undauntedly faced their numerous enemies, and knocked half a dozen teeth down the throat of one of the assailants; but they were too many, and soon worsted our small party, one of whom was felled by the blow of a club which made a deep gash in his head; three or four had received several contusions, and the rest were more or less battered. We were fain at last to take to our heels, leaving a couple of our brethren as prisoners in the hands of the enemy, who took an unfair advantage of their captives by threatening them to give evidence against us and in favor of the gardeners. The parents of the lads were greatly scandalized at the treatment their children had received, and preferred a complaint in form to the magistrate; but that officer considering it a case of petty affray, made it over for trial to one of his native subordinates, from whom we got but sorry satisfaction, after dancing attendance at his Court for a month: he merely mulcted the gardeners in the sum of 20 Rupees, and very glad were they to get off so easily, for they had fully expected to be accommodated with apartments in the jail, for a certain period. I have since learned that the fellows would readily have sacrificed two or three hundreds to compromise the matter; such was their dread of the issue of the case.

Some six months subsequent to the "untoward event" above detailed, Mr. Essleton, the Collector of the District, visited the academy, and called for "Master Scribbler;" whereupon I presented myself before that august functionary, who shook hands with me in an exceedingly friendly manner, and asked me whether I was a good boy. As I had never heard of a negative reply being given to the interrogatory, I of course answered in the words which millions have used before me, "and millions yet unborn" will use after me under the same circumstances,—viz. "yes, Sir," whereat Mr. Essleton seemed very much satisfied, and proceeded to astonish me by communicating a splendid project he had formed in my behalf, which was, that I should on or after the 1st January, 18—(which was not far off) attend his office to acquire an insight into the routine of official business, with the ultimate object of getting my living in the scribbling line; he moreover accompanied his proposition with a gracious promise of providing for me, by allowing me a salary of not less than 20 Rupees *per mensem*, if after six months I proved myself apt and useful. Although I did not feel myself elevated in my own estimation by the plan which the worthy Collector had chalked out for me, I was nevertheless quite delighted at the prospect of a speedy emancipation from school, and, therefore, as in duty bound, I expressed my gratitude at the transcendent kindness of Mr. Essleton, and joyfully agreed in his proposal.

CHAPTER II.

In which Mr. Scribbler takes his first step on the ladder of life, through a public office.

Impatiently did I look forward to the day on which I was to make my entrance into the Collector's office, and when at length it came, I put on my best habiliments, and anxiously awaited the arrival of Mr. Essleton a full hour and a half before the appointed time. At last I heard the rattle of his buggy wheels, and in five minutes more we were thundering along the metalled road, on our way to the building in which I was to make my first appearance, in the character that had been selected for me in the stage of the world. Arrived at the *Cut-cherry*, the Collector took me into the office, where the imposing array of grenadier-looking admirals, that were ranged in the room, filled with ponderous antiquated folios; the severe forbidding physiognomy of the head clerk, with his corrugated forehead; the gloomy saturnine countenance of the *duffy*, with the remnant of a pen stuck behind his right ear; and half a dozen other sable gaping faces, struck me with awe, and caused such an uncomfortable feeling to take possession of me, that I longed to shirk out of the pandemonium, and take to my heels; on revolving however the probable consequences of such a step, I involuntarily looked round to see if I could espy a cane anywhere, and my eyes chanced to set on a collection of rulers, that lay on a table in a corner; it is scarcely necessary to state, that the sight of them effectually deterred me from my half-formed purpose. I had not much time to indulge any unpleasant contemplations, for my attention was speedily directed to the regnant sovereign of the musky office, to whom I was formally introduced in these words; "Here's a lad I have brought you, Mr. Pasteboard. He is an orphan, the son of an old friend of mine. I wish you would try what you can do with him; he writes a tolerable fist I believe, and may perhaps be useful; pray keep him well employed." "Very good, Sir," responded Mr. Pasteboard with a graceful bow. Mr. P. was a paragon of politeness. "Habits of application," he continued, "should be early imbibed, and this youth's is just the age to sit to a desk." Apparently satisfied at what he had heard, the Collector walked out of the room, and the phlegmatic head clerk sunk into his cushionless chair, while I stood by, feeling sensations somewhat akin to those of a timid boy, whose protector has just left him in school, whereof the master is far from being a pacific man, as is evidenced by his inflamed countenance and the switch he holds in his hand, which had three minutes before been applied to certain tender parts of an offending pupil.

Mr. Pasteboard, after tying together some papers with a piece of red tape, and bustling about the drawers of his table, taking out one bundle and replacing another, at length deigned to bestow some thought on my humble self, by addressing me in "manner and form following."

"Well youngster, you are come here to learn business,—very good, I'll make a man of you so as to enable you to earn a livelihood in a decent and respectable line of life;" (I may here parenthetically re-

mark, that the worthy gentleman entertained a profound veneration for his vocation of plying the goose-quill) "to begin then, here is a statement of the fractional parts of revenue, due from nine hundred and ninety-nine sharers in an estate of five acres—go and copy it,"—hereupon he handed to me what he called a "statement," it was an awful affair, the sight of which alone caused profuse exudation; it occupied two huge sheets of elephant paper joined together, and myriads of minute figures were scored thereon, in small squares of red lines ruled across the sheets transversely and longitudinally. I received the paper in silence, but could not help suddenly remonstrating with Mr. Pasteboard, on the gigantic task he had imposed on me: "Sir," said I, "this is too much, I have never written more than a copy a day in school and that was only one side of foolscap." The inexorable clerk made no reply, but with a sharp intonation gave vent to the interjectional monosyllable "eh!" in the utterance of which his physiognomy elongated itself to such an amazing extent, that the feat had an instantaneous effect on my puerile nerves, and I stalked away very quietly to a vacant chair that was pointed out to me, beside a small table, at which sat a greasy sextagenarian Baboo, my propinquity to whom was by no means an agreeable reflection. Immediately on being provided with pen and ink, I studiously set about my work, without venturing to lift up my eyes, conscious that the little grey orbs of my neighbour were peering inquisitively at me. I afterwards learnt that although Ghumund Chund, which was the Baboo's name, was far from being gifted with oratorical powers, he was nevertheless passionately fond of hearing his own inharmonious voice, and that it was on account of his endless loquacity, which was considered an interruption to business, that Mr. P. assigned him a separate table, apart from the other assistants. Ghumund Chund, who did not at all relish his solitude, which debarred him from the exercise of his beloved speech, was therefore immeasurably delighted at the arrangement that placed me at the same desk as himself, and thus secured him a patient auditor to his erratic garrulity; nor did he lose much time in taking advantage of his good fortune, for I had scarcely been seated five minutes ere he accosted me, "well little master, you come to office, this is berry good thing. I been four years in this office, and I berry much happy. Mr. Pasteboard be the berry good gentleman, and he like to you berry much if you stop—how much pay you get?" "I dont think I shall get any pay yet," I replied, "as I am to learn the business first." "Oh yes," he rejoined, "that be berry proper. You sit upon this table always, and I will show you, you berry soon learn in the few days you know ebery thing;" saying which the old fellow came beside me and looked over my shoulders, when suddenly he seized my hand so tightly that I gave a start, and my pen drew right across the paper a stroke, which in point of thickness and curvature could not be equalled, had I tried to make another like it. "Oh! this what you done," exclaimed my tormentor, "you not see that you left it one column, you make great mistake and spoiled the statement, Mr. Pasteboard will make angry upon you." "But you made me blot the paper," I answered. "No I not make, but you make yourself," returned he

"and now you telling lie word, I go and make the report upon you," and so he did. The cool assurance of the wily Baboo and his version of the story to Mr. Pasteboard, in which of course he was utterly blameless, completely staggered me, and I remained patiently awaiting the punishment of what I innocently considered a serious crime ; but how greatly was I relieved and how fervently did I bless Mr. P. when he merely tore up the soiled statement, and directed me to make out another, which I cheerfully and perseveringly commenced doing, until half after 3 p. m., when my arm became so very painful, that I positively could write no more. Mr. P. was kind enough to bid me go home, expressing at the same time much satisfaction at my day's work, and his confident hope that I would become a valuable assistant by and bye ; adding, that he was never mistaken in his augury, inasmuch as that he had five and twenty subordinates under him on various occasions, in the course of his professional experience, and that they had all turned out as he said they would ; some being dissipated spend-thrifts in want of a morsel of bread, and others filling high and honorable stations under the government. I left the office impressed with a deep sense of the head clerk's vaticinatory powers.

As the school did not break up till four and as I had no particular inclination to go and join the boys in their lessons, now that I considered myself emancipated from scholastic thralldom, I sauntered along very tardily towards home, and for want of better employment counted my paces, till the sound of the bell striking the welcome hour of four reached my ears, when I started off at full speed deeming it perfectly unnecessary to delay any longer on the way.

(To be continued.)

THE EXILE'S RETURN,—No. 2.

THE SCHOLAR.

1.

OF all the ills that human life oppress,
 And cause vain man to know his littleness,
 Is a poor scholar's humble quiet state,—
 Life's wormwood, with a mind despis'd and great.
 Born, but the scorn of foolish men to be,
 With thoughts, like mountain-air, so fresh and free
 And then the victim of deep poverty.
 His days flow on—he lives, a nameless stream,
 In life's strange chart—he moves, as in a dream,
 With men, who scorn him, know him not,
 His cares increasing—by the world forgot.
 He feeds his mind from ancient lore
 Intent to hive an intellectual store—

He revels with the minds of those long dead,
 Their thoughts still live—their spirits fled.
 In such high converse—how expands his soul.
 He lives and moves beyond control—
 Flings back on man his sneering look and scorn
 And as thoughts, like flowing light of morn
 His soul excites—he glowing feels
 That Want, ne'er worth and mind conceals.

Mean was the scholar's humble birth,
 He rank'd not with the titl'd sons of earth,
 He liv'd respected by a few,
 To worth and wisdom always true ;
 Strange to see, how man will scorn
 Him he thinks too lowly born, • • •
 Though mind and powers to both are given,
 And equal mercies flow from Heaven. •
 Though runs *one blood* in both their veins
 And both, the God of All sustains :
 Though genius' gifts are given to those
 To whom, the tide of wealth ne'er flows,
 Their riches, in their mind, are found,
 And where they live, " is holy ground,"
 Whither pilgrims go—when death removes,
 Such men, whom learning truly loves :—
 Howe'er their portion is not fair ;
 On earth, they are the prey of care,
 Their woes unheeded, and their sighs unknown,
 They pass their lives unnotic'd and alone. •
 No primrose path, does genius find,
 His bitterest foe—the human kind,
 Whose sole intent, with envy to dethrone,
 Him, who is blessed with mind alone.
 Though poor—they haunt him—till at length distrest,
 He seeks the grave—where all the wearied rest. •

2.

Such was the fate of Linden—gentle youth !
 The friend of man—the votary of truth.
 His was a mind by genius fir'd, .
 And with poetic ardour, strong inspired.
 He rose above those sons of earth,
 Whose joy is drink and noisy mirth.
 Tho' he was born of low estate,
 His talents made him truly great.
 He rose above the mass, he saw around ;
 Until, in the world, a place he found.
 No lordling pass'd him coldly by,
 His independence check'd their scornful eye.

He spoke his feelings—none ever heard
 He flatter'd man or vice he spared.
 No one could e'er prevent his speech,
 He acted, what he wish'd to teach.

3.

A time arriv'd—his soul was mov'd ;
 And Emily's charms alone he lov'd.
 She was of a piece with woman fair,
 Dress and rank were all her care.
He was too old—and *that* too low,
 Her life, in greatness sole, must flow.
 She wanted one of station high,
 Or rather one, who, in the eye,
 Of friends with whom she proudly liv'd,
 Was both well-fêted and received.

Linden lov'd her—his wit had won
 A heart, as hard as any stone :
 Had waken'd feelings which had slept
 For years, close shut up in her breast.
 Like Horeb's rock, at God's command
 That pour'd a torrent through the desert land,
 She lov'd to hear him—and full oft a sigh
 Broke from her lips—a tear stood in her eye.
 But still, to friends she lightly said,
 That Linden she would never wed.

How lives he now—and has his pray'r
 Won the proud maid, his heart to share ?

M.—Poor Linden—was a dupe to woman's wile,
 His simple heart ne'er thought of guile,
 Each night, as by her side he knelt,
 He told her all he lov'd and felt :
 Sometimes he mark'd with many a tear,
 Her conduct strange, when friends were near :
 Flung all his happiness and fame,
 To fan a flickering, dying flame.

She would listen—oft impress a kiss,
 On Linden's lips—his ardent bliss.
 Then bid him smile, nor think again
 That she would ever give him pain.

4.

Ah ! hapless youth ! he thought her fair,
 He vow'd her words were most sincere :
 Perchance 'mong friends, she felt asham'd,
 But when alone—her love he gained.

'Twas thus she gave him words most mild,
In accents soft, as any child ;
She said, her friends her wish would all oppose,
But she would love him to life's close.

Thus pass'd on months, o'er this deep cheat,
Linden's the victim of deceit.
The day, he spent in toils severe,
The night, he thought of her most dear.
His lamp—till midnight in his study burn'd,
But she, the book, to which he always turn'd.
He wrote—but all his subject she,
The precious treasure of his home to be.

5.

One day, as Linden from his study rose,
To pluck the flower that in his garden grows,
And with some lines to Emily send
This pledge of love—this token of a friend.
A letter came—how thrill'd his frame,
To see her writing—and to kiss her name—
Why starts he so—what ails him now ?
He falls—and death-cold is his brow.
Emily has put her life in trust,
To him who boasts some " glittering dust,"
And Linden must now seek alone,
To find that bliss—for ever flown.

P.—Where is he ?—Has he earn'd a name,
And sought again his mistress—fame ?

M.—No ! No ! he could not in the least restrain,
His bursting grief, till memory fled his brain.
You'll see him pent in yonder place,
Insane—though fitted to adorn his race.

14th December, 1842.

THE REPORTER.

THE Reporter attempted to be described is not of the *Gurney* or of the *Bignell* kind ; or such as the members of the Bar generally are ; or even those middling ones who were connected with the Calcutta press a few years back, but who found it more desirable to migrate to the Upper Provinces, to bask in the more genial sunshine of the Uncovenanted Service of Government. The species forming the burthen of our song may be seen to exhibit their majestic figures in the Court of Requests, the Police, Insolvent Court and the various little meetings in and about Calcutta and other localities, where wool

may be gathered—fishes netted and *pabula* collected for that ever-yawning gulph—the public curiosity. It is difficult to fix his position in society; nor indeed is it a matter of any importance, as the peculiarities of the profession are all that we have any thing to do with. From the habit however, of attending amongst the members of the Agricultural Society at their meetings, or appearing amongst the subscribers of the Union Bank, at their half yearly meetings, he occasionally identifies himself with them, as did the tipstaff who, as crowds were gazing on my lords, the Queen's judges in their sessional procession, unconsciously exclaimed, "And I be's one of 'em." Whatever delusions they may labour under, whether under-rating or over-rating themselves, the well-directed mind will always appreciate his fellow creatures, according to their characters and qualities, and not according to the extraneous circumstances in which they may be placed.

Whatever may be thought of him in this respect, no one will deny that a reporter is an indispensable luxury of the present refined state of society. A court in ancient days presented as much a *hiatus* without a king's fool, as society does now-a-days without a newspaper, and no newspaper is so beggarly as long to dispense with the labours of a reporter. Had man been without curiosity or malignity, there would be little need for the class. Our mental and moral fabric is such as ever and anon to require fresh knowledge of our brothers' infirmities, to keep us in humour; and hence we send them into the highways and byeways in quest of adventures. If his exploits sometimes turn out like those of the knight of La Mancha, when he has exhausted ordinary resources, we only smile at and pity the wight, burthened with the onerous burthen of catering to propensities which are never satisfied, but ever like the grave cry give give! give!! He may be defined a necessary evil whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. As soon as he leaves his bed (and he leaves it early and returns to it late,) he shakes the dust off his eyes to observe, whether any strange phenomenon had during the night "left a wreck behind" on the surrounding heavens. As usual he is disappointed and then begins his original *matin soliloquies*.

"To write, or not to write, that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The pangs that hover o'er a reportless pen;
Or to take arms against public appetite—
And by opposing rouse it 'tis folly dire!—
Oh that skill were given us, to sooth, to end
The heart ache—and the thousand natural shocks
That reporters are heir to—'tis an object
Devoutly to be wished,—to dash the pen,
'To write! perchance to blunder;—there's the rub;
For in reported scrawls what flames may come,
When they're shuffled off to the hungry press:
Must make us pause—there's the pointed thorn,
That makes calamity of our humdrum life;
For who would bear the quidnunc's whips and scorns,
The editor's wrong, the critic's contumely,
The pangs of wit despised, our pay's delay,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare composing stick?"

He soon forgets the composing stick as he seeks for his walking stick, leaning upon which, he sallies out to hunt for *reportorial* game. His eyes sometimes rheumy, but always in sweet phrenzy rolling from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, seeking whom or what he may depict or devour. His commission imposes upon him cogitations deep, whether he should begin the day by setting fire to Colingah or sending an old woman or two with a ricketty karanchee into the ditch; whether a fat Baboo should be accidentally doomed to apoplexy or a brahmin drowned in the river as he see-saws his sacred thread in the stream. "No; these are hacknied announcements; but softly, what light from yonder window breaks?" says he to himself as he inserts his fingers in his hair, scratching his unbrushed cranium. "To be or not to be, aye a fowl with two heads, it is to be! What, shall I leave the old woman in the ditch, when forbid it pity, the pen may be *lucratively* engaged in describing her fall, features, fears and feats; the monstrous fowl with two heads, occupying as it will only two lines, can scarcely bring grist to the mill commensurate with its marvellousness." "But," continues he in his musings, "might there not be a boy just born as fresh as a new laid egg, with two tiny streaks of whiskers; and as philosophy is likely to be in demand to solve this *lusus nature*, it would be prudent to secure a modicum thereof in the broad fact of the mother's imprudently confining herself to shell crab and crabb fruit, contrary to the remonstrances of Dr. Olynthius Bhut-tacharjee. But, Oh, the incredulity of the enlightened moderns, their gullet is not greased enough with ignorance to prevent their making ugly faces at every swallow of these delectables, while nine out of ten have the bad manners to insinuate the reporter is hard up." A gang of boys of whom he has just a glimpse dissipates his musings. He quickens his steps in the fond hope to find they have been breaking one another's heads; but his disappointment is not a little when he discovers they are only trying their skill at somersets. A half breathed execration at the degeneracy of the present race of boys escapes him, as he reflects upon their perverse abstinence from that species of action which, while it creates doctors' work in the form of broken heads, does not quite overlook the humble reporters. Pensive he moves on steadily with the same eyes twinkling and rolling around; till the punch-houses come to view, where he endeavours to trace some remnant of frays, riots or spees that may have happened the night before. He questions Jack with an insidious smile, whether something particular had not occurred; "yes," says he, winking to his compeers, "yes, summut wey tickler, we boused our jib with a good gallon or two of rum." This brightens our hero's intellects—he gets into some little shade where segars are sold—notes down the astounding fact, that at the CALEDONIAN five men drank out a whole puncheon of rum in the course of one night; and adds with a *nota bene* that out of half a dozen urchins playing at leap frog, one of them kept himself suspended in the air, for good three minutes with his head downwards and his feet *salaming* the rising sun. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is his motto, as he plumes himself upon his skill in making something out of even a barren herd of boys

whose degeneracy he had been cursing a few moments before. Moving onwards, he comes across a knowing one, who in consideration of a fourth of the reporter's earnings, tips him many an item formed or feigned in the purlieus of Chandney Choke, as how two butchers fired by loves rivalry stabbed each other, and that both lay bellowing their last bellow on the ground; but a little enquiry always reversed the version, for it appeared that the rivalry between them was who could, in the exercise of his craft, *first* turn a bull into beef-steaks, and the bellow of which of the two bulls would be the loudest. Such deceptions on him who is inured to the wiles and tricks of deception, naturally provoke the ire of our poor dupe, whose eyes kindle with indignation, at least as far as the kindling can be seen through a pair of spectacles; but such is human nature, that the fellow contrives to charm away the rage of our hero, with some new concoction about as true as that of the bulls, butchers and bellows; and such is the frailty of women and reporters that they believe, and believe to the end of the chapter,—never a bit wiser by their repeated disappointments. Alas! frailty thy name is reporter, or rather reporter thy name is frailty. —While he plods on in the even tenor of his ways, ferretting out novelties from crevices and corners, he is far from being all suspense and anxiety. Like other mortals, or those immortals, the undertakers, he has his holiday feelings. Although the plain bread and buttery accounts of Police incidents and Petty-Court wrangles, may form his ordinary aliment, he is not without an occasional spice or two of luxury. A murder is a *bon bouche*—the fall of a Firm the rise of his spirits—a good fire, fires his breast with hope, and if some human beings are roasted he relishes his roast the better at dinner. A seduction involving some germs of romance, is to him an introduction to the reporter's elysium; and the import of some ape or orang-outang into the country is a transport of his spirits out of it. It would be doing him injustice if his performance of the "three black crows" is not sufficiently lauded. There cannot be a meteor in the skies, but in the morning, it is magnified to a sudden appearance of a trailing comet; and as he has but confused and muddy ideas of comets and astronomy, he adheres to his impression with some tenacity until laughed out of it by friends or foes. The volleys at the morning parade or the booming of the salute from the ramparts of Fort William, set his wits at work, whether he might not be the first to report the advent of the Affghans by the route of the Bay of Bengal, where, it is added, perished two hundred camels through its passes and ravines for want of water. A lady cannot cross the river, but he shrewdly guesses there is some secret marriage in the affair; and before the lapse of five months, he announces a clandestine accouchement and expatiates on the beauties of the lovely infant ushered to light. The waving of a handkerchief is the signal of an elopement. An unusual hurry and flurry at the milliners betokens an excursion to some Indian Gretna Green. A significant glance is an assignation of time and place—paring the nail is a preparative for a light-fingered exploit—a glance at your neighbour's pocket must 'of course be a covert attempt on his pocket book—a look at the treasury walls betokens a burglarious feat at night—letting off a pop-gun heralds some

disastrous explosions like the late one at the China Bazar—of all which he grandiloquently calls upon the Police to take note. Then his descriptions are all rife with those figures of speech known by that expressive term *rigmarole* or as he felicitously calls it “*rig-my-scrawl!*” A fellow with a few tiny hairs on his face is described as one with a wilderness of whiskers, where half a score of cupids may play “hide and seek”—a black eye, the fruit of some midnight broil, is the cerulean halo contracted by the “visual orbs serene,” from poetic fire and midnight musings. A vagrant slut found in the streets all mud and rack, is metamorphosed to a pensive maiden, all redolent of the juniper berry, who reposed in rather a wrong place to gaze and meditate on the starry firmament. An honest man improperly placed at the magisterial bar—what is he but a ruffian in whose face might be traced in large characters, FELONY? Again they have headings to their reports, which index pretty accurately their ideas and conceptions of the moral of human acts. “Thus”—to use the words of an anonymous writer on the abuse of words, “thus killing an innocent man in a duel is called—an affair of honor; violating the rights of wedlock—an affair of gallantry; adultery—a *faux pas*; defrauding honest tradesmen—running the constable; reducing a family to beggary by gaming—shaking the elbows; a drunkard, that worst of all livers—is a *bon vivant*; disturbing a whole street, and breaking a watchman’s head—a midnight frolic; exposing some harmless personage to insults, annoyances, and losses—a good hoax; *uttering deliberate falsehoods—shooting the long bow!*”

The nature of his duties is such as to impress some peculiar features on his character. In social conversation, it is difficult to draw a line where the individual begins and the professional ends. One is so interwoven with the other that a person is liable to mistake the reporter for the man, the man for the reporter. No miser carries out his object of accumulation, with greater care than he does the collection of raw materials for his manufactures. Some have gone the length of affirming, that it is injudicious to admit them to confidences—their master passion being the calculation into how many lines each disclosure is likely to run. Not that he is wicked enough to enact the traitor in cool blood. The truth is, the frame work of his second nature, is formed with such adamant materials that it is proof against ordinary feelings. The instinct of self-preservation combined with the force of habit is paramount to secondary considerations. Tradition says of one in days of yore, who indited a flaming account of the frailty of a near relative who as people say should have been treated with more tenderness: “People must live; bread must be earned and the instincts of a reporter cannot always spare his kith and kin. The act was far from being voluntary. The footman who had become wealthy and kept his carriage, frequently made an unconscious spring behind instead of getting into it. The physician accustomed to fees, not unoften when prescribing for himself, unwittingly transfers the guinea from the right to the left pocket; and thus by a fictitious act reconciles his ledger to his conscience. In like manner the subject of this disjointed sketch, acts from such potent impulses

that ordinary considerations are not allowed to interfere.—The honors and celebrity he is in the enjoyment of must not be overlooked in this place. The theatre in which many a laurel wreath is won—where they affect the lofty crest, are the Police and the Court of Requests. There the ignorant look with marvel upon his *phisiog*. He is the cynosure of every eye. His head is deemed the very encyclopædia of literature and science. His pen concentrates in itself, the classicities of Greece, Rome and England. Behold he mends his pencil with calm sedateness—with towering head—literary eyes, and a nose, where if you cannot trace the muses or the graces, you find at least contempt for the unlettered herd profane. Jack who is brought forward it may be, for some nocturnal prank, whispers rather audibly to his friend ; “ that ere man with the barnacles is Mr. Snooks—writes in the *Daily*—quite a trump—touched up Neddy’s blackeyes t’other day, Jemmy’s flareup, with the gals din’ts escape his pen. That’s the fellow for my money. If they don’t give him no promotion such as a judgeship or a bumbailiffship, h’ell bring about a ’bellion in the country, for I knows he thumps his pen like blazes. To appease him they’ve offered him the criership of the new Court, but they had better cry shell fish—that’s all—none of your tricks upon travellers you knows.”—This incense offered to his vanity, is to secure the suppression of Jack’s name in the next morning’s reports ; and who will say Jack is the fool he is always taken for. Then follow the reporter to the coroner’s inquest ; where he is seated behind that official with a dignified countenance, as if the nation’s weal or woe depended upon his cogitations. His mind occasionally wanders from the business on the *tapis* to ask itself, whether what Jack stated was not after all the truth ; and as he deems his pen a magazine of combustibles, he congratulates himself upon his forbearance at not setting the country in a blaze of rebellion and anarchy. As sectioners form the jury, he affects a little familiarity with the Coroner, by whispering something in his ear about the—price of gram of so, and then looks at the jury with some such feeling as, “ I am not a sectioner you know.” He resumes the whispering when our hot-headed Coroner turns back upon him rather gruffly with a “ hold your tongue can’t you ? ” This sends his thoughts back to the offer of the bumbailiffship ; and so oblivious is he amidst his contemplations, that he forgets the scene before him and unconsciously elevates his foot upon the back of the Coroner’s chair. That official is not quite so deaf as to be insensible to the sound made in the transition of the pedal position. He looks back—bids Mr. Snooks descend from the heavens and attend to Jecto Kidmutgar’s statement—and offers him the pleasant alternative of immediate ejection or the transfer of his feet to their proper place—the floor. This nettles him somewhat, for you are sure to read in the next day’s paper, something of the uncourteousness of people placed at the helm of judicial affairs.—Hasty and desultory as this sketch is, it could be scarcely doing our subject justice were some critical moments and matters in his official life omitted. It is nothing more than the meeting of the reporter with the editor. The labours of the day are carried before the dignified W^m with the restrained and hesitating steps of sus-

pence. He glances over the manuscript, corrects a few lines, strikes out others and ruthlessly consigns a good portion of the same to the rubbish basket. The poor wight endeavours with some such emollient as the following to soften his superior, that the incident is an interesting one and likely to go down with the public. "Pooh, pooh" replies the latter, "where did you hear about eels being found in cocoa-nuts? you'll bring the paper to a fine pass indeed with your eels and your cocoa-nuts, eh? no, no, Snooks, it won't do to cram eels and cocoa-nuts down the public throat in this wise." His lucubrations, denuded of their fair proportions, bring him only two rupees eleven annas, when he had calculated exactly four rupees. The clamour of his bearers in arrears, and the visage of the unpaid landlord assail his mind's eye. He toddles to the printer, and ever true to the master passion, entreats him *sotto voce* to set the whole up in the larger kind of type to get windward of Master we, by a few additional annas. He is impatient to leave a place which is so little congenial to his wishes; but lo! something touches his very heart-strings, as he snuffles out a sigh through his olfactories. The rubbish basket, that depository of his faded hopes and blighted attempts is in sight. Here is the burial ground, where brother to the worm and dust lie mouldering the sacred remains of many a tale and epic. He cannot pass it by, without meditating amongst the tombs many a meditation sad, all breaking out in the grimace of his phisiog, and in the shrugs of his shoulders. "Oh" he cries, "why dost thou, oh death, personified in yonder ruthless editor, doom to the grave the bright and beautiful progeny of my wit. That tale of Betsy Baker cutting sticks before the glass of rum was paid for; that piece of poetical prose of Cullo walking away with the lota—that glorious invention of my genius of the intended marriage of Lord Ellenborough to a niece of Dost Mahomed—all, all lie buried seven fathoms deep within thy wicker-work; oh basket of my buried hopes and crushed concoctions!" In the whirlwind of his musings he extends his hands to where his tears should be, and while wiping away the airy or rather rheumy nothing therefrom, he pathetically exclaims, "All my *efe* and Betty Martin" no donbt as usual, cabbaging from the Latin hymn commencing with,

Oh ! mihi, beate Martin.

Z.

MUSINGS ON SHAKSPERE.

THE Calcutta newspapers have reprinted an excellent article which appeared in a late number of the New Monthly Magazine, from the pen of Thomas Hood, on SHAKSPERE. The paper is well worthy of general perusal, being a fine specimen of Hood's peculiar style, and we should be glad if this prefatory allusion to it would induce any of our readers to give it their attention. The ever-faceticious Tom speaks

of the great Dramatist in befitting terms of love and veneration; and exposes with all that delicate and graceful wit, for which he is so eminent, the defects, sometimes arising from ignorance, often from presumption, of his earlier commentators, whose name, as we all know, is *legion*:—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, Stevens, Malone, Reed, Douce! After these had done all they possibly could to deface their author, the more modern school arose to treat him with just respect—a foreign nation leading the van, the Germans, and with them, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, DeQuincey,* Campbell, Collier, Knight! Of the Germans, ordinary readers can be expected to know little. Augustus Schelegel—"one of the most brilliant and acute spirits of the age," as he has been called by his friend Thomas Campbell—is perhaps the only exception, for his lectures on Dramatic Literature and Art have obtained for him a wide celebrity. But of the illustrious Englishmen whom we have named, we should all know something, more or less,—at least all lovers of Shakspeare. The article from the pen of Hood, to which we have referred, had its origin in the 'Library Edition of Shakspeare,' now publishing under the able editorship of Mr. Knight. As we have seen some of the volumes (those that are already out) of this edition, we are tempted to make a few remarks upon Mr. Knight's plan, and the manner in which he has performed his honorable task, as far as he has yet proceeded. We have no hesitation in offering our humble testimony to his possession of most of the requisites which Hood considers indispensable in an editor of Shakspeare—"Good taste—good feeling—a good ear—a good deal of reading—a good memory, and, be it said, a good moral nature."—The conspicuous industry displayed by Mr. Knight, in exploring every source whence we may derive any information regarding either the history or the writings of Shakspeare, are sufficiently indicative of his "good feeling" towards his author, and of his having worked, as he assures us he has, in the spirit of love. Even a cursory perusal of his introductory and supplementary notices, will set at rest all question of his being endowed with the "good taste," the "good deal of reading," and the "good memory."—And as for all else, his manful perseverance against difficulties, proves his useful and laborious duty, to have been also a perfectly congenial one. There are few of our readers who have not had an opportunity of inspecting Mr. Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare which is now nigh its completion. We shall say nothing of the beauty of the typography and embellishments of that edition, but simply notice the editor's commentaries in elucidation of the text. These are curious, and full of information. Our curiosity is generally satisfied upon every point. As much of the geography and history of places, as is necessary for the correct understanding of the Dramas, is given us. Particulars are afforded us, even as regards *costume*,—thus adapting the book for the green-room, as well as for the library or boudoir. A clear and concise explanation is furnished of ambiguous phrases and

* A most admirable extract from the English Opium Eater's Life of Shakspeare, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will be found in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, No. 139, it is a short, but beautiful extract.

local allusions, as well as of obsolete expressions. In short, every page is rich with interest. Mr. Knight has adopted precisely the same plan for his present edition, the volumes of which are smaller in size, but turned out with all that elegance, for which the house of Ludgate Street is so famous. But while they afford the same amount of useful information,—nay, while they exceed the former impression in respect of their merit in a literary point of view—they will not have the advantage of the exquisite illustrations which rendered the other so attractive. “I confess,” remarks Mr. Knight in his prospectus “that I have some ambition to stand upon other ground than richness of illustration or beauty of typography in asking for the support of the lovers of Shakspeare.”—Nevertheless though this will not be a pictorial edition, at an enhanced cost, it contains several wood-cuts, very neatly executed, which, as Hood justly observes, are ‘curious, appropriate and interesting.’ Such wood-cuts in many cases, illustrate the text far better than the choicest selection of words, though we must not undervalue what Mr. Knight has done for us that way. The introductory notices to each play are evidences of his acuteness, his critical acumen, his historical research, and his extensive reading. The reader will find in them precious extracts from the highest names in our literature—not culled together for a vain pedantic display, but for the light they shed on a part or passage of a Drama, or for their connection with such part or passage by an embodiment of the same beautiful idea, or a pursuance of the same happy train of thought or feeling; while in the foot-notes he will see obscurities cleared up; lines or words of doubtful meaning elucidated by parallels from other plays; the hidden source of many a brilliant or pathetic scrap which may have awakened his emotions with the effect of magic, traced out and exposed; in a word every facility afforded for a right understanding and appreciation of the writings of the immortal bard. But we have not yet mentioned Mr. Knight’s leading merit, which consists in a *careful collation of the text*. It will be difficult to make our readers believe, that the common editions of Shakspeare which are in every library, are remarkable only for their infidelity to the genuine text—for their unauthorised alterations, depravations and corruptions, arising from the inattention, incompetency or presumption of editors; such is however the fact. We were about to apply the word ‘unpardonable’ to the carelessness to which this may be owing, but for a passage of Mr. Knight’s which struck us—‘We whose labours are in association with the most charitable of created beings ought to banish the word *unpardonable* from our vocabulary.’ Undoubtedly Mr. Knight has studied Shakspeare to some purpose.

In order to render the present publication completely free from all these defects, Mr. Knight has sedulously examined the earliest original editions, as well as ‘the matchless collections of Shakspeare’s plays in the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library;’ so as to leave no doubt of the superiority of this edition to all others including even his own ‘Pictorial,’ in which, he has furnished us ample proof, he had done much to restore the genuine text, correcting numberless erroneous readings. Of the honor to which Mr. Knight is justly

entitled for his successful labors, the reader will shortly be able to judge for himself.

Besides the edition of Shakspeare coming out under the auspices of Knight, there is another which has been undertaken by Mr. J. Pongne Collier, an F. S. A., and favorably known to the Public as the author of several publications on the History of the Drama. Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, are rival Editors. We cannot undertake to pass judgment upon them, for we have not had even a glimpse of the latter gentleman's performance; but of Mr. Knight, we must say that he has absolutely left us nothing to desire. Our readers may have seen an advertisement of a Pamphlet from Mr. Collier,—‘Reasons for a new Edition of Shakspeare's Works,’ in which he explains his objects and intentions. The principal of his ‘Reasons’ would appear to be, the extraordinary liberties taken with Shakspeare, by former Editors, in the havoc they have committed with his metre, and their consistent disregard of the true standards for the revision of the text. Mr. Collier, issues a sweeping condemnation against all his precursors for their misdeeds, in these respects, and proceeds to exemplify the nature and extent of their sins of omission. Justly attaching much importance to the purity and completeness of the Shaksperian models, Mr. Collier believes that if he succeeds in convincing the reading public of the imposition practised on them, he has established a strong claim to their support. And in this he calculated rightly. The more's the pity that he has shewn some little disingenuousness in his treatment of Mr. Knight. After the broad and unqualified censure he has passed upon “former Editors,” he cites a few instances of erroneous readings (and no doubt the catalogue may be enlarged) quite forgetful of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Knight before him, and utterly oblivious of the fact, that all the errors he notices had been corrected by Mr. Knight in his Pictorial! This, to say the least of it, is not the proper way of acknowledging the achievements of a fellow-laborer. Indisputable proof is here afforded of the success of Mr. Knight's indefatigable exertions, and we cannot help regarding the publication of Mr. Collier as supererogant, if we may be permitted to judge of it without an examination of its contents. It has however already had one good effect that of inducing Mr. Knight to come forth—“with the zeal of an honest emulation”—with an entirely new impression, which possesses all the rich and varied interest of the ‘Pictorial Shakspeare,’ with considerable improvements. This is the Library Edition of which we have already spoken.

The lovers of Shakspeare, who have been frequently puzzled and dissatisfied while studying his works from the want of information on points on which enlightenment is necessary—who, like our humble selves, have often had to linger an hour upon a single page in the fruitless endeavour to dissipate doubts as to the exact meaning or bearing of an obscure metaphorical phrase, or an incidental allusion to ‘by-gones’—and whose vexation at errors in punctuation, and sentences evidently incorrect, for which the Editor or Printer was to blame, has been endless,—may now, if they please put a period to their troubles.

Let them resort in all cases,—whether for the solution of a difficulty, or for the acquirement of novel information—to **KNIGHT'S LIBRARY EDITION.**

• The common ground-work, which both the present editors have adopted for their plan, is a folio edition published in 1623; being the first collection of Shakspeare's dramas ever given to the world, and which is necessarily the only true standard for testing the fidelity of subsequent editions. Its value as a book of reference is greatly augmented by the circumstance of its not having been a mere commercial catch-penny speculation, but undertaken by its editors, in their own language, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakspeare." The parties to whom we are indebted for this magnificent legacy ought to be held in everlasting remembrance. They were JOHN HEMINGE and HENRY CONDELL, the principal actors of the plays which they edited, and the intimate associates of their author, who in his will left his "fellows" bequests of "twenty-six shillings eight pence a-piece to buy them rings." This collection made its appearance seven years after Shakspeare's death. It comprises altogether twenty-two plays,—eighteen of which were then printed for the first time, and which but for the fortunate accident, would have been entirely lost to us, for, as we learn from Mr. Knight, there is not now in existence, a single manuscript line, written or supposed to be written by Shakspeare, and if the publication had been delayed much longer, the evil times which followed when the puritans held sway, would, as he anticipates, have deprived us of these invaluable treasures. The remaining four plays are faithful transcripts of what Shakspeare actually wrote, in contradistinction to what had been published in his name. They were not formal publications, but corrected editions, and are equally to be prized with the other eighteen. All honor then to John Heminge and Henry Condell! they appear to have been imbued with the proper spirit—to have caught from their intimacy with Shakspeare a portion of his own generosity and good-will. Listen, reader, to the following extract from their address to *their* public, and say whether the moderns could speak in terms more appropriate:—

"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view careful, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expre-^ser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he taught, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

With this we conclude, though we should have been glad in company with our readers, to have prolonged our '*Musings*,' and wandered to a kindred subject. From Shakspeare and his editors, the transition is easy and natural to his home and its supporters—to the

stage and the actors! While our charmed senses are still under their thrilling influence, most readily would we have endeavoured amid the pleasant bewilderment, to tax our recollections and to present a faint picture of the glories of tragic RICHARD. Most happily would we have dwelt on the prominent traits of *Claude Melnotte*,—his lofty conception, his chaste delivery in some passages—his fire and energy in others; or of the grateful and accomplished actress whose impassioned personation of *The Queen*, “shamed our aspects with store of childish drops.” Or leaving aside representations, sorrowfully would we have read with them again the dream of Clarence, the ‘lamentations of poor Anne’ or the pitiful upbraidings of Edward at the death of his brother,—forming together the finest pieces of dramatic poetry, which have perhaps ever been produced for the admiration of the world. But our limits forbid.

C. H. K.

CLARENCE MOWBRAY.

A TALE DESCRIPTIVE OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus:—*Virgil*.

INTRODUCTION.

“Truth is stranger than fiction,” is a truism, which every-day experience confirms; and if men were only to take notes of what happens within the narrow circles of their own observations, they would meet with abundant instances, illustrative of it. In the higher walks of life, amid the glare of wealth, and the pomp and splendour of hereditary nobility;—the workings of human passions, feelings, and interests, astonish the mind with their strange combinations, and still stranger developements. At the foot of the hill of life, in the obscurity of multitudes, the finer feelings of human nature are not awakened into existence, and ignorance and uncurbed passions mar and pollute the scene, which poets have feigned to be *redolent* of peace and innocence. The vale of middle life,—equally removed from the gaieties and frivolities of the votaries of fashion, and dissipation; and the grossness, vulgarity and insipidity of the humblest classes of society—contains in moderation, all the virtues and vices that live between these two extremes of a community. In this station of mediocrity, are found, pleasure without licentiousness; virtue neither *rarefied* by selfishness, nor built upon the sandy-soil of hypocrisy; ignorance sufficient to know the truth, without being hoodwinked to error; candour without indelicacy; vice, not wholly without its grossness; and integrity without self-abasement.—The middle class of a community, contains the morality, the wealth, and the intelligence to be found in it. From it the great in science, art, and song have sprung; and those who have adorned and enriched literature. It is the strongest link in the chain,

that binds a nation together. It is a counterpoise to the disproportioned weights of the other two classes. It is the main pillar of society, resting upon the multitude; and having for its ornament, the aristocracy of the land.

From this middle state of society the following tale is taken; and the writer trusts, it will not prove uninteresting.—It is founded on fact,—and although he justly distrusts his powers of delineation, he nevertheless rests his hopes, on the sympathy, that misery and suffering will find in the hearts of all men; and the contempt and abhorrence, in which ingratitude and vice are justly held, by every virtuous mind.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOLAR.

To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer, requires, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued, but by men like himself.

Johnson's Rasselas.

It is past midnight—the stars, twinkling as if they were so many angels' eyes, watching frail man, as he is locked in sleep, have long reached their culmination, and are now gradually sinking in the west. Night, with her ebon wings, extended over the globe, shuts out for a few hours, the light of the Sun, until the Great Architect of all things, will bid her depart. Silence reigns over all animated nature, save when the cry of a hungry ravenous animal, and the deep barkings of a dog, resound through the air and sky. Nature seems to repose from the turmoils of the day—the ever restless river is scarcely seen to move—and the winds, tired with their day's wild excursion, appear to rest themselves awhile, and recover, by gentle breathings, their fatigue.—The heat of an Indian day, is not sufficiently abated;—the embers are still alive;—it is past midnight—and a lamp is still burning. The window of a house is thrown open, for coolness—and a youth is intently poring over some illustrious work—the *chef d'œuvres* of some master-mind. The street is crowded with buildings, and the dwelling of this youth is not mean—who can he be? Reader—this is your enquiry. He is an humble scholar; his name is Clarence Mowbray.

Ye, who have not heard of a scholar's career in India, and the reception, he meets with in the society of Calcutta, attend to the History of Clarence Mowbray.

He was born of humble parents. His father was an Englishman, his mother a native of this country, an East Indian. The former left the friends of his youth, and the home of his infancy, for a stranger land. Pecuniary embarrassments drove him to the service of the Hon-ble East India Company—and he arrived at Calcutta a soldier. Time and opportunity provided him with a situation in a merchant's office—and then he married.

The mother was brought up by her parents, as East Indian young ladies generally are. A little reading and writing—a good deal of

music and dancing—and a smattering of conversation about the weather and the latest fashions make up their Education.

To one who considers the melioration of Man to be the most important object in the universe, and to which all the energies of human nature should be directed—to him the education of the softer sex will be a subject of paramount interest. There are many well-meaning individuals, who are stoutly opposed to the cultivation of woman's intellect, to the full extent that its powers and capacity will allow. They allege no other reason, than that she will be unfit to discharge her domestic duties—in fact, she will think herself above them. This is a mere surmise on their part: it is not founded on accurate observation. For we ought well to enquire whether it is not the intention of the Almighty, that the mind of woman should be improved and expanded to the same extent and dimensions, as the mind of man; else why was she endowed with powers and capacities,—with understanding and judgment,—with feelings and emotions,—with hopes, full of immortality—as it pleased God to bestow on man? Was the soil then prepared by Him to be left uncultivated? Was the mind so strengthened and fortified by reason and conscience, to be deprived of knowledge? Should not woman enjoy the pleasure of discovering and becoming acquainted with truth? Should she not worship the Maker of all things, for the admirable organization of the world which she can understand and appreciate? Would not her praise be more sincere and heartfelt, could she but understand the wonder-working contrivance of the Almighty, to promote the happiness—and secure the spiritual interests of lost—fallen—sinful man!

This species of reasoning, on broad and general principles—this attempt to discover the right path, by the light of nature, and the designs of Providence, will not be acknowledged, to its full extent by some persons—we would then ask, who are our first instructors? From whose lips do we imbibe our first instruction? Our mothers are our earliest teachers and if over their minds the veil of ignorance is thrown; what will be the nature of the seed they will sow, in our infant intellects?

It must not, in the mean time, be forgotten, that whatever *at first* creates distinction, does also, in some measure, derange the equilibrium of an individual's senses. When, in a large society, two or three women are found, who have attained considerable knowledge, this acquisition inflates them with vanity, and perhaps makes them treat others with contempt. But so soon as knowledge is widely diffused among women, this distinction will be lost, and women will attend soberly and seriously to their duties.

Now there is no single individual, who will have the hardihood to maintain, that education disqualifies a man for the performance of his duties. On the other hand, it enables him to perform them better and refines his nature—why then will education, so spoil a woman, as to unfit her, for her sphere in life?—she will in truth, move more gracefully and usefully in it.—She will attend to her portion of household cares, and divide the duties of domestic life equally with her husband.

A woman, without education, is a lovely statue—a beautiful trans-

parency—a fine appearance. An educated woman is beauty, instinct with life, and endowed with a good understanding. As a wife, she is the affectionate partner of her husband, directing his steps in life, soothing him in trouble with consolations of religion and philosophy, and supporting him, when he returns home, vexed and wearied. As a mother, she shines with the effulgence of Christian light, and while she stores the minds of her children with knowledge, useful for their sojourn on earth—she also nurtures them in the fear and admonition of the Lord. As a mistress—she is kind, from enlightened reason, to her domestics, and causes them to feel how lovely goodness is, when refined by knowledge, and assisted by religion. As a friend, she is a light to all around—a fountain of joy and comfort to all, and when her duties call her to the bed-side of sickness—she is there seen in a proper light—her beauty is heightened; her refined feelings, sympathizing with the pains of sickness, in some measure, soothe the patient; and at the last hours she will indeed prove “a ministering angel,” by directing the thoughts to the throne of Heaven! The tender eloquence that will flow from her lips will carry conviction to the heart; and persuade the judgment to that which is right.

Such can education make a woman! But what is the actual state of things in this country? The cultivation of the intellect is entirely neglected; schools for females are badly managed; proper instruments are never employed. The last resort of every woman, in distressed circumstances, is to open a seminary for instruction. Unqualified herself, what useful knowledge can she impart?

The occupation of females generally, in this country, is indeed miserable, nay pitiable. Uneducated, their conversation is vapid and dull—and the pleasures of their society, to a sensible mind are insipid. Music and dancing and ornamental work, wholly engross their attention. With these subjects too, they have only a practical acquaintance. Their execution may be brilliant or beautiful; but beyond this mechanical exercise they know nothing of the history of these arts, and the several stages of their progress. Amongst themselves they are never better pleased, than when, each individual can spice the dull conversation by rich *morceaux* of scandal. A tea-party of ladies is nothing more than the sacrificing of whole *hecatombs* of reputation, for the gratification of pique and folly. It is an amphitheatre, where poor wretched fellow-creatures are introduced, and mangled into death. And as the “fairer sex” have considerable influence over men, these are again the servile imitators of their patronesses.

We have been led into this discussion to present to our readers, a faint outline of female characters, as commonly seen at the present day. The next chapter will show the character of a class of men, among whom Clarence Mowbray was numbered. These small pictures—these miniatures of society will serve to explain his feelings; and mark his opinions.

CHAPTER II.

EAST INDIANS.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.—

Merchant of Venice.

There is a certain class of individuals in this country, known by the name of East Indians; whose lot, as represented *by themselves*, is truly lamentable. Descended from European fathers and native mothers, or the offspring of such descent—they are every where treated by the inhabitants of their father-land, with marked indifference and contempt.—Unlike the Partheniæ of Sparta, they are placed lower in society, than that people ever were.

It is indeed soothing to the feelings of a stranger, to find the hand of hospitality and the smile of welcome, receive them in a foreign land. For a moment, the cloud from the brow of dejection, vanishes; the heart, so long a companion of sorrow, is touched with joy. The brave and hardy Poles, flying from oppression and tyranny from their own native land, found a refuge in England. The purse of the wealthy, unburdened its gold and silver, to give them relief. The Jews also, after a long and galling subjection under prejudice and ill-will, to which they patiently submitted, were freed from their bondage, and a bill for their naturalization, passed the Parliament of England. These are honorable proofs of manly conduct, on the part of those who introduced such measures. Their recital, however serves to deepen the melancholy of an East Indian, and add a darker shade to the catalogue of his miseries. He has no friend to succour him; no advocate to plead his cause—thus sad at heart, and unbefriended he is left to better his situation by his own unaided exertions. He cannot rise in the world, because he does not *bask* in the sunshine of courtly favor—because he is not the minion of a powerful servant of Government.

The conduct even of the Local Government is not such, as we should be led to expect, from *his* statement, it ought to be. As the fountain of favors, the waters of Governmental bounty should flow freely and abundantly to all classes of the community. As the chief power in the state, “impartiality” should be its rule;—and a “fair field and no favor” the inscription on its escutcheon. But such is not the case. East Indians are not employed in any highly responsible office. An East Indian discharging the duties of a Magistrate or Collector is indeed a *rara avis*.

We are often told of the unfitness of the members of the Civil and Military Services, for their responsible offices—this assertion is founded on truth. Entirely unacquainted with the manners, customs, and opinions of the people they are appointed to govern; educated in a manner opposed to the general belief and sentiments of the natives of this country; surrounded by corrupt officers; each Magistrate ruling over a space of fifty square miles, assuming the duties of his office with an inflated opinion of his own deserts and consequence and a contemptuous opinion of the people;—the members of the Honorable Company's Service are not qualified to become the rulers of the land.

The aborigines of the country must also suffer an exclusion from the

offices of the state. Their ignorance, their laxity of moral principles, their want of veracity, and their accessibility to corruption render them unfit and improper instruments, to be employed in the service of the state.

The East Indians are, then, the only persons, who can, with safety, be entrusted with the duties which the country requires, from officers employed over it concerns. Educated morally and religiously in the doctrines of Christianity and the European arts and sciences; with an attachment for their native soil, and an acquaintance with the manners, habits, and opinions of the Hindoos—they are the only *fit* instruments which Government can employ to carry out its views and intentions.

This is the statement, and this is the conclusion, to which East Indians themselves arrive. It is for us to test their truth.

Come let us try these truths with closer eyes
And trace them through the prospect as it lies.

It is an *axiom* in Political Philosophy that a people, must of their own exertions, *work* out a good government for themselves. When this is done, every individual will appreciate the benefits of such Government, and will feel it his interest as well as his duty, to maintain its power, and make it suit the exigencies of time and improvement. To bestow a good government on a nation, that is actually incapable of understanding and feeling its value, will be productive of no benefit whatsoever. Such a gift will, at the end, do harm. Who would present a savage with a copy of Newton's Astronomy and Bacon's Philosophy? Who would ever dream of sowing corn, on the snow-capped summits of the Himalaya? For the same reason, the blessings of a good Government should not be thrown away upon a people that have not sufficiently attained that degree of civilization, or made that progress in manners and knowledge, which would entitle them to receive so splendid a donation. The spirit and forms of British government have not been of much benefit to this country. The records of Mofussil courts will bear ample testimony to this statement. The people are not capable of enjoying the advantage of British judicature—they are not, in fine, *ripe* for them.

Now, if East Indians, instead of *whining* over their misfortunes, and *lamenting* over their unhappy condition, were to rouse themselves from their lethargy, and apply their energies to the cultivation of those arts and sciences, which promote their comforts and conveniences, they would soon perceive that a change had imperceptibly come over their condition, and they would feel themselves to be of some weight in society. They must exert themselves—they must bring themselves prominently forward, and thus, will they *force* themselves upon the attention of Government, how unwilling soever this Government might be to engage their services. Talent, assisted by exertion, must and will rise. To talk of the *sunshine* of courtly favor, is in truth mere *moonshine*. The annals of history furnish us with many instances of men of genius and talent, who have, by their own strength occupied a respectable station in society—and some who have wielded the destinies of nations.

What is the *acmé* of an East Indian's ambition? To become a *clerk* in a Government office, to devote his talents to copying, or at least making

abstracts of proceedings for the information of the Hon'ble gentlemen of Leadenhall Street. He thus makes himself a machine; and a machine, less useful than the calculating machine mentioned by Babbage. For the sake of obtaining a footing in an office, children are removed at an early age from school—they are not even allowed to *learn* what will be of use to them. The seed-time of the mind is thus left unimproved. What will grow there is not difficult to state? Folly, folly, folly. The young men are noted for their fine, spruce appearance. Gay and improvident, they crowd to balls, and parties and theatres; books are thrown aside. The person is cultivated, the mind is neglected. Other businesses in life, than clerkships, are spurned by all. A mechanic is low, a farmer mean, in fact all those occupations which in England are deemed respectable, are contemned here. Is it then a great hardship that the services of such men are not employed in the higher offices under Government? They are not *fit* for the nobler walks in life.

The conduct and manners of East Indians also are not such as to be subjects of praise. Independence is rarely seen in their character—they *worm* themselves into the favor of the Secretaries and the dignified functionaries of Government. They have no opinion of their own, they *tie* themselves to the *tails* of European coats. Covetous of other people's goods, they exceed the limits of their own income.

Towards equals, their conduct is marked with haughtiness, and towards inferiors, they shew an over-bearing disposition. Under subjection to others, they *lord* it over their inferiors. No one but he, who has mixed with them, can know their consequence, when Mr. Secretary A, or Mr. Law Commissioner B. *bows* graciously to them.—No one can picture their deportment when they are appointed members of this committee or of that Association. Their personal dignity is wonderfully increased. Always complaining that *color* should not create any distinction, there is no body of men so fond of *contrasting colors*. Fair faces are their delight. There is neither union nor public spirit among them. They are great *talkers* but no *doers*. Contrasted faults mark their conduct. Submissive and proud—poor and luxurious—wishing to be great and always *low*—begging for boons, and making no exertions to obtain them.

This picture, desolate and dreary as it is, is not overcharged. Succeeding chapters will exhibit, not the weavings of fiction, but the transcripts of truth. To this class Clarence Mowbray belonged, but his mind was cast in a finer mould. He was high-spirited, independent, and refined; and though a blush would often suffuse his cheeks, at the degraded condition of his countrymen, he would indignantly exclaim that they had none to blame for it, but *their own selves*.

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AGRI-HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE proceedings of this Society have attracted so much of the public attention, that we shall be justified in taking a cursory survey of them, as affording instances of the spirit and manner in which things are done by the people of Calcutta. Our remarks shall be strictly according to that much neglected rule: "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

The election of a secretary might have very well taken place at the meeting in September,—three candidates, Messrs. Speede and Piddington and Dr. Mouat, being in the field. But, at the suggestion of Sir John Peter Grant, the election was postponed to the meeting in November, avowedly for the purpose of allowing time for other candidates to appear, but in reality, as it was surmised, with the view to allow Dr. Mouat to make sure of the secretariat. The surmise receives corroboration from the resolution moved by Dr. Corbyn, and too easily agreed to by the meeting, by which Dr. Mouat was joined to the committee of papers. The resolution was unfair towards the other candidates, and we are surprised that Dr. Corbyn should have been the man to propose it. Nobody opposed it because it was nobody's business.

The object in view was frustrated by the intimation which Dr. Mouat received, that his acceptance of a paid appointment would not be agreeable to the government. Then came other candidates forward, or, as the Oriental proverb has it:

اینگ آتھ پونگ آتھ پونگ بولے میں بھی آتھیں

Mr. Stocqueler relied on his habits of business, Mr. Hume on his zeal for the society. The latter was so modest, however, that he was ready to retire from the field whenever a scientific man came into it.

The resolution of the government, prohibiting their servants from accepting any paid office of any society, was published. Dr. Griffiths, who was nominated, in his absence, by some of his friends, endeavored, on his arrival, to obtain the consent of the government to be exempted from the operation of the rule. The meeting of November was held.

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Dr. Griffiths was not on the spot: he consequently could not be chosen, especially as it was doubtful if he would be permitted to accept the office. As some of the candidates had been canvassing the Mofussil members for votes, and two of them were understood to have been pretty successful, Sir John Grant adroitly laid hold of the circumstance to put off the election for other two months. He opened the meeting with some remarks on the necessity of the meeting coming to some resolution as to the reception of the votes of absent members. This considerate regard to the wishes and opinions of Mofussil members struck all who were assembled; but this semblance of justice, as was shortly after seen, covered hidden designs.

Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

Mr. Byrne immediately proposed "that the votes of absent members for the secretaryship, tendered in writing, be accepted." It was understood, as we have stated, that Mofussil members had given their votes to some of the candidates, and those votes were ready to be tendered: the meeting too was as large a one as could be expected. The votes of Mofussil members, who were far beyond the reach of Mr. Hume's speeches, would have cut off Mr. Hume and Dr. Griffiths. Mr. Hume remonstrated; and Mr. William Peter Grant, seconded by Mr. Molloy, proposed that a month's notice of the motion be given, and that the election be postponed to the general meeting in January. The meeting was taken by surprise, and adjourned *re infecto*.

Mr. Byrne's motion was announced in due form. But, alas, that we should have to record it! Mr. Byrne was not present at the meeting in December to propose his resolution. Somebody with unlucky temerity took up the founding motion, confident of the justice of the cause, and of the good sense of the meeting. Mr. Hume, however, who had no expectation of a single vote from the Mofussil, took up the cudgels against the motion. What he said was chaff; but there was such abundance of it that it out-weighed the two grains of reason which were brought forward in support, and the resolution was lost. It was stated to the meeting that the Mofussil members were to those in Calcutta as three to two; that they desired to have a voice in such matters as the election of a secretary, because they had no opinion of the manner in which such matters were disposed of by those within the ditch; and that at least many of them would withdraw if their votes were disallowed. The six or seven persons who sided with Mr. Hume, among whom was Dr. Mouat, declared that 300 members had no right to interfere in any way in the management of the affairs of the Society. Sir John Grant, who manifested such regard for the Mofussil members in the previous month, quietly abandoned them to the tender mercies of Mr. Hume.

The result verified the prediction. More than thirty members withdrew: others entered their protests against the resolution. These things could be overlooked no longer. The interests of the Society suffered if Mofussil members were denied the right of voting; but if that right was allowed, Mr. Hume had no chance. An expe-

dient was concocted that would secure both ends—worthy of the “juggling fiends”

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

On Mr. Byrne's proposing the rescission of the obnoxious resolution, Mr. Hume begged that the matter might be put to the meeting at once without discussion. He would not urge one of the many objections he had to the measure which Mr. Byrne supported, though at other times so fond of cramming his opinions down the throats of others: nay, he would have felt highly mortified if the previous resolution had been confirmed. The rescission of the resolution in question was of course an acknowledgment of the rights of Mofussil members: if it were not, why was the resolution rescinded?

Mr. Hume, seeing the way cleared for him by the friendly aid of Mr. Byrne, immediately moved that an honorary secretary be appointed, and appealed to the report of the Finance Committee for proof of his assertion, that the Society was not able to bear the salary of a secretary in this its most palmy state. The report merely stated that the balance in hand was some 700 rupees, but this fact was so represented that it created an impression that the Society was insolvent. Even after Mr. Speede had showed, on a following day, that the smallness of the balance in hand proved nothing, when the Society depended not on any accumulated fund but on regular annual contributions, the deceptive representation was still insisted upon. That Mr. Hume, after being instrumental in the adoption of a resolution which, by disgusting 300 Mofussil members and inclining them to secede, should be the advocate of economy, is perfectly in accordance with the Oriental proverb:

نیچے نیچے جڑ کاٹے اوپر سے پانی دھالے

After applying the axe to the root, he endeavors to promote the growth of the tree by an affected eagerness to water the branches. The meeting was wholly unprepared; and before it had time to deliberate, and without allowing any person time to expose the fallacy of the statements on which Mr. Hume's economical motion was grounded, the president put the question to the vote; a few hands were held up, and the resolution was declared to be carried. Immediately on this, Mr. Turton, in pursuance of the well concerted *ruse*, proposed Mr. Hume for the honorary secretary, and Sir John Grant again, with breathless haste, put the question, and again took the holding up of some twenty hands as expressive of the concurrence of a meeting, at which more than a hundred were present.

By such trickery were these plans successful, and the meeting was cheated into acquiescing in the appointment of an honorary secretary, and in the election of Mr. Hume, who would not have obtained the votes of half a score of members but for these manœuvres. It is true that Mr. Hume has not now obtained the salary for the sake of which he became competitor for the office, though we are not certain that his

friends will not, before six moons have revolved, call upon the Society to give him a salary; but he has been able to gratify his spleen against his more favored rival candidates, and, like the dog in the manger, to deprive another of the benefit which he was not permitted to enjoy. Rather be a secretary for nothing, than permit another to receive the salary which he himself vainly coveted.

We have yet to come to the last act of this farce. Although the rescission of the resolution against receiving the votes of Mofussil members, was an acknowledgment of the right of those members to vote, Mr. Turton affected to consider the point as remaining for settlement. The motive for this affectation was a desire to excuse his *clique*, for nullifying that admission, by proceeding immediately to the election of an honorary secretary, before Mofussil members could be consulted on the subject. A special meeting was convened the week after, professedly to allow of the attendance of such Mofussil members as happened to be in Calcutta. Mr. Turton read two resolutions: the one to give absent members the right to tender their written votes on questions relating to the election of office-bearers, &c.; the other to give ten members, dissatisfied with any act of any meeting, the right to take the opinion of absent members thereon. He first promised he would propose each singly, and then jumbled the two together, and obtained the acquiescence of the meeting to both by sheltering the one behind the other. Mr. Piddington moved, as an amendment, a resolution which went to recognise the rights of Mofussil members as always existing. Mr. Turton declared that he considered Mofussil members to possess an inherent right of voting, and yet opposed a resolution designed to be an acknowledgment of that right. Sir John Grant, who in effect suggested the postponement of one meeting to settle the question, but would not move one finger to support the rights of three-fifths of the members at another, threw cold water on the amendment by likening it to the vote of the House of Commons, against the increasing power of the crown, which he said had effected nothing,—a comparison by which, however far-fetched and ridiculous, he succeeded in creating a prejudice against the amendment in the minds of those who are moved by sound instead of sense. Sir John did not stay to see the effects of his good wishes; and when the amendment was negatived, Mr. Turton brought forward the two resolutions incorporated, and the meeting again, without deliberating on the nature of the second proposition, which in fact had never been discussed, acquiesced in that which their better judgment would have condemned. For which is more business-like—that men should, after due deliberation, decide on what is to be done, or that a few should hastily decide and leave others to undo, after a time, what has been done? Had the amendment been adopted, as in fairness it should have been, the manner and occasions of receiving the votes of Mofussil members would have been thereupon suggested. By adopting Mr. Turton's resolutions altogether, Mofussil members are in reality cut off from all opportunity of voting on any subject unconnected with the election of office-bearers. It is the practice of the Society to require a month's notice of every motion connected with the expenditure of

money. Every important question comes under this category. The notice is given with a view to full deliberation. But although the interval between the notice and the motion would allow of absent members voting, the deliberation is, by Mr. Turton's proposition, confined to the half dozen who may choose or find it convenient to be present. The inconveniences of re-opening a question disposed of at any meeting, are too obvious to need illustration. Viewing the matter on every side, we cannot but regard the resolution as a blind on the Mofussil members; more especially as the very question, the election of a secretary, which the Mofussil members wished to vote upon, has been decided without the slightest reference to them.

We have thus shown how unfairly the proceedings of the Society have been conducted—how the persons who came forward to guide the deliberations of the Society have deluded it into supporting their own personal objects—how the Finance Committee have lent themselves to a deception on the members—how the president, by his precipitancy, insidious remarks, and general unfairness, has led three several meetings to stultify themselves. These things have filled with disgust those who consider that public affairs ought to be conducted in a public spirit.

"A SHORT BUT INTERESTING STORY."

Calcutta has been known to us, under various denominations. From a consideration of its architectural monuments—it is called the "City of Palaces." When the long black train of mourners, bears the remains of some individual to the grave—it is said to be a "Charnel House." Again, when we find, that preferment in the public service of Government, is accelerated by family interest, and pecuniary considerations—it is christened with the *soubriquet* of the "Land of Interest"—"The Land of Indiscriminate Patronage." It is the "*Arabia Petrea*," in the opinion of all those, who wish to fatten at their neighbour's expense, and who expect *lucre* and *honor*, to fall upon them, like Manna, in the Wilderness. It is sometimes called, the "Land of Jobbery." A recent transaction induces us to view it in this light.

Public institutions appear to be the cradling places of some of the prettiest little *jobs* which the cunning ingenuity of *jobbers* could ever devise. They are the *nurseries* for suckling, darling sons and nephews, affectionate relatives, kind friends, and gentle acquaintances. Public spirit, in such establishments, becomes steam of such "high pressure," that it bursts through the limits of equity and justice—and either evaporates in smoke, or adorns the roofs of some houses, in bespangled dew-drops.

Such an instance of bursting-public spirit, displayed itself, within the precincts of the Free School. We crave our reader's indulgence for a few minutes, while we give him a brief sketch of the transaction.

It happened, that the Surgeon of the Free School, was about to vacate his appointment—and *before he had actually sent in his resignation*—great fear came over the Secretary of that institution at the reflection, that in case of sickness, no medical aid could *now* be afforded. A school without a surgeon, is in his opinion a garrison without a commander. Sickness and disease were standing tip-toe, on the steeple of the Free School Church, ready to pounce upon the little boys and girls playing on the green grass; and their attention was ominously directed towards a pretty little house, situate near the north gate of the school. These enemies of human happiness, with wings out-stretched, were prepared to make an onset on the “harmless little inhabitants” of the school, so soon as the lugubrious visage of the doctor was no more seen, and the thunder-rolling wheels of his carriage no longer heard in Free School street.

This was the season of severest trial to the Secretary. Now was the time for him to gird on his loins and provide for the safety of his little flock. No delay, when the enemy is so near. Straightway did he throw himself into his buggy—and whirl round Calcutta, securing votes for Dr. Thomson, besides whom, he knew of no other medical gentleman, who would come forward as a candidate for the vacant office.

In his capacity of *Secretary*, (and such was the impression upon the minds of those, on whom he had called,) he sought for support for one, who had no claims on the institution; while there were two medical gentlemen, on the list of governors, who had labored for the interests and the welfare of the institution, and who were most unaccountably banished from the recollection of the Secretary. This obliviousness was, however, repaired. One of the governors, whose aid for Dr. Thomson had been solicited, justly remarked, that as he had not the honor of being acquainted with the gentleman, he would readily give his vote for one of the two medical gentlemen, who were governors of the institution. His *cavil* soon received a *quietus*, by the assurance that neither of these two doctors would apply for the vacant office.

News, to use a vulgar phrase, flies, like wild-fire. One of the two doctor governors, was informed of the *expected* vacancy in the school, and on canvassing the votes of his colleagues, found to his surprise, that the Secretary, *ex-officio* (a very becoming conduct) had forestalled him. However he did not despair. He relied for success, on his claims of gratuitous labor, afforded to the school, in the capacity of governor, for the space of *three* years. At length, the day, big with the fate of the two medical applicants arrived. The claims of Dr. Vos were set aside—and Dr. Thomson was the successful candidate, because he had already secured the *votes* of the majority of governors.

Let us look at the reasons that were urged by the supporters of Dr. Thomson, against the fair and strong claims of Dr. Vos. One of them observed, that he (the speaker) might as well expect the office of Secretary to the school, because he had been for a long period governor of the institution. We unhesitatingly assert, that his expectation was just. In our opinion, he enjoyed the best claims for the of-

fice. He had bestowed his time and his labour—he had not spared his attendance amidst his other numerous engagements,—to further the welfare of the institution; and although he had made his office a labor of love, yet when an opportunity occurred for rewarding him, we do say, that the governors would, in our opinion, have been guilty of gross misconduct and partiality, if they did not bestow the vacant office upon him. It must not however be overlooked, that the speaker took to himself more credit than he really deserved. We assert, without a question, that he neither gives his labor to the Free School gratuitously, nor takes his seat at the board voluntarily. As Junior Presidency Chaplain he is a governor of the institution *ex-officio*, and is on the receipt of a salary between 11 and 1200 rupees, with an additional income derived from fees.

Such and so strong were the claims of Dr. Vos to the appointment of surgeon to the school. Besides as Secretary of the District Charitable Society, for the space of seven years—a society intimately connected with the object and proceedings of the Free School, Dr. Vos had claims, which could not honestly and fairly be set aside.

Another governor remarked, that Dr. Vos had claims from his services, on their gratitude and esteem, but not for the office for which he was a candidate. We would ask this Reverend gentleman, how he would testify his sense of gratitude for such services. We candidly reply, that the only mode in which the good-will and esteem of the governors could be manifested towards Dr. Vos, would have been by bestowing the vacant office upon him. Professions are nothing; actions are the touch-stone of all talk.

But we now come to the most amusing part of this drama. Some of the governors, after acknowledging the justice of Dr. Vos's claims, still obstinately persisted in supporting his competitor, *because they had pledged their votes to him*. We are truly at a loss to understand this mode of procedure. That promise is not binding which is given on a partial and mistaken view of any circumstance. It was thus in the case of Dr. Vos. Some gentlemen had already pledged themselves to support Dr. Thomson, because they were not aware that any other person, possessing stronger claims on their attention would have come forward. They did not know that one of the governors would have been a candidate for the appointment. When such a case did occur—it was the duty of the governors, as honest and impartial men, to acknowledge the justice of Dr. Vos's claims, by appointing him to the office. In this instance, no promise would have been violated—no pledge broken. Dr. Thomson himself would not have complained, if he were refused the appointment, because he would see that the fair and equitable claims of a person, had received their due weight and consideration. Now who was there who disputed the claims of Dr. Thomson to the marine-surgeonship, which he now holds. His labor and exertions with the Army of the Indus demanded a recompense. The recompense has been bestowed by the state, and well does he deserve it. In the same manner, we would have been glad to see Dr. Vos appointed to the office of surgeon to the Free School,—for he too well deserved it.

We do not expect that these remarks will *undo* what has already been *done*. But we hope that they will tend to check future abuses—and that the Secretary will understand better the nature and duties of his office, and not overstep its limits.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE'S SONG.

O'er hill and o'er dale,
 O'er mountain und vale,
 From the depth of each moss-grown cave.
 We dance and we sing
 " Till each hill-top doth ring
 To the mountain sprite's merriest stave.

In the far North-west
 We oft love to rest,
 Where the snow-clad mountains do lie ;
 And every bright night,
 By the moonbeams bright,
 We dance to our minstrelsy.

When day's sultry breath
 Doth scorch the brown heath,
 We hie to the bubbling stream ;
 And we dance to each wave,
 As our bodies we lave,
 Secure from the sun's burning beam.

If a mortal should come
 Near our deep hidden home,
 Oh sadly he rues it, we ween ;
 For no mortal eye
 Our deeds must espy,
 Nor by mortal eye can we be seen.

Then sudden he hears
 With astonished ears
 That his name every wild rock repeats,
 And invisible hands,
 As astonished he stands,
 Shower stones till he frightened retreats. *

Then we laugh and we sing
 'Till all the hills ring,
 And merrily pass thus the day,
 Till night coming on,
 And the red sun gone,
 We haste to our moonlight play.

We haste to each brake,
By woodland and lake,
Mid coverts all lonely and wild,
And we feast and we sup
From our brown walnut cup,
The dew on the green grass so mild.

Until morning's red light
On the hill-tops height
Shews its gleam the high pine trees among,
Then we hasten away
To our homes far away,
So Hurrah for the mountain sprite's song.

THE MUSICAL SNUFF BOX.

I was strolling home one night down P—— street, in this far-famed City of Palaces—the moon was shining in all her loveliness—the hum of the busy population had ceased, and all around spoke of stillness such as that of death. I had passed the mansions of the great—the humble but still noble buildings of those in easy circumstances had also been left behind—I had emerged from a mass of native hovels and was approaching a part of the suburbs inhabited principally by European mechanics, Portuguese and other laborers—when a sweet mellow sound in the distance greeted my ears. I stopped in sudden astonishment—from which miserable hovel of the few before me could these melodious sounds proceed? The stillness of the night soon betrayed the secret; at a little distance stood the possessor's poor abode. I went forward, until I came under the open window, and my feet became fixed to the spot. The sounds came soft and clear—the tune was familiar to me, it was “Teach me to forget”—a tune I loved full well to hear.

But why was I transfixed to the spot as if I had never heard such lovely music before?—Yes, I had indeed often heard such, but never till then in such a scene of wretchedness. Melancholy thoughts came over me, I thought on the poverty of the owner's family, the lively strains which the instrument poured forth, and the look of wretchedness around—the sacrifices which I felt convinced must have been made in order to obtain this treasured object—and the almost adoration with which I thought that object must be viewed—all, all these thoughts burst at once upon my mind and produced mournful feelings not to be described.

For three successive nights, at different hours, did I hear the strains of this little tell-tale. One other time the same notes and then no more. I felt a strong desire to become acquainted with the history of the instrument as well as that of the family in whose possession it was; and it was not very long before I had my wish gratified.

Mr. F——, the head of this family, had once been in prosperous circumstances. His father was a very respectable and opulent man in London, engaged largely in the book-selling and printing line. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—W. F. was the younger of the two sons. The brothers were both early in life placed in their father's extensive establishment in Paternoster Row, and both by their industry and good conduct were a great acquisition to their parents. Years rolled on, and the elder son was admitted a partner in the concern and a promise held out to F. of being admitted also, the following year. But a sudden and gloomy change came over F.'s bright prospects. He had long unknown to his parents loved a person much his inferior in respect to worldly rank, but in goodness of heart and demeanour not at all so, and thinking himself now well settled in his father's good graces, he had opened his heart to the object of his affections, and vows of mutual and unalterable love had been exchanged. Just at this period their intimacy was discovered, and the father who was any thing but of a smooth temper, especially when aught likely to lower his family name was brought forward, vented his rage upon the head of poor F. The choice was given him of deserting either his intended wife, or of quitting his father's roof. With agonizing feelings, he chose the latter, and after taking a tender and heart-breaking farewell of his affectionate mother and sister, he bade adieu for ever to his home, and his family.

True to his promise he married her, on account of whom he had experienced and was about to experience much unhappiness. On a small pittance too little to allow him to set up in business for himself, F. and his partner were enabled to subsist for a short time. He sought employment, but could gain none, and mournful and dejected, he at last left his country, and in the capacity of a soldier, embarked for the East Indies, where he labored in "blissful idleness" in the burning clime of the Lower Provinces, for some years; till his acquaintance with the Printer's art prompted him to seek some employment where this knowledge would be called into requisition, and he was successful. A gentleman being informed of his professional skill purchased his discharge, and appointed him to a post which, though congenial to his taste, yielded him scarcely a competency.

During the period of F.'s voluntary exile from his home, stirring events were happening in his family circle in London; his father had died, and his sister become the wife of a Civil Servant on furlough; with him she came to Calcutta, and took her residence towards the "West end" of the city. Of this F. was kept in complete ignorance, nor would he have ever come to the knowledge of it, had not the following slight circumstance occurred. Having come home from his employment rather early one evening, the brightness and beauty of the moonlight enticed him and his partner, to take a short stroll in the city, they therefore directed their steps towards the locality of the great. Most of the inmates had retired to rest, and a solitary light was here and there visible in the sleeping chambers. From an open window which they were passing, strains of soft music proceeded and caught the ear of F.—He recognized the air, and endeavored to bring to his recollection

where he had heard it—but to no purpose, and the circumstance was for a time forgotten.

Mrs. B. the blooming partner of the Civil Servant, was of too delicate a constitution to stand the trying climate of India; and after a brief interval of extreme suffering, she was released by the hand of death. The next day the following announcement appeared in the newspapers:

“At Calcutta on the —, Ellen, the beloved wife of Charles B —, Esq. of B. C. S. and only daughter of G. F —, Esq. Paternoster Row, London, aged 22 years.”

In the course of his employment this came under the observation of F —, and the words too plainly told him* that the departed was his sister, and the musical box which he had heard was no other than one which, many-years back, when in his prosperity he had presented to her.—What melancholy feelings must have possessed his soul!—this token had, in all probability, been kept by her as a precious remembrance of the love of an exiled brother, what had he lost in not being informed of her marriage and residence here? but what matter now.

In a few days the property of the bereaved husband, who intended breaking up his establishment, was advertised for sale. A sudden idea darted into the mind of F.; he would possess himself of the snuff-box; and this, though at much sacrifice, he succeeded in doing: it was the last and only remembrance he ever received of his family. The reader will have guessed that the strains I had heard were from this interesting instrument.

W. C.

Calcutta, January, 1843.

STANZAS.

Beloved girl 'tis not for me,
To taste those joys that dwell in thee,
'Tis not my lot thy love to share,
For I am doom'd to feel despair.
Yet would I love to look upon
Those charms, that oft from me have won
The prayers which in deep fondness flow'd,
When hope within my bosom glow'd.
The roses that adorn thy bowers,
The lily fairest of the flowers,
Which once I cull'd for thee with joy,
No more my heart with hope shall bud.
Tho' simple, they were gifts of love,
And oft thy gentle heart did move—
Those hours are gone—those joys are fled;
For Hope no more her smiles now shed.

J. H.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN ; OR SILAS SCRIBBLER.

CHAPTER III.

In which the author makes a bold stroke to seek his own livelihood.

Though the sedentary profession for which I was bound was not very agreeable at the onset, I gradually became reconciled to it : for the first few days I was troubled with an acute pain across my shoulders, caused by constant writing, to which I was unaccustomed ; but it soon wore off and I never felt it since. Finding that the people in Office were to be my companions for a time, I endeavoured to accommodate myself to their whims ; and had soon the satisfaction to perceive, that Mr. Pastebord grew partial to me : and as for the old Baboo, I had so completely ingratiated myself into his favour, that it pleased him frequently to say, that I was a " very goot sinsible gintilman, and like to hear the old man's advice." Thus did six months of my clerical career pass away, which was the probational period assigned by Mr. Essleton, at the lapse of which I was to be elevated to the dignity of a stipendiary clerk, and be no longer a boy-learner. Two months more however expired, and still there were no signs of the promised salary ; whereat I was greatly annoyed ; more especially as I had the vanity to believe, that I had attained a pretty good insight into the details of business, and that my services were indispensable. Besides I began to think myself a man, and in order to make some kind of figure among my quantum school-fellows, I felt a longing for money, and was quite vexed at the silence which both the Collector and Head Clerk maintained on this score. Had the amount been ever so small, even the paltry sum of 20 rupees, I should have been gratified, and content to plod on transcribing and translating like a fag as I was, without a syllable of murmur. I had taken great pains to cultivate a pair of moustaches, and in imitation of contagious example, wore chain straps, tight inexpressibles, and exquisitely neat pumps, and was moreover on the look out for an eye-glass to complete my costume, according to the orthodox mode then in vogue among the young fashionables, with whom I ardently desired to be ranked.—Some envious people, generally those in the decline of life, called me foppish and foolish, but I regarded them not, as I had a very satisfactory opinion of myself, which more than counterbalanced the condemnatory sentiments of others. I also felt some incipient ideas of gallantry, and once had the intrepidity to go up to a young lady at a ball, to which I had been invited with Mr. Flogall's family, make my best congé, and address her in that elegant, conventional, trisyllabical phrase, " how d'ye do ?" Fully possessed with the belief that I was quite a man, I was inexpressibly shocked one day when Mrs. Flogall, a morose, ignorant female, whom I never liked, assured me that I was a mere boy, and would remain as such for the next half-dozen years ; thoroughly persuaded however of the falsity of this opinion, I treated it with the most sovereign contempt.

Shortly after my admission into the Collector's Office an incident occurred, which I must not omit to mention. Among the junior assistants there was a little fellow about my size. He had a very atramental complexion, and his sole recommendation consisted in writing a good hand, of which insignificant circumstance he was very fond of boasting; and one day he vauntingly told me that his caligraphy was better than mine; this I could not deny, but my pride was greatly hurt at what I considered his presumption in making mention of such a matter, and in a moment of passion I made some remark, in which his color and the word "rascal," were coupled in rather an unflattering manner. He slunk away to his seat, without venturing to reply, but incited by a truly muscular clerk of a wrangling disposition, who sat at the same table with him, the lad was prevailed upon to send me, what he called a "cartel of defiance," whereupon it was arranged, that after office hours we should both adjourn, accompanied by Mr. Boxer, the big man who promoted the quarrel, to the ruins of an ancient mosque, in a sequestered part of the station, and there decide the matter by a pugilistic encounter. Accordingly as soon as the clock struck four, I hurried off first to the place of rendezvous determined to give my sable antagonist a sound drubbing; a feat, to the performance of which I considered myself fully equal. I had waited a quarter of an hour, when finding that the other parties did not make their appearance, I went forward to ascertain the cause, being myself in some alarm lest the unusual delay might induce Mr. Flogall to make some interrogatories respecting the lateness of my return, which perhaps I might be reluctant to answer faithfully. After a few minutes, I perceived Mr. Boxer alone coming, and on asking him about his champion, he to my surprise informed me, that my valorous challenger had scampered off home. I was much chagrined at being baulked in this manner, and felt a strong desire to manipulate the nasal protuberance of Mr. Boxer, as being the chief cause of my disappointment; but this was utterly impracticable, for he was infinitely superior to me in physical force. During the three days following the above occurrence, the young writer absented himself from Office, albeit he was a regular attendant, and when he did come, I studiously avoided speaking to him, in order to impress on him the fact that I entertained the proper degree of scorn for his dastardly conduct in evading a combat sought by himself.

One morning, my office mates and myself had assembled in office, sometime before the arrival of Mr. Pasteboard, when one of them casually told another that by the decease of the incumbent a vacancy had occurred in the Collectorate of Mugrubpoor, which he said he would have applied for, but the salary was too little, only 50 rupees a month. I was not long in possession of this news when a thought flashed across my mind to try and obtain the vacant appointment; this idea was carried into effect almost as soon as it was conceived, and that very day I addressed a letter to the Collector soliciting the place, and frankly informing him that having been only a short time in the service, I had no certificate of good conduct. The knowledge that Mr. Essleton was about to proceed to the Hills on medical advice, decided

me in taking the above step, as I had no desire to continue in office without pay after he had left ; for while he remained, there was hope but when he departed even that would vanish, and I thought it my duty to advance my own prospects if nobody else would do it for me. I kept the fact of my application a profound secret, having resolved to acquaint neither Mr. Flogall nor Mr. Pasteboard, who were the only two to whom I could have communicated the circumstance. I was deterred from confiding in the latter gentleman by the conviction that he would not acquiesce in my plan ; for he held an opinion that it was utterly useless to apply for a preferment, as it would most certainly be refused ; and that if any good was in the lot of a man, it would come to him of its own accord, without being sought after. It appears that in the course of his professional experience, he had made sundry abortive attempts to better his condition, whereupon he arrived at the conclusion, that such efforts were perfectly futile ; and in support of his strange theory, Mr. Pasteboard invariably cited his own case. I should have consulted my tutor had I not been too sure that for certain reasons of his own, he would have peremptorily cast his veto to the measure : I therefore deemed it prudent to keep him in ignorance of the matter, and determined to inform him of it only when his opposition would be of no avail.

Ineffable mortification and ecstatic joy were the contrary feelings which were relatively experienced by Mr. Pasteboard and myself, when a week after I had submitted my application, the following reply was put into my hands :

To Mr. S. SCRIBBLER,

SIR,—I have received your letter of the 10th current.—The absence of a testimonial of qualification from the officers under whom you may have already served is a serious objection, which however I agree to waive, on the condition of taking you on trial for three months, when should you suit me, I shall nominate you to the vacancy existing in my office. As there is a great pressure of work at present, I would wish you to join as soon as possible.

Your obedient Servant,

JONAS LITTLEBIG.

Mugrubpoor, April 14th, 18—.

When informed of my success, Mr. Pasteboard as above observed, was extremely mortified ; he nevertheless felicitated me on the occasion, but did so with a very bad grace, for chagrin at the destruction of his favorite theory respecting the inutility of applications,—and the loss of a useful hand in office, who was complaisant enough to work for nothing, was legibly depicted on the old gentleman's naturally unprepossessing physiognomy.

As I had expected, Mr. Flogall was very wroth when I showed him Mr. Littlebig's letter, and swore it was a burning shame that such a self-willed stripling as I should be allowed to have my own way ; he also threatened to make the circumstance known to Mr. Essleton, and procure his interference ; but in this I had fortunately anticipated him, for as soon as I received the welcome communication, I acquainted the Collector of it, who approved of what I had done, and expressed his

regret that he had not made some provision for me agreeably to his promise, ascribing the omission to forgetfulness : to make some amends however he very kindly gave me a testimonial of character, and a very good one it was too, and much better than I deserved. When the irate pedagogue found that he could not effectually oppose my departure, he put a good face on the matter ; and it having been decided that I should journey in a palanquin, as the fatigue of travelling on horseback would have been too great at that sultry season of the year, he lent me his, and provided me with servants to accompany me, and money for the defrayal of my road expenses.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Mr. Scribbler looks back to a period that had its existence before he had his.

Ere I proceed further with this history, it may be necessary to state something of my parentage ; a subject, which perhaps, critics may think, should have occupied the first chapter, according to the approved practice observed by all novelists and romance writers from time immemorial : but in this respect, I confess that I am somewhat selfish ; and would rather speak of myself first ; making all other matters of secondary consideration.

My father was the third son of a flourishing tradesman in England, who through his influence with one of the East India Directors, acquired by an unlimited supply of the good things of this world from his shop, without often troubling the great man with a long bill, contrived to obtain for his son a commission in the Company's service. Ensign Scribbler was a very reserved, unsocial being, and somewhat of a misogynist ; and it was not until he had attained the dignity of a Major, that his prejudices yielded in favor of an oriental maiden with whose charms he became deeply smitten, and to whom he was desirous of being united in wedlock ; which shows the omnipotence of that tender passion, love.

“ Love gives esteem, and then he gives desert ;
He either finds equality, or makes it :
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But planes and levels all.”

As however the *mesalliance* contemplated by my father could not be effected consistently with his position in the Army he withdrew from it, and retired to the small station of Radagabad, where my mother died ; and my father not caring to be troubled with me, placed me as a boarder with Mr. Flogall, and left the country on a visit to the Cape of Good Hope, for the benefit of his health, which a long residence in the torrid clime of the East had considerably impaired. He did not live to return to India. In his will he left me all he was possessed of, which after deducting the expenses of my board and tuition, amounted to the small sum of ten thousand rupees.—Mr. Essleton had been appointed executor to the will of my father, and he very faithfully discharged the duties of the office, by coming to see me on the occasion already recorded ; and this brings me to myself again.

THE EXILE'S RETURN—No. 3.

 MARY S—

Romance may sing of heroines great,
 Whose chequer'd life, and varied state,
 Arouse the attention of the careless mind,
 Unus'd such scenes, in actual life to find.

But private histories oft disclose
 More poignant pangs—severer woes—
 Trials more acute—and wrongs more fell
 Than bards or stories ever tell—
 Tho' private life, no sudden changes know,
 And calm the waters of its current flow—
 Tho' quick transitions never strike the eye,
 Nor fortune comes now low now high—
 Yet in its gentle flow, are sometimes seen,
 Wonders, which surpass dramatic scene—
 Effects are felt, which fictions never give,
 And broken hearts—still brokenly live—

I knew poor Mary ! in her prime of youth,
 An image fair, on earth of truth—
 She was an only parent's joy,
 His care—his love, his whole employ—
 She liv'd retir'd from wealth and station high,
 A violet blooming remote from all eye—
 The rustics alone her virtues knew,
 Her love and her kindness, their gratitude drew—
 In death and in sickness—in calm and in storm,
 Mary, the balm, that heal'd the forlorn—
 In mirth and in dance—in nature's true grace,
 Mary the flower—the pride of the place—

To this part of the county there came
 A stranger of repute and good name—
 His stature was tall and fair to behold,
 He seem'd to be cast in nature's best mould—
 His station was high and his fortune great,
 He was gifted alike, in mind and estate—
 Tho' brilliant indeed, the sphere of his life,
 No woman from it, he sought for his wife—
 Sore sickness had brought his body low,
 And for twelve long months no joy he did know—
 Rack'd and tormented with dreadful pain,—
 For health, to this lovely spot, he came.

The rustics mark'd him sad and slow,
Walking each morn the plains below ;
He seem'd so dejected, so weak, and forlorn,
As if always a prey to misery born.
His state and his name, to Mary were told,
Her grief and her care, no arts could withhold ;
From guilt and from harm, her bosom was free,
She gave to the wretched her sympathy,
She wished that the stranger thus living alone,
Her father's small cottage would make his home.
Her Bible had taught her to succour the weak,
The wretched to soothe—to raise the meek.
The world has its thorns, its sorrows, its pains,
And in it, nothing but wretchedness reigns ;
A Redeemer has come, from the heavens above,
With an errand of mercy—a message of love—
Has come o'er the gloom, some light to shed,
And o'er our pains, some comforts to spread.
Has come,—the passions of men to calm,
And pour into wounds a healing balm ;
To temper the heat of worldly strife,
And give to the thirsty the waters of life
This Saviour had told her, she followed his voice,
“ To do good ” is on earth, man's wisest choice.

The stranger was ask'd her home's bounty to share,
His state and condition were nam'd in her prayer,
She tended and nurs'd him, and softened his grief,
By care and attention, she brought him relief.
But a feeling of pain, soon awoke in his mind,
He found, that to Mary his affection's inclin'd,
Her presence alone to him pleasure did give,
He seem'd for her, and her only, to live,
Gratitude strength'n'd this feeling of love,
Conscience and truth, the same did approve :
Mary lov'd too—and in a few months, they found,
In Marriage, their lives were eternally bound.

She left her poor home,—to the city repair'd,
And the fortune and love of her husband she shar'd,
I left her so bless'd, so happy, and gay,
I hope that her days have so roll'd away—

F.—The morning that shines all clear and bright,
Is succeeded by a dark and cheerless night,
The flowers that bloom with the uprisen sun,
Wither and die, ere his journey is run ;
And this was the fate of Mary, so kind,
So gentle in nature—so pious in mind.

The wassailors' riot and the flow of strong wine,
 Her hopes and her bliss, began soon to undermine.
 Her husband, the foremost amidst the vile crowd,
 His language most coarse, his voice the most loud,
 Deep draughts of wine, soon poison'd his brain,
 One moment without it, he could not remain.

Like a Viper, this Wine, taints quickly the flow
 Of health and of vigour, that God did bestow ;
 It poisons the source of terrestrial joys,
 And this earthly tenement, it soon destroys—
 It obscures the clear mind—it shuts out the light
 Of truth and of virtue—it sinks into night
 Those prospects which God has destin'd to be
 The stay and support of human misery.

Mary was oft left to ponder alone,
 In a house, now to her, no longer a home.
 Her spirit was broken, her hopes had all gone,
 Her bliss, like a light cloud, quickly had flown,
 In riot and in noise, she never could dwell,
 So she took of her husband, a last farewell.

Nor long did he live in wassail and mirth,
 Death soon consign'd him to his mother earth ;
 His estate from his hands, had long passed away,
 And poverty darken'd his life's last day.

Mary now felt, misfortunes chill blast,
 Her evening of life, with clouds, was overcast—
 Her home and her friends, for strangers she left,
 Of parent, and home, and comfort bereft.

M.—Father !—who lend'st a listening ear,
 Who ever vouchsafest thy servants to hear ;
 Grant that her days may peacefully flow,
 Thy mercies and kindness on her all bestow ;
 Guard her from danger—protect her from harm—
 Sustain her by thine own Almighty arm ;
 Make her to feel, in her trial and fear,
 Thou ever art present—and ever art near.
 Heal her deep wounds, in them pour thy balm,
 Temper the wind to this shorn lamb ;
 Tho' bitter's the cup, which on earth is given,
 Open to her soul the treasures of Heaven—
 And tho' dark and all dreary her state here may be,
 Open to her view thy dread Eternity.

MR. H. T. PRINSEP.

One of the leading Journals* has made an appeal to the Public in behalf of Mr. H. T. Prinsep, who will, by next month, leave Calcutta for his native land. The editor suggests a "meeting to prepare an address, commemorating the sense of that uninterrupted exertion for the public welfare, which has distinguished his public life, as greatly as his private amiability has endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, or were brought into connection with him by the course of their official transactions." Really we are seriously inclined to think, that, while the writer was penning this article of fulsome adulation, he was, like the American, secretly laughing in his sleeves. He must be well acquainted with the trite remark,

"Praise undeserv'd is censure in disguise"

For never in any instance, was such praise undeserved, as in the burden of his article. What could have induced the editor to publish such an advertisement of Mr. Prinsep's merits? Surely when the catalogue comes to be read; the lots, put up for public admiration, will not attract attention. Of this we are fully persuaded, that Mr. Puff of "Critic notoriety," would be obliged to add to the list of his puffs, this new one, invented by the Journalist, of "puffing a man, to bring ridicule on him."

There are two classes of men, whose labor demand public acknowledgment and public sympathy. The first comprises those, who, whatever be their station, strenuously and perseveringly labor for the interests of the community; and the other class consists of those, who, by enriching science and art, with inventions and discoveries, promote the comforts and conveniences of man. To neither of these classes does Mr. Prinsep belong. For a period of thirty years, which embraces his public life, we never remember him to have come forward, as the advocate of the interests of the community, or the promoter of one benevolent object. He must surely have arrived, in this country, at a time of life, when health and youth, and vigour were his portion and his enjoyment; and at a season, when the community were laboring under many disadvantages, and efforts were being made for the melioration and advancement of the temporal and spiritual condition of men. He arrived at a period, when he could have effected much good. He leaves the country, at a time, when the sympathy of the English people is being awakened for the degraded condition of India, and when he, in his responsible station of influence and importance, by associating with congenial spirits, could have furthered the interests of the country, and secured its permanent and increasing happiness. But his conduct tells a different tale.

We do not question the correctness of the statement regarding the amiability of Mr. Prinsep's private life. He may have extended his acts of hospitality to all and every one, in this society—his doors may have been opened to any person; and his table may have been nightly surrounded by the members of this community; but what has private kindness and domestic welcome to do with the public? He may be

* Vide Englishman of 21st ultimo.

possessed of all the endearments of private worth and generosity ; but what has all this to do, with the public ? Surely no man will presume upon the expression of public esteem and admiration, for his private virtues. If this be the rule, then every private individual must be so rewarded. We are of a contrary opinion. Let the circle of his friends, who are not strangers to his private worth, and who have tasted full oft of his liberality, let them testify their sense of his kindness and his bounty. Let them sit around a social board, and when conviviality has warmed the breasts of all, let the full tide of an overflowing eloquence, wreathed, in the flowers of rhetoric, his virtues and his name ; and let the cup, drained to the dregs, seal the affection of friendship and the sincerity of admirers. Let this be done by friends, but do not let the public meet together in the town Hall of the City of Palaces, and present a farewell address to one who has never been found enlisted in the ranks of that little body of men (for few will always be their number), who seek to promote the weal of this country, and raise the people to a sense of their own dignity and importance as members of society.

As a public officer of government, let the state proclaim his worth, and mention his name with applause. But let not the public assemble to laud him, who has been regardless and unmindful of the happiness of this country, and of whom it will be said, in the annals of India's history, as was said of a people of old, *This man has done this ; and another has done that, but Mr. Prinsep has done nothing.* We remember to have seen his name, as one of the number present in the meetings of the Bank of Bengal, and we have seen him as President of the Asiatic Society. Let the Society record in its annals, the opinion of his worth and his labors ; but let not the public offer praise to him, to whom it is not due, who has not made any exertions to benefit this society, who has never by his presence or his wealth, assisted one institution, one religious society, one association which had for its object the extension of Christian education and Christian knowledge. Let the public be chary of their favors, let them not praise indiscriminately, and they will soon find that men, in exalted stations, will covet their esteem, and desire their good will.

LA MARTINIERE.

The governors of 'La Martiniere' have reduced the fees of scholars, to an extremely low sum. We have no doubt that the object, which they had in view is laudable—to extend the benefits of education, by diminishing the amount of schooling charges, so as to bring them within the reach of the poorest member of this community, is a course of proceeding which reflects great credit on the benevolent dispositions of the governors. But this is all that can be said. We must not look at this rule of reduction only as evincing the tender feelings of those who enacted it ; but as it affects the other scholastic establishments in this city. We lament that there is no union of interest in the conductors of the various public schools in this country.—Extreme selfishness is the ruling motive. Instead of delegates from the subscribers and supporters of different schools, meeting together, and considering the advantages and disadvantages of the different

systems of instruction pursued in their seminaries; instead of associating together with the view of preventing fraud and imposition; instead of providing remedies against the two besetting evils in every scholastic establishment, the constant ebb and flow of scholars, and the extreme brevity of the period, that children remain in schools; instead of effecting these noble ends, which should be the aim of every society, and of every private individual, we perceive the spirit of opposition animating the breasts of those who conduct the education of youth. They are always detracting from each other's merits—they cannot bear to witness another's prosperity. The most idle reports prejudicial to the interests of one Academy, are circulated by the conductors of other academies. The most frivolous charges are adduced as monstrous evidences of immorality and degeneracy. The members of the community too are not above the influence of private pique and revenge, and with the view of wreaking their vengeance on any supposed slight or insult, which they fancy themselves to have received, they traduce the good fame and character of an academy which does not deserve such harsh and ungenerous treatment.

Notwithstanding these evils—and they offer great resistance to the good progress of an institution—notwithstanding these evils, the acting governors of La Martiniere have raised another obstacle, which it is not difficult to overcome, under the circumstances in which an institution, depending on public patronage, is placed.—We look upon this reduced scale of charges in the La Martiniere as a sure and certain evidence of the desire of the governors to collect as many boys as they are able. It is intended to catch little fishes. It is a *feeler* to try the feelings and sentiments of the community. But the governors have overshot the mark at which they directed their aim. Their estimate of the feelings of the society is incorrect, and calculated to do harm to themselves. How selfish and avaricious soever members of this community may be, they are anxious for the interests of their children, by securing to them the benefits of a good education.—They are not so easily drawn away by the “saving principle,” as to deprive their children of a sound and healthy course of instruction, well suited to the interests of this community. If the governors think that people are eagerly caught by a cheap education, there are persons who argue that a cheap education is not so sound and well-digested, as a course of instruction, the entrance fees of which are high.

Besides, this recent proceeding of the governors, to which we have drawn attention, will extinguish competition, and lower the tone of education in the country.—Competition is the soul of improvement—without it every institution languishes and falls to decay. The experience of every day confirms this view of the subject. Should any line of business be suffered to proceed in an even course without the disturbing cause of competition, the conductors of it will uphold the same system, year after year, without profiting by experience, or adopting vigorous improvements in machinery to be employed in that particular business. What, but competition has given so great an impetus to scientific improvements, and raised the condition of men above the accidents to which a rude state of society is subject!

It is true, that the large *funds* of 'La Martiniere' are well able to afford a reduction in the *fees* for tuition, even to a rupee a boy ; but is not this a diversion of the funds from their proper channel. The benevolent founder of that institution intended that its benefits should be extended to children, whose parents could not afford to pay for their education,—and if the funds are so large that the income is by many hundreds of rupees above the expenditure, that surplus money should be devoted to extending the charity of the institution, and not reducing the schooling charges for the benefit of those who can well afford to pay the former sum. The schooling charges, in all the other seminaries of instruction in Calcutta, are fixed at a sum which just defrays all expenses ; and were the La Martiniere situated as the other schools are, in point of endowment, the governors would perceive the expediency and necessity of keeping the fees free from the "rule of reduction." We think the conductors of other institutions would gain nothing by protesting against such a course of proceeding ; but they should endeavour to improve the quantity and quality of instruction by taking into consideration the exigencies of the country, and the importance of cultivating the mind by a liberal course of literary and scientific education. Strengthened as the governors of La Martiniere are by their *funds*, and possessing eminent stations in society, they should not act unfairly and ungenerously towards kindred institutions, which their school does not rival in any other point of excellence, than in the possession of about fourteen lakhs of rupees.

STANZAS TO —

Lady tho' care may cloud my brow,
 And smiles no more its sadness cheer,
 Still would I to thy beauty bow,
 Tho' hope may down 'mid doubt and fear.
 Tho' language may not utterance give
 To feelings that within my breast
 Have found a refuge and must live,
 Perchance, like other joys unblest ;
 Yet would I like the Indian strive
 With signs and looks to own my love :—
 A simple flow'ret may derive
 That charm my passion's power to prove.
 Take then this rose-bud, it will tell
 The purity and strength of love ;
 Within its unstained leaves doth dwell
 The odour that its sweets would prove :—
 Like to that rose-bud doth my heart
 Preserve, within its inmost cell,
 The fragrance passion doth impart,
 When Beauty's pow'r the pulse-strings swell,
 And like its leaves which faded lie,
 And feed the tree which nurs'd its stem ;
 So shall love's feelings never die,
 But bless the heart that cherish'd them.

PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE,—No. 1.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE HISTORY OF A MARRIED COUPLE.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you what, Sir, I shall no longer submit to your insolence, I have suffered I think long enough, and I am now determined to put an end to all those outrages upon my feelings. I shall trample you under my feet, and thus convince you, Mr. Joseph, that I am not a person to be trifled with."

This was addressed by a lady of some personal attractions, to her husband, while they were both sitting at one of their usual meals. The husband was an easy going, kind-hearted man, between thirty and forty, who seldom or ever spoke to his wife, in any language but that of the fondest affection. It is true he possessed not the advantages of a liberal education, but he was nevertheless a sober and well-meaning man, and made it his duty to consult the happiness and comfort of his wife, and that is more than could be said in behalf of one-tenth of our young men in this part of the globe. But kind and indulgent as he was towards his partner, he found to his cost that he was a persecuted man; for not a day passed over his head on which he had not to lament his unhappy situation. The merest trifle was at times made the occasion of violent outbursts of passion on the part of the lady, which all his conciliatory measures could never appease. In the present instance, an unguarded expression from the husband gave cause to such a display of ill temper in the wife, as one can scarcely conceive could ever gain admission into the bosom of one of the softer sex. Mr. Joseph held his peace for some time, but when he found there was no end to his wife's reproaches, he thought it expedient to urge something in his own defence; and endeavored to offer a few words in reply to what we considered would form a very good opening of this sketch.

"My dear Mary," said Mr. Joseph, "what have I done that you should be so hard upon me?"

"Tut, tut, tut, none of your endearing epithets, you hypocrite—you may speak thus to my maid servant, not to me—you must thank your stars, that I condescended to honor you with my hand. Had I the slightest idea that you were such a consummate fool, I should have consented to hang under the gallows, rather than submit myself to the indignity of being called *your* wife."

"Now Mary, I must say in justice to my own feelings, your language is too painful to me—you are resolved to worry me out of my existence."

"I wish, I could," rejoined the other, "it would be a happy ridance, to dispatch you out of the world at all events."

"Now this is going a little too far, Mary, I appeal to your good sense, and I am almost sure, it will dictate to you a course of conduct

far different from that which you have so obstinately pursued against all my remonstrances."

"Come, come, Mr. Gabriel Joseph, you must not be crowing over me—I know what I am about—you shall not take upon yourself to offer me your advice upon a subject, in which you have no business to interfere. But you will soon be brought to your bearings, Sir, and I shall see that tongue of your's wrenched from your ugly mouth, and thrown to the dogs."

"But what have I said, Mary, of which you can complain."

"What have you said! you have said a hundred things, Sir, when you had no business to utter a syllable—when I scold, or strike the servants, how dare you interpose in their behalf? How dare you meddle with my domestic arrangements? Was it not presumption in you, Sir, to charge me with severity in the presence of these menials, when I only knocked the turban off that mau's ugly head?"

"But what was his transgression, Mary."

"You must have seen it, Sir,—was the cruet-stand in its right place? But I degrade myself in offering an explanation for my conduct—I shall do what I like; I shall not suffer my acts to be canvassed by you—my will is law in this house, and he that opposes it, shall do it at his peril."

"Indeed!"

"Perfectly so; and I tell you this, that before the day closes, you will have to repent of your impertinence." Saying this the lady gave such a tremendous blow upon the table, that it made the glasses ring, and reverberate for full three minutes. The noise was loud enough to arouse sundry dogs from their slumbers; the cats ran out of the house in utter desperation, and the servants gaped at one another, as if they had witnessed some extraordinary phenomenon, in the shape of a volcanic eruption or raging of the elements. When peace had been restored; when the dogs had fallen back to their temporary lairs, and the servants contracted their elongated countenances, Mr. Joseph ventured a word or two, to try if he could soften the asperities of Mrs. Joseph's temper. "Now, my dear Mary, said he, let us forget all that has passed; we have been both in the wrong, and I do assure you, I am sorry for what I have said. If I have made use of any expression that has offended you, here is my hand, and I trust we shall understand one another better for the future." Upon this Mr. Joseph stretched out his hand to his wife, with the view of effecting a reconciliation; but strange to say he was doomed to suffer a most cruel rebuff, for no sooner Mrs. Joseph observed the hand of her husband approaching her, than, as if spurred on by some instinct, she bestowed upon it a rap with such violence, that had not the centrepetal force restrained her arm within its orbit, the force of projection by which it had been impelled, would have brought every thing upon the table in a heap of ruin. But as it was, the damage was considerable. Decanters, curry-dishes, tumblers and a host of other articles of brittle ware, lay scattered upon the ground, and spoke in more emphatic language, than could possibly be conveyed by means of words, that some evil spirit had taken possession of the lady of the house. Mr. Joseph

beheld all this in mute astonishment ; he lifted the hand which had suffered that unheard-of indignity, and perceived with painful emotions, some half a dozen gashes, from which his current of life flowed profusely in—drops. He rose precipitately from his chair, and had recourse to such remedies, as could check the effusion ; and he was successful. He then stalked about the hall, as if meditating some deep design ; he approached the window before which extended a delightful prospect ; here he stood for a while, and saw a couple of birds perched upon a bough of a tree, within his view, wooing and cooing one another. “ Ah,” said he to himself, “ this is an example which might be set before many a being, that is classed with the human race.” Then turning from his train of reflection, he ran into another soliloquy to the effect that he would no longer suffer himself to be bandied by his wife. But this was an idle fancy ; for Joseph would sooner put a halter round his neck, than act up to such a resolution. A sudden thought, however, struck him, and he walked up to the sideboard, with an air of inward triumph. He took up a decanter and poured out its contents in copious draughts, and this he did three different times at short intervals. Gabriel quaffed the “ Rosy” with apparent zest, though, it might be, he wished he could do without it ; for be it known he seldom or never indulged himself with such luxuries, nor did he recommend them to others, save and except, when he thought they would tend to counteract the effects of the malaria. But situated as he was, on this occasion, and knowing full well, whether from personal experience or not, the writer can bear no testimony—knowing then the fact, that by pouring spirits down you raise spirits up, he thought that the urgency of his case demanded, that he should take some such step in order to support his dignity as a man. Well then Gabriel, as we have said before, took down his doses with the utmost composure ; and when he had taken his last, he wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, and looked around to ascertain his position with reference to that of his wife. Having made himself acquainted with the fact, he walked up and down the hall for full twenty minutes. What passed within him during his perambulatory movements is not left on record, nor is it of much importance to the reader to be made acquainted with it ; but this we can vouch as a fact which will admit of no contradiction, that the liquid had the desired effect, as at the end of that fractional part of an hour Gabriel had some sundry convictions in his mind, that he had grown taller by several inches ; inches do we say, by yards and furlongs. Impressed with this idea, he looked at the sky, while standing by the window, and then cast his eyes upon the ground ; he felt that he had it now in his power to take a leap over a tree which elevated itself above a number of others upon the same spot, and from the tree he would take his aerial flight to the moon, and from the moon he would wend his course to some distant star, where he would make his abode, and revel in all the luxuries, that man can have any conception of. When he arrived at this climax of happiness, Gabriel stood on tip-toe, no doubt thinking that he was actually on his way to the celestial regions ; but not being in the capacity of standing perfectly erect, he

lost his centre of gravity, and would have most assuredly fallen to the ground, had he not held the window, beside which he had stood, and given such ample scope to his imaginative powers. Gabriel thought this rather a strange phenomenon :—to fly from earth to heaven he conceived to be a feat easily achieved ; but to be hurled down from heaven to earth, while in the fruition of pure unadulterated bliss, was to him rather inexplicable ; but whatever might have been the train of his cogitations on cause and effect, he was at any rate forced to acknowledge the existence of such a law of nature, as is termed by philosophers the attraction of gravity, and its influence upon inactive matter. Mr. Joseph having arrived at this conclusion, thought it no longer prudent in him, to remain in his former extraordinary attitude, and he therefore made his heels touch the ground, on which he again placed himself in a perpendicular position. He then felt his cravat, and having found that it was all right, he resumed his meditations on things which had no connection with our earth ; that is to say, he again imagined himself transported to some celestial orb, where there was no interruption in his round of enjoyments, and where there was at least no admission for such beings as are styled termagants amongst the denizens of this sublunary sphere. Mr. Joseph, immersed in these speculations had quite forgotten the object for which he had imbibed the liquor, and would have remained so to the end of the chapter, had not his ears been assailed by a noise, which completely broke the thread of his ideas, and induced him to look round, with feelings of surprise and indignation—and when he brought his visual powers at full play, he was horror-struck at the sight which presented itself before him. His convex mirror which was the ornament of his hall, was broken into ten thousand pieces, and his wife raving at the servant, who stood before her in such a fit of trepidation, that his knee bones were heard to strike one against another in quick succession. It appeared afterwards, that Mrs. Joseph called out to the man, but he being out of his place, could not answer to her summons. Being soon after informed by one of his colleagues, that he was wanted, he left every thing behind him, and hurried to know the command of his mistress. Poor unfortunate man, he little expected the salutation, with which he was to be greeted ; if he did so he might have slackened his pace a little. Be that as it may, no sooner had the servant made his appearance, than a bunch of keys went flying from the hand of Mrs. Joseph, which, if they were directed with accurate aim, might have caused numberless dents on the head of the unfortunate menial, or committed great havoc upon his face by way of fracturing some half a dozen teeth, or bringing the tip of his nose in close proximity with his upper lip. But fortunately for him, and unfortunately for Mr. Joseph, the keys in passing from the hand of the fair owner, alighted directly upon the glass, which was of course not made to sustain such a concussion. Mr. Joseph stared and stared at the ruins that lay before him, and knowing, as it were by instinct, who caused the damage, he advanced towards his wife, with long strides, and as he approached her, instinct again came in the way, and whispered to him, that he should go no farther. He stood there, as if struck by the spell of some fell

magician ; casting his rolling eyes once upon his wife, and then upon his servant till he approximated them so closely that he could scarcely make the distinction. He was however aroused from this profound reverie, by the shrill and stentorian voice of Mrs. Joseph, who commanded the servant to get out of her sight, if he had no mind to experience a repetition of what he had just witnessed.

"Hulloa! madam, what is the matter?" exclaimed Joseph, in a hollow sepulchral tone, putting himself in an attitude of defence, and clenching his fists, as if he was determined to use them if it came to the worst. A dead silence ensued, during which an unconcerned spectator might have been much amused with the sight that would have been offered to his view. Gabriel stood firmly with his left leg advanced, his body somewhat reclined, his fists held up in their proper position ; the whole presenting the appearance of a London pugilist, when about to commence his attack upon his antagonist. The lady on the other hand, sat with a determined countenance, gnashing her teeth, and growling like a tigress. Her hands were closely set upon the arms of her chair ; and one might have heard the noise she made in the very effort of breathing. Gabriel's eyes somehow or other lost their keenness, and he could not, as a matter of course, observe what was taking place in the person of his wife. He stood there to reduce to atoms the being that chanced to come on his way. Finding at length, that his wife did not design to make any reply to his interrogatory, he repeated the same thing with greater emphasis on the interjectional particle of the sentence, adding at the same time, that if she did not answer, he would be at her. Before the last words escaped his lips, Mrs. Joseph sent forth such a volley of abuses at her husband, that the poor man instinctively unclenched his fists, put his leg in its proper place, and stood erect again, eyeing his wife with much earnestness. After Mrs. Joseph had exhausted her whole vocabulary of endearing epithets, Gabriel again proposed the same question—"Hulloa, madam, what is the matter?"

"What is the matter, you drunkard ; you are not a fit companion for the dogs," said Mrs. Joseph—"I am really astonished at your conduct, and I am determined to expose you to the whole world,—I shall turn you out of doors, Mr. Joseph, and make the street boys, the vagabonds that infest the public road, hiss and clap at you—you are a disgrace to your kind—no man who has any regard for his character should ever know you, you monster of iniquity."

"Hulloa, madam—Mary, I should say."—

"Never call me by my name, Sir ; you are the greatest pest that one could ever meet with.—None of your fooleries with me, Mr. Joseph—you shall have to answer for your conduct, and that without much delay."

"Now, Mary, Mary, my dear Mary, you have been very naughty to-day."

"I tell you, Sir, you must not speak to me at all, much less address me so familiarly."

"But, Mary, just look at what you have done," (pointing to the splinters of glass that lay scattered in all directions)—"you will be the ruin of me."

"I tell you, Sir, I shall break every thing in the house, and your head likewise."

"You may, you may," returned Joseph—"but let us be friends again."—Saying this he stretched forth his hand, which returned to him much quicker than it went:—the lady gave it a most awful rap, which made him almost call out for quarters.

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Joseph, "that is too much madam; but I can soon make you curb your temper."

"You make me curb my temper; you—I shall be ashamed to own you as my husband."

"I do not know, Mary, how it is your tongue goes clatter, clatter, clatter all day long—I wonder it does not tire itself into quietness." Saying this, Gabriel approached his wife and endeavoured to sooth her. His good nature again returned to him; he could never remain in anger for ten minutes together. No doubt, Mrs. Joseph aware of her husband's pliable temper, took advantage of the circumstance, and exhibited all those eccentricities, so unbecoming a woman in any station of life.—But to return to our subject—Joseph made another attempt at reconciliation, and again he was repulsed, with the addition of having his cravat torn from his neck, and thrown at his face.—Joseph considered this was going too far; it was an insult, a downright insult in every sense of the term. He forthwith clenched his fist, and cast a daring look at his wife, but no sooner were her's directed towards him, than he thought he might overlook the assault that was committed upon his person. "Mary," said Gabriel again, let us forget every thing, my dear, and be more loving to one another.—We have lived, and loved together through many changing years ——— (singing)—what are the words of the song, which you sing so sweetly, my love?"

"Be gone from me, you pest, or I shall take the very soul of you," exclaimed Mrs. Joseph, and pushing him off from her, she darted into the room, closing the door against him.

Gabriel perceiving all conciliatory attempts unavailing, threw himself into an easy chair, and covering his face with his handkerchief, sobbed himself into a sound and refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Anthony Warden was what we call a man of the world, that is to say, he had acquired a sufficient practical knowledge of the ways and means, by which a man may sail on the dangerous ocean of life, without suffering those mishaps, which too often fall to the lot of those, who have not attended to these objects of their study. He was a man of middle stature, with a clear complexion, a high expansive forehead, and a pair of whiskers which set off his person to some advantage. Warden was not in affluent circumstances, and yet he was not poor: he was in the enjoyment of an income, sufficient to meet all his wants, and of those who looked upon him for support. He married in early life, and lived with his wife in peace and harmony, enjoying all the

happiness, that a conjugal state could afford. When he returned home from the labors of the day, there was the smiling face of his wife to greet him, and the sweet voice of his children to banish the cares, which might have settled on his brow. Warden's was a happy home; he sat at table surrounded with happy faces, and although he did not boast of the luxuries of the great, yet his homely fare was more relishing to him, than the costly viands of the epicurean, since it was shared by those who loved him, and who were to him the objects of his care and solicitude.

These form the most prominent outlines of Mr. Warden's character, and hence it cannot be a matter of surprise that his friendship was courted by every body that knew him. His experience and good sense gave him a degree of importance in the eyes of all; so that whatever might have been the nature of an undertaking, Mr. Warden was sure to be consulted, and the opinion that he advanced was the one by which the applicant shaped his course. If a man was about to enter upon a mercantile speculation, Mr. Warden's experience in commercial matters was brought into requisition; if a man found it necessary to settle himself in life, Mr. Warden was the first to whom the subject was mooted, and whatever he offered in the shape of an advice, was followed up without the least deviation. In fact Warden was the most popular man in all that part of the town in which he lived, and whatever people might speak of his cunning and shrewdness, there was no one that did not regard him with feelings of respect and esteem.

It was a dark and dismal night—the clouds were thickening all around, and the wind blew with increased violence at every successive moment. Drops of rain pattered upon the leaves and window blinds, and every thing indicated an approaching storm. The family of Warden had retired, and he reclined himself on his sofa, with a sear in his mouth, reviewing in his mind the events of the day. He did not long remain in this position, when he heard several knocks at the door; a circumstance which was rather unusual at that part of the night. But before he could call out to his people, he was told that a gentleman had come and wanted to see him. "Call him in directly," was the reply. On saying this Mr. Warden took a chair, and sat down anxiously waiting, for the visitor. He had not to wait long before Gabriel Joseph presented himself in *propria persona*.

"Well Joseph," said Warden, "what brings you hither, at this part of the night? Take a seat, my dear friend, I am happy to see you."

Joseph made no reply, but drew a chair, and did as he was bid. He appeared to be labouring under some mental excitement—not a smile played in his countenance. His whole face looked so haggard, that it could not remain unnoticed.—Warden gazed at him for some time, and observing that he was not disposed to speak, he remarked to him, that there must be something for which he seemed to be much concerned. "I hope," said he, "Mrs. Joseph is not ailing?"

"O no," replied Joseph, "*she never shall* —"

"Then what can be the matter with you—there must be some cause surely which makes you look so melancholy and sad—I am afraid you are not all right—my dear friend."

"Why, Mr. Warden," said Joseph—"you have made a right conjecture. I am not indeed all right—you have befriended me on all occasions, and you would be the last person, from whom I would conceal anything that concerns myself—I must disburden my mind to you, but before I do so I must beg you will excuse me for having encroached upon your time, at so unusual an hour."

"Do not be at all concerned about that, Joseph," said Warden, very kindly, "you have not disturbed me. As regards yourself, I shall be most happy to render you any assistance in any power."

"You may have heard of my wife, Mr. Warden," said Joseph—

"What of her?" asked Warden, with some amazement.

"Her conduct towards me is extremely painful—I regret the day that I ever had her for my wife."

"Indeed! you fill me with surprise Joseph."

"Yes, Mr. Warden, I have been treated worse than a dog—there is not a day on which I do not experience something to grieve me, and almost break my heart."

"I am sorry to hear it," said the other, "but," continued he, drawing his chair a little closer, "it must be your fault—I am really inclined to think so."

"My fault! how come you to say that?" returned Joseph, somewhat astonished at what he heard.

"Yes, my dear friend, it is your fault; I say this because I am aware that a woman can never have the ascendancy over a man, until he was so obliging and complying as to entrust his own liberty into her hands—when I hear then of a wife being refractory and ungovernable; when she tramples upon the authority of her husband, and crushes him under her power, I am fully prepared to conclude, that the man is imbecile, and unworthy of having a wife."

"But, my dear Sir, what can I do?—am I to use her with violence? surely you would not recommend my having recourse to such a step?"

"By no means, by no means, Joseph, that would be unmanly; but you know there are many ways of killing a bird besides that of shooting it."

"What then can I do," returned Gabriel—"I have soothed and humoured her; I have done every thing in my power to gratify her wishes, but all my kindness has been lost upon her; it has on the contrary made her still more domineering."

"It is what you might have expected," returned Warden—"it is casting fuel to the fire—you might have continued to humour her whims and caprices to the end of your days, and still you would have perceived no change for the better.—My uncle, poor man," pursued Warden, "had a wife too, who put him under her thumb, and twisted him round like a trundle, but finding that his good nature was abused, he had recourse to measures which brought her to her bearings."—Mr. Warden here entered into a detailed account of the course his uncle had pursued, and then strenuously urged Joseph with the necessity of its adoption. "Do not" said he, "take undue advantage over her for the world—all that I would recommend you, would be to assume an air of determination and command, and you will soon find that your au-

thority will be recognized. Follow the footsteps of my uncle on this matter, and you will not repent for having come here this evening."

Joseph listened to all this with much attention, and seemed to think Warden's suggestions extremely judicious. After having thanked his friend in the fullness of his heart, he drove towards home suffering those inconveniences, which are the usual consequences of a heavy shower; it having rained during his stay at Warden's. He arrived at a time when all within doors were enjoying their nightly repose. He knocked gently, and the door being thrown open, he walked in with mighty resolves in his mind, regarding what he was to do the next day. He stepped into his own apartment, lighted his candle, and having put on his night dress, plunged into his easy chair, and began reviewing the plan of operation by which he was to batter down the mighty fabric of tyranny and oppression, which his wife had raised upon his liberty. How long he dwelt upon this subject, it has not been ascertained; but this is certain that he was found the next morning locked in the embraces of Somnus, in that very identical chair, even when the sun was peeping through the venetians, and irradiating his thoughtful countenance. Sleep, like all other earthly enjoyments, has an end, and so had Gabriel's. He at length awoke from his repose, and having brought to mind the instructions of Warden, he set about preparing himself for the purpose of proving to his wife, his servants and the world, that he was a man, and that he was in every way entitled to that duty and respect, which every wife owed to her husband—the more he pondered upon this point, the more disposed was he to convict himself for having been such a fool as he was—he took a retrospective view of his past life, and found, by the light which now seemed to illumine the horizon of his mind, that he had been literally an ass. Having come to this mortifying conclusion, his ears began to grow warm, his eyes burn, and in fact his whole frame was in a state of internal commotion—whether this arose from a rush of blood towards the head, occasioned by angry feelings, or some other cause, it cannot be positively asserted. Be that as it may, some people have been heard to say, that Gabriel having clearly demonstrated to himself that he had been an ass, came to the full determination, that he would no longer hold any affinity with his assine Majesty. With this consoling reflection he dressed himself, and having done so, he stalked about the hall for full half an hour, thinking no doubt how he was to commence his new career—whether he was at first to upset the table, and destroy all the crockery-ware, or whether he was to see every wall light fly in splinters from its respective socket. Poor Gabriel was to act a part which to him was rather of an onerous nature. But begin he must, if he is to act up to the resolution he had made. He looked at his watch and it was very near 9 o'clock. "Ah," said he to himself, "I have got it, late as it is, she has not thought proper to come out of the room—this will be a fit subject for my remarks."—He had scarcely concluded the sentence, when the maid-servant came in view—"Stop, stop," and he; assuming an angry tone, "go and ask your mistress instantly if she will honor me with her presence at breakfast this morning, or is she determined to remain in the room

altogether." This was uttered loud enough to be heard within, so that it was scarcely necessary for the maid-servant to take the message to her mistress. After having delivered himself of this choleric speech, Gabriel thought he should enjoy a little rest, and with that view he betook himself to a couch, upon which he lounged away for half an hour, looking at the papers, which had lain untouched during the whole of the morning. He would have continued a little longer, had not the doors of his wife's chamber been flung open with a violence, which almost shook the very roof of the house. The noise aroused Gabriel, who now stood up, retaining the paper still in his hand, and appearing as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Joseph (for it was she that had then disturbed her husband) eyed Gabriel for full three minutes, and then sent forth a volley of choice expressions, that would have shocked the ear of delicacy. This she did, no doubt from a total unconsciousness of the change which had taken place in her husband's sentiments and opinions. She spoke with much fluency, and wound up her harrangue with something like the following: "How dare you, Sir, send me such a message by a menial? Have you lost your senses, or is the influence of the liquor in which you indulged last week still upon you—but whether you are mad or drunk, I must tell you this, Mr. Joseph, I shall see that foul tongue of yours rot, and fall in pieces from your clownish mouth, before I listen to *your* commands."

Joseph stood before her hearing what she had to say, and had not the lessons he had been taught sufficiently impressed upon his mind, it is not certain what he would have done:—most probably he would have sounded a retreat, and secured himself in his room, barricading it against the assault of his feminine antagonist. But his mode of proceeding was now different, and he spoke in a tone, which, in the opinion of the maid-servant was rather presuming. He did not wish to cower down his wife with a sudden outburst of his passion, but he began gradually to raise his voice, and to use stronger language as he proceeded with his protestations against her conduct. Then he became warm and energetic, and concluded his very impressive speech, with a threat which actually puzzled Mrs. Joseph to comprehend.

"I shall insist upon it Madam," said he, "that you shall no longer spend your mornings on your bed, and at your toilet. Ten o'clock is not the time for ladies to be leaving their apartments—repeat it, and I shall make you sing to another tune."

"Ah! Ah! Mr. Joseph"—said the insulted lady, "ah! ah! I see you have acquired some additional courage—you need not intimidate me, I do assure you—your threats I regard as the idle wind."

"Do not bring me to the push, Madam; for my words are not mere empty sounds. They convey a meaning; and I may as well put you on your guard."

"Indeed! Sir; indeed Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Joseph in rather a subdued tone, and then retired to another part of the hall, complaining to herself of the cruel and heartless manner in which she was treated.

Breakfast was served, but Mrs. Joseph would not sit at table. Gabriel seemed not to care a straw about her, and sat to his meal in right

good earnest ; and after he had dispatched what was set before him, he paced about the room, with an air of independence, without taking the least notice of his wife, who sat brooding over her misfortunes, in a corner. It happened, however, that before it was noon, this loving couple had another set-to, in which Mrs. Joseph, as usual, made use of some very offensive words—Joseph highly incensed, threatened her again, that he would positively take some steps, which she would be sorry for.—“ I am sorry,” said he, “ that you will induce me to the adoption of a measure, which will be as painful to me, as it will be disgraceful to yourself.”

“ Come, come, Sir, none of your threats, I will suck the very blood of your heart.”

“ Will you, will you,” returned Joseph, approaching her with an air of defiance.

“ Yes, I will, and here is an earnest of what I can do”—so saying, she flung her slipper, which came just in contact with Joseph’s nose.

Gabriel could bear no longer : he held her by the hand, and dragged her away by main force to the lumber-room, where she was kept in “ durance vile,” for full twenty-four hours, and made to regale herself with the stench, caused by the putrefaction of dead vermin and old provisions.—She might have remained there longer for aught we can say, had it not been for her earnest entreaties, which the heart of her husband could not withstand.

CHAPTER III.

If one had to pass the Strand on the night of the 10th of May, 1832, he might have witnessed some very really interesting sights. The night was a bright one, not a speck of cloud was visible ; the moon was in her last quarter, and the stars studded the firmament and seemed as so many gems, thrown carelessly upon the path of the Queen of night. The lamps, there were no Rose lamps at that time, were literally put to shame by the blaze of light which shot forth from the orb, that now adorned the heavens. It is on such a night as this, that our good folks, the Ditchers, take a delight in promenading round some favourite spot, or sitting upon some resting place, to enjoy the refreshing breeze of summer. The 10th of May as we have said before, was an enchanting night, and companies of ladies and gentlemen were proceeding along the paved way, some posted themselves on the quays, and others passing the Baboo’s ghaut. There were happy faces there, and many a sweet voice was heard, amidst the plashing of oars, and the loud hallooings of the boatmen for their missing companions. In fact the whole scene was really delightful. Amidst this gathering of men, women, and children, there were two individuals, a lady and gentleman, in particular, who might have interested any body if he had only chosen to observe their movements. They were, indeed, a loving pair ; caring little about what they heard or saw, being wholly intent upon imparting to one another the inmost secrets of their hearts. One might have seen, if he were near them, that the lady occasionally upheld the hand of her companion, and impressed upon it a kiss. A kiss from a lady

occasion ; while Joseph did every thing in his power to make the company comfortable and happy.

The dinner table being cleared, Mrs. Joseph rose, and with hasty steps went up to her husband, thus attracting the notice of every one in the assembly, " My dear Gabriel," said she, " do me the favor of sending for a set of fiddlers."

" It is too late, Mary," replied Joseph, " I do not think you will get them at this time of the night."

" O no, it is only nine o'clock, my love ; if you only send a man over, I am sure you will be successful—now do Gabriel, dear Gabriel, do oblige me for once."—This was said in such a sweet and caressing tone, that all eyes were directed to Joseph, and seemed to reproach him for his obduracy.—Amongst these eyes were those of Christopher Warden's ; but they, one might have observed, were brightened with self-satisfaction.—Joseph was soon made to comply, and fiddlers were forthwith sent for—the tables were then removed, and the ladies and gentlemen exhibited their terpsichorean art in full perfection, and were highly delighted at the attentions shown to them, during the whole of the evening. They did not cease dancing before two in the morning, when all drove off to their respective abodes, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Joseph to their love and dalliance. The next day reports took wing and began to fly, in all directions, through Calcutta, giving people to understand, that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph were the happiest couple in the world. " How the world is given to lying," said Mrs. Spraggas, while in the company of her friends—" O conscience," continued she, raising her eyes to the ceiling, " O how scandalous are some tongues—O goodness me ! how people were in the habits of traducing the character of Mrs. Joseph ! She was described to me to be a woman of the most violent temper ; that she did every thing in opposition to her husband, in fact she was said to tyrannize over him.—But I know what she is now ; she is a jewel of a wife—I have seen with my own eyes, and I can speak with confidence that I never saw a more gentle and kind-hearted woman during all my life."—Such was the general impression upon the minds of all.—It must not, however, be omitted that there were serious discussions among the family circles of those, who were present at the fête given by Joseph—wives were of opinion, that Mrs. Joseph had a greater attachment for her husband than he for her ; while husbands most strenuously maintained that their affections were mutual. In one family in particular the quarrel rose to such a pitch, that the lady and her husband were brought to that state of feeling towards one another, which invariably leads to a divorce. But the kind interference of friends prevented the adoption of such a measure.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph formed the theme of table talk for many and many a day, and were usually cited by well-meaning people, as examples to those, to whom conjugal felicity was but a name.

Some time after the incidents we have narrated, Joseph met his friend Warden, to whom he made due acknowledgments for his friendly counsel ; but he could not positively affirm, that it was the confinement in the lumber-room, which effected the miraculous change in his wife.

CLARENCE MOWBRAY.

A TALE DESCRIPTIVE OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

Chapter 3.—Vol. 1.

A SCENE.

“ For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor’s wrong—the proud man’s contumely ?
Shakespeare’s Hamlet.”

“ I insist upon your finishing this before you leave office,” said a middle-sized heavy looking man, to Hector Flash, as he flung a sheet of closely written paper to him.

“ It is impossible to meet your wishes,” replied Hector, “ as the clock points to 4.”

“ I care not, whether it strikes 7 or 6, at night, but my orders must be attended to.”

“ I do not disobey your orders, but I must say that it is hard for me alone to suffer such treatment constantly. The other assistants in the office are never detained beyond the prescribed hour; and I do not see any reason, why my case should only prove an exception.”

“ Because I wish it,” was the courteous reply.

“ I cannot characterize your behaviour,” replied Hector Flash, burning with rage, “ by any other term, than that it is so much tyranny.”

“ Tyranny, Sir, Tyranny,” vociferated the offended majesty of the Register of a Government office—“ you are rebellious, I will report you to the Secretary to-morrow, and have you dismissed from office: you are a goose, Sir, a fool. You complain of harsh treatment; half the day you talk, half the day you eat, half the day you idle, and the other half time you sleep upon your desk.”

“ I regret my inability,” retorted Hector, “ to measure unity composed of four halves, but I must say, with regard to the gentlemanly language employed by you, that I have no doubt of your being a lineal descendant from that august family, which saved Rome by their cackling.”

“ What have I to do with Rome, I am a Protestant, and will die in my faith. How dare you insinuate that I am a Roman Catholic. You mind your business or you will—”

“ I have not, Sir, questioned your religious principles—I merely stated an historical fact.”

“ I care nothing about the fact—but this is a *fact*, That history and algebra, and natural philosophy have taught you to be impertinent to your superiors. With all your Latin and Greek, can you conduct the business of the office, as well as that lad, who has been poorly educated at the Free-School. I always maintain, that a little reading, writing and arithmetic, are quite enough to carry a young man through life; at least, with my humble attainments I receive a salary of 500 rupees per month, which I am sure you, with all your boasted knowledge, will never receive.”

"No!" replied Hector, with a sarcastic smile, "I own you are too well paid for the business you do. You are remunerated above your deserts, and you have need to return thanks to the good old times for your success in life. In the present state of things you would not perhaps receive one-tenth of that allowance."

"You impertinent puppy—do you make reflections on my abilities—they are greater than yours—look at your family, and then hold up your head."

"I am not aware," said Hector, flushed with indignation, "whether knowledge is confined to certain families, and its blessings restricted to any one circle. Even if this were the case, you prove a very signal exception," and having said this, Hector Flash sought redress from the Secretary of the office—who listened to him very patiently, and told him, he would not fail to speak to the Register.—Before the peon could be sent to the last gentleman, he had already made his *congé* to the Secretary, and with a countenance which displayed sure indications of great infirmity of temper, proceeded to inform the Secretary, "his very noble and approved good master," of the insubordination of the young assistant; his extreme rudeness in making a direful assault on his religious belief, and creating great havoc in his intellectual store-house which he impertinently likened to the *lumber-room* of a girl's boarding school, full of patches and shreds, and all such worthless trifles. All this, and more was said, and the Register ever and anon wiping with his handkerchief, a mouth which emitted large quantities of saliva,—was proceeding to lay another heavy contribution on his inventive faculties, when the Secretary, who was really confounded with the incoherent and unconnected story of the Register, on the one hand, and the half suppressed lamentable tale of Hector Flash on the other—considering that *in medio tutissimus ibis*, admonished the young assistant, and reproved the Register for his unbridled tongue. Thus ended the famous altercation between the Register and his assistant, both of whom descended the stairs, with happy faces; the one revolving in his mind the lecture the youth had received, and the youth smiling with the merited rebuke, which the old gentleman had brought upon himself, from the Secretary.

By this time, my readers perhaps, may wish to know the internal economy of a Government office; I proceed to gratify them, in this particular, well aware that the description will be as amusing to those, who are already attached to the Uncovenanted Service of Government, as it will be pleasing to those, who have not entered into this branch of the Service, and who may desire to know something of the internal proceedings of these celestial mansions.

From the very day that Warren Hastings was appointed Governor General of India, to the present hour, the East Indians are anxious of monopolizing the Uncovenanted Service of Government. I have not yet been able to discover the justice of their claims, only I can state the fact. Whenever they see a Hindoo or a European installed in the dignified office of Indexer, or Record-keeper, or Copyist, immediately a hue and a cry is raised at such a monstrous abuse of patronage. The *sanctum sanctorum* of the office is invaded.

Here will you see a group of elongated countenances complaining of the partiality of Government in thus rewarding the natives of this country, and holding out such great encouragement to them, while the poor and unfortunate class of East Indians is wholly disregarded, their claims are not taken into consideration, and their future prospects are destroyed. Another set of wry faces in a corner of the verandah, has already satisfied itself, that the Secretary, in thus dispensing his favors to a Hindoo, was influenced by pecuniary considerations, as by this method, he wiped off the interest of 50,000 Rupees, which his necessities obliged him to borrow from Baboo Ramloll Ghose, the guardian of this young man.

If a European be the successful candidate, then inquiries are immediately set on foot, and from the *heraldry* of their own suspicions, his pedigree is dated to an obscure tinker or chimney-sweep, whose father mended the pots, or swept the streets of the Secretary's great-grandfather. Or it may be, that owing to petticoat influence—an *accouchement*, or some desperate malady which required the care of a nurse—drew out the prize for this candidate; or it may be, that *color* induced the Secretary to make him the object of his peculiarly gracious favor.

Thus are the *wits* of all the assistants in the Office set to work, to discover the secret motive of such favours. To every cause, but the right one, is such exaltation attributed. Now, it is but reasonable to remark, that if East Indians, instead of endeavouring to trace the source of all patronage, which like the Nile hides its spring from all vulgar eyes, were to employ their time in despatching their official business, and qualifying themselves for higher and more responsible offices, they would be actually doing a great piece of service to themselves. It is very amusing to hear them talk of the near approach of the time when the Civil Service of this country will be swamped—forgetting meanwhile, that unless they raise themselves from their supineness, the Uncovenanted Service will be swamped by the natives of this country.

But this is not all! The nature of the business transacted in a government office is extremely simple. Any person can acquire a full and complete knowledge of it in less than a year, and yet how swells the talk of some young indexer, or record-keeper, on the importance and difficulty of his labors. With what aristocratic air is the letter perused, then laid on the desk, a scarcely audible whistle for a few minutes amuses him and then he prepares his pen for the battle. The Duftery makes the pen; the motion of the punkah is accelerated, and after a few minutes the purport of the letter is written in three or four short lines. This done, the hero rests from his labor. He reclines on his chair, and a yawn or two confess the fatigue, the *wear and tear* of his body engaged in this close and difficult work.

On entering into an office, you will not fail to be struck with the appearance of a number of saunterers. A spectator would suppose that these men were walking to and fro, in the pursuit of their respective business. Come nearer, Mr. Spectator, and just listen—the particulars of the last dance are being detailed; a bit of scandal is handed round; the borrower is asking the lender; the creditor is dunning the debtor; an aquatic excursion is being proposed; a shooting party

is being made up ; a coat is being borrowed ; and nonsense and trifling are being seriously talked over.

These are the employments of assistants in a government office ; more talk than work—"a much ado about nothing." Then again they have so much to occupy their attention at office, that the auctions are crowded with them. Not a sale of magnificent property is unattended by them, from a mere love of curiosity. A batch of fillies takes them away from their desk. Three hundred hogsheads of beer drive them *from* the office—and a steamer, or the Regatta, or any other amusement, drains offices of all their indefatigable servants. There are some exceptions,—these are few, who idle all day, and work in the evening ; who may be seen, at 6, or half after 6 ; emerging from their office, and wending their way home, tired, slow and melancholy.

Another peculiarly interesting feature in a government office, is the great care that Registers take of their young ones. Some offices may not unaptly be said to be family offices. They are nests for rearing the young members of the family. They are cradles for the sucking infant, and the growing school-boy. A whole string of relations, are sometimes seen, sitting and despatching public business, in harmony and peace. The spectacle is indeed edifying and impressive. Would that the world could be such a society of brethren—such a fraternity, one member of which assists another, and all move the wheels of government. No matter, whether a cousin, or a nephew is of an age to enter into an office, no matter whether he has completed his accademic education ; nothing more is required than a *vacancy* ; and so soon as a gap is made, a chasm is created, Master Bill, or Master Tom, fills the vacant chair, and forthwith the public affairs receive a new impulse.

We must not however lose sight of our subject, Hector Flash. It was not until after 6 o'clock in the evening, that he returned home, weary and vexed he sat down to his dinner which he scarcely tasted that evening. After tea he paid a visit to Clarence Mowbray, who had met with a sad reverse of fortune. The little patrimony which had been bequeathed to him was sunk for ever in the insolvency of one of the Agency Houses of this city.

Hector Flash lived with his parents, in a street, famous for the residence of the Uncovenanted branch of the Company's Service, Royd Street. The house consisted of a hall and four bed-rooms—with the additional advantage of a small verandah. Before the house ran the street which shewed evident marks of the ignorance of paving in this country. Behind it was a number of huts, and on its flanks, were houses, black with the wind and the rain.

The furniture consisted of beds, and tooñ-wood almirahs and clothes-horse, and filthy wash-hand-stands, and large uncouth chests. The hall was ornamented with a *sieved-punkah* ; two wall lights, one defective ; two sofas denuded of their coverings—a small breakfast table—a few pictures of a dog, a lion and a rat, and nine chairs of different patterns, bearing date from the days of Clive and Suruja Dowlah.

Such is the general appearance of a Karannee's house, and the picture is not over-done.

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THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

We consider the present opportunity to be most seasonable, for offering a few remarks on the Mechanics' Institute of Calcutta. The able and eloquent speech of Mr. Thompson, in its favor, at its last Anniversary Meeting will not by this time have lost all its influence. When delivered at the Town Hall of this city, it electrified a numerous audience; and in its printed form, it will, in some measure, keep alive the thrilling effect it produced on the minds of its hearers. Our object in thus prominently noticing this excellent Institution, is not only to relieve it from the obloquy which has by some unthinking individuals, been cast upon it; but to point out the difference of those circumstances, in which a Mechanics' Institute is placed in India, and in Great Britain; and the different manner in which it is influenced by them, in the two countries. From a consideration of these circumstances we hope to throw out some suggestions by which the operations of the Calcutta Mechanics' Institute may be felt and extended, so that the people of this country may reap an abundant harvest from this excellent Institution.

The first Mechanics' Institute was established in England in the year 1800, through the exertion and influence of the venerable Dr. Birkbeck, who may not improperly be styled the Founder of Mechanics' Institutes. So sensible were the advantages that were derived from the Institute; and so deeply did the people feel the necessity of such associations, that in a few years Mechanics' Institutions spread rapidly throughout Great Britain. The amount and quality of instruction obtained from them, soon attracted hundreds, who enrolled themselves as members, impelled by a desire, to cultivate their minds, and improve their understandings. Lord Brougham, the great advocate of National Education, and the indefatigable apostle for the dissemination of useful knowledge, not only himself compiled popular treatises, on various subjects of human science and art, but engaged the services of men of talent, who were delighted to become his coadjutors, in the noble office of enlightening the people; and whose writings, like silent Missionaries, will awaken the desires and develop the understandings of the whole world. The many publications that have issued from the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, will bear ample testimony to the great success which has attended the cause of a Nation's

Education, by simplifying the difficulties of human knowledge, clearing away its mysteries, removing its technicalities, and emphatically bringing science and art home to men's business and bosoms.

The Muse of history will trace with pleasure, this great change in the tempers and dispositions of men, who now employ their services, in advancing the interests of the people ; who stoop from their elevated stations and deem it an honourable employment to teach them that which is most useful for their comfort on earth ; and who are endeavoring to construct a species of rail-road in which human knowledge might travel with the greatest speed, and convey its blessings to the remotest hamlet in the world. There was a period, in the annals of the world's history, when men were found to trace a " wizard ring " around human knowledge and confine it within very narrow limits ; there was a time, when the priesthood converted all knowledge into a kind of free masonry, and monopolised the blessings of education. They permitted their wisdom, now and then, to pass into the world—or rather, they sometimes permitted the *ignoble vulgar* to look at their immense progress in knowledge—to look at it and wonder. The mysticism of hieroglyphics, in dull and unknown characters met the eyes of the multitude—but never revealed its contents. The fountain of knowledge was sealed up—hidden, like the head of the Nile, in the recesses of superstition and priestcraft.

Times were altered. The light of Christianity introduced a better order of things. The fountains of knowledge were broken up—and its waters have rolled over the land. " The day spring from on high has visited the nations," and its light has covered the earth. Every dark corner is pierced by it ; and every hidden thing is brought to light. Superstition and ignorance, like the shades of night before the dawn of morn have fled before the advancing light of knowledge. All nature has experienced a resuscitation, and the modern world has far outshone the ancient, in literary, scientific, religious and worldly splendour. Still something more was required. To read, to write, and to cypher, were not the only requisites to enable man to redeem his nature. To advance in temporal and spiritual prosperity ; to feel their station and importance ; to learn that they are the bones and the muscle of a nation ; to know so much that is worthy of being known, the people must learn to read, but read philosophy in its simplest state ; must learn to write—but write their own thoughts, sentiments and feelings as independent men ; and must learn to cypher, but cipher so well as to demonstrate the laws of gravitation and mechanics, to measure the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the exact sciences, and unfold the wonders of the planetary system.

All this is required to be done. The work is just begun. The pioneers have commenced felling the jungle, and burning the bushes. The Mechanics' Institutes are rearing a body of enlightened and independent men ; who though their hands are stedfastly applied to the procuring of their daily bread, yet find means of devoting their leisure hours to the best advantage. Benevolent men have united in large bodies to instruct the people. As Christianity is commanded to be preached to the Gentiles and to men by the way side ; so these individuals,

imbued with a kindred spirit, have begun to teach the poor and the humble, the splendid truths of science; thus proving what is the great key to the corner-stone of all education;—that truth is of so sublime a nature, that the greatest minds can contemplate it with profit, and at the same time so simple, that the humblest minds can comprehend it.

These are some of the benefits which Mechanics' Institutes have conferred on the people of Great Britain. Those who were immediately concerned in the establishment of the Calcutta Mechanics' Institute expected such returns from it, as have been gathered by kindred institutions in the far West. If present results have fallen short of such expectations, we have to blame the unhappy circumstances in which such plants are made to grow in this country. This is indeed certain, that institutions which flourish admirably in England languish and wither here. Exotics have never become completely acclimated here. The soil is not the same; and the method of preparing it, and the instruments employed, are also widely different.

The first difference to be observed, are the sowing and growth of the Mechanics' Institutes both here and in England. In the latter country Mechanics' Institutions grow out of the wants of the community. They come behind the march of a people's progress. They are so many landmarks to show the extent of the progress. They are so many milestones which significantly tell us of the distance already travelled over. They are results of a wholesome operation of the feelings, desires and passions of man. They are fruits of a state of things, which promise a larger and better supply in years to come. The necessities of the English people create these excellent institutions, which not only redound to the grandeur, but testify to the moral worth of that people.

On the other hand, in this country, every institution which has for its object the welfare of this country, is made *for* the people, and not *by* them. Their desires must be first awakened, and the necessity of such institutions must be felt. The people must be taught to enjoy the fruits, and then will they prize them. These institutions always lead the van. They are points which the natives of this country must exert all their energies to gain. They are heights which they must seek. They are watch-towers inviting them to safety and peace. They are established beforehand in order that the natives may make some progress, in the study of science and arts, and humanising philosophy. They mark the ground to be travelled over. Every institution here is in advance of the age.

Herein lies the essential difference between institutions which are the growth of circumstances in England, and which in this country are planted to create those feelings and desires which lead to their appreciation. Such a view has not been insisted on, by any individual, who has engaged to trace the features of British and British-Indian civilization. It gives us also a clear and definite explanation of the flourishing condition of scientific institutions in England, and the languor and decay of kindred institutions in this country. When a certain line of conduct has been adopted from a full consideration of its wants, its actual necessity, and its paramount importance, there is not

the least doubt but that it will ever continue to influence the actions of men. When this same line of conduct however, is proposed for the consideration of men, and an attempt is made, by reasoning, to command their sentiments, and inspire them with proper feelings; it will take a considerable time to produce a favourable change in the minds of men, to convince their understandings of the advantage of such procedure, and to enlist their feelings for the success and promotion of its operation. It is precisely for this reason that the Mechanics' Institution of Calcutta, since its establishment in 1839, is found in its results to have fallen short of the expectations entertained by those who were concerned in its establishment. We do not in any degree blame these persons for indulging in such hopes. They had a right to look forward for those fruits which kindred institutions had reaped in Great Britain. But it is not the duty of men to point out only errors or shortcomings. They should also propose remedies for supplying deficiencies, and obviating difficulties; and animated by such a spirit, we commenced this article on the Mechanics' Institute of Calcutta.

During the past year, this institution, according to the report of the Secretary, has been struggling, not so much against pecuniary difficulties, (for it has met all its expenses, and is not burdened with a debt,) but against the want of encouragement and support. If we may be allowed to judge of the future from the past, the prospects of the institution are certainly most discouraging. The shadows of long years do not extend to it. It seems to be in a forlorn and desolate condition. It draws a faint existence; and yet this institution has claims of an irresistible nature upon the kindness and attention of all classes of individuals. The great success that has hitherto attended similar institutions in Great Britain, the immense advantages of which they have been productive to the labouring classes, give the Calcutta Mechanics' Institute a prescriptive title to encouragement and support. More particularly does it claim the notice and favorable attention of the agriculturist, the merchant, and the manufacturer of this country. To the first, it promises most valuable assistance in the cultivation and improvement of the soil. The arts of agriculture have made great progress in England and America, and in order to secure the use and advantage of similar implements of husbandry, at a cheap price, the native mechanics of this country will be sought after; their skill and ingenuity will be required. To the merchant, this institution will afford the greatest aid. The production of almost every marketable commodity, is the result of machinery. It improves and abridges labor. It multiplies the quantity and gives an additional value to the quality of commodities. To the manufacturing classes, this institution holds out the most cheering prospects. The simplest article of consumption is produced by machines; and the hand of the manufacturer is strengthened by them. If then all classes of this or any other community, are so greatly beholden to the production and invention of machines, we are persuaded that to attain them at the cheapest price, native mechanics must be employed, native energy and native skill must be taxed. It is not only for the great advantages that will flow from Mechanics' Institutes, that the one established in this country should be liberally supported

and assisted, this institution by instructing the natives in the science and arts of Mechanics will create a taste, and awaken a desire for the acquisition of all European knowledge. The study of European philosophy and literature will refine and elevate their minds, and prepare them for the reception of that "saving knowledge," the best gift of a benevolent God, to erring and sinful man.

Among the many causes, that are enumerated, to account for the comparative decay of public institutions in this country ; public apathy is mentioned as the chief destroyer. The sunshine of public favor is required, in their opinion, for the prosperous growth of every institution. Ask those whose minds are imbued with these notions ;—ask them who are the public, and they will immediately turn their attention to the wealthy, to the aristocracy of the land. We declare it to be our sincere opinion, that the rich and the influential have done their duty. They have discharged their responsibilities. They have supported laudable institutions, but they are not to be the only supporters. The poor and humble classes (we speak comparatively) should lend their assistance. For the sake of illustration let us take this institute at its anniversary meeting. Of the hundreds that were then present, there was not, we are assured, one single individual, who could not pay five rupees per annum, less than eight annas per month, for the support of the institution. Who cannot spare so small, so trifling a sum ? Were an appeal, however, to have been made, on this occasion, to the meeting, we are convinced, that we would not have found the names of half of that large number on the list of subscribers. At whose door does the fault lie ? On which class shall we cast the first stone ?

We are further told that while other objects excite the attention and receive the support of men of state and power in this city, useful societies and institutions are unheeded by them, and scarcely attract their notice. We are triumphantly told, to look at the sums of money that are collected for testimonials to individual worth, and for purposes of amusement. In our opinion these sums of money are not misappropriated. Let men pursue their own inclination, and amusements ; their extravagance will not impoverish the middling classes. But that amount of money is well applied, which is bestowed for the purpose of recording in marble or canvas, the worth of an individual, who has rendered some service to the community and earned for himself this renown, and this expression of gratitude for benefits received.

We are tired of listening to the common cry that the great men of the land do nothing for the country, while they enjoy all the fat things. The laborer we know is worthy of his hire, and if men are found in this country, who are in the receipt of handsome salaries, they have responsible duties to perform, and therefore they are not overpaid. The generality of these individuals during their sojourn in this country do contribute, in a great measure, to the support of institutions which have for their object the temporal and spiritual condition of man ; and in the evening of their days, they return to that land, where their fathers repose, and around which their earliest and fondest feelings are intertwined. When the rude and barbarous inhabitants of a pagan land, were asked by some missionaries to migrate to England ;

what said the unlettered men : " shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise, and go along with us ?" And shall educated men, of lofty and refined feelings cherish less their father-land? We are willing to acknowledge that Indian society is constantly fluctuating ; but in the fixed and settled and resolved-to-die-here individuals what effect should this fact have ? Instead of being cast down with despair, they should, seeing that the Europeans in this country compose a large *caravanserai*, and pass through the country as soon as they have settled their profits ;—they should exert their energies to support these institutions, the advantages of which they have tasted, the benefits of which they have experienced, and which they are anxious of gathering.

We trust we shall not be misunderstood in the remarks we have made. We do not mean to state that the Mechanics' Institute does not need support, but we argue with those who ask, before they subscribe for its prosperity, " what has this Institution done ?" We answer that the Institution has done what its limited means would admit, and that it has not done more is owing to certain prejudices which prevail in this society. The low state of its funds is the result of these prejudices, and pecuniary contributions would flow in from all quarters were the prejudices removed—were they completely subdued.

The situation of a mechanic is considered in this country to be not sufficiently reputable. Men are anxious of taking any employment, rather than this. That this is a mere idle and silly prejudice cannot admit of a doubt. All men should consider that every situation in life is respectable, by which we are enabled to obtain our livelihood honestly, and independently of favor and undue patronage. Were men but to be impressed with the feelings of Epaminondas, they would soon discard such foolish prejudices. Let it be remembered that Watts, the great inventor of the Steam Engine, was a mere mechanic—yes ! he was a mechanic who has enlarged the boundaries of science and art, who has increased the prosperity and wealth of nations, who has made ships defy the winds, and ride over opposing waves, who has, as it were, annihilated distance, made a highway upon the great ocean, promoted commerce, facilitated the intercourse of nations, and brought India within the embrace of England !

This prejudice, we regret to observe, is also shared by the natives of this country, who style themselves, the enlightened members of their community. They have become acquainted with the wonders of science and art. They have been introduced into the secrets of the boundless Universe ; and to the extent that finite man is permitted, they have seen the wonder-working laws of God. They understand these things theoretically but not practically. Now the latter is the completion of the former. The second is the test, and the beauty of the first. Art is the offspring of parent Science. And yet we find, that the natives of this country never attend this Institution—attend and learn in its school of arts. It is a good thing to expose the evils of government, and voluminously prælect on its Venality and Corruption ; it is as good or rather better and more profitable, to practise the tools and powers of art, and extend their blessings over the land.

There are some well-intentioned persons, who are of opinion that a

Mechanics' Institution will not prosper in this country, because the body of Mechanics in it, are composed of the most illiterate of the working classes of the community. That this statement is true, we have the authority of our own experience. But considered in this light the Mechanics' Institution has a wide field of usefulness stretched out before it, and the success of its exertions, almost amounts to certainty. It has, in its power, to accomplish the greatest good—and the conductors of the Institution have something to inspire them with renewed zeal to make exertions, and instruct such a large body of ignorant handicraftsmen. For what office can be more ennobling ; what duty more pleasing and important than that of raising such a body of men to self-importance, cultivating their minds, and directing their attention and their energies to the knowledge of the power and usefulness of European science and art.

No! this institution, to be successful and to flourish like a green bay-tree, does not much need the contributions of the wealthy. These prejudices must first be overcome, and motives for attendance at the lecture-room of the institution, be superadded. The best means for accomplishing this object is by obtaining the support of Government. We do not mean, pecuniary aid, but we merely wish for its countenance. In no country under the sun, does Government exercise so paramount an influence, as in this. Let private individuals co-operate for any purpose whatever. Let them do all, which combined exertions can effect, and the amount of such exertions will be comparatively trifling ; when considered in reference to the advantages which will attend the efforts of private men, when Government rains its influence upon them. The moment Government smiles upon an undertaking, it immediately acquires importance, and rivets the attention of the people to its proceedings. Now the way in which we would recommend that the influence of Government should be sought and secured for the "Mechanics' Institute," would be by attaching it to what is commonly termed, "Captain Johnston's yard." Let but Government permit two of its skilful workmen, to attend the Mechanics' school of arts, for an hour daily, at *the expense of the Institution*, and you will soon hear that a number of students has flocked to the school. The young men also, who are already attached to the yard should be desired to attend the Lecture Rooms of the Society for three times in the week, and learn in the first evening, the principles of Natural Philosophy and Mechanics ; in the second evening, Mathematics ; and on the third evening, English Literature. We should then see the Society flourishing, and the sphere of its usefulness extended. To obtain the attention and interest of the students, those who receive a compensation from the Government should be made to contribute *at the rate of 5 per cent. upon their several incomes* for the instruction they would receive. To complete the work, Captain Johnston should be made to fill up vacancies from the first class of the Mechanics' Institute, and we have not a doubt, but that the Institution would then prosper and prove a great blessing to the country.

While we thus recommend with sincerity, the plan which we have just explained, we would advise the conductors of the Mechanics' Insti-

tute, to apply for assistance to kindred Institutions in Great Britain, especially to the London Mechanics' Institute. This last Institution has contributed to a great extent to further the interest of similar Institutions, throughout England and Scotland, and it will not refuse its assistance to the Institution in this country. Applications should be made for support, not only to the public of India, but also of England. The public of England are the most generous public. They are ready to assist every thing good and useful, and support those who deserve assistance. Their acts of kindness and charity, are known to all. This country has the greatest reason to return its grateful thanks to the public of England. Let the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution but make an appeal and we are assured it will be responded to with cheerful liberality.

ODE TO GREECE, ISRAEL, ETC.

IMMORTAL Greece ! immortal Greece !
 Lo Freedom rears her form again !
 O'er shrines and altars, shores and seas ;
 On mountain peak, and palmy plain,
 That Sun hath ris'n which never yet,
 Tho' veil'd in darkness, wholly set.

2.

The Spartan spirit from the dead,
 The Doric daring of the soul,
 The Heracleidan fire, though fled,
 Hath flam'd in a pure glory whole,
 Hath burst its fetters each, and woke—
 The long Lethean spell is broke !

3.

Fill up the bowl with Chian wine !
 Yet Helle's phoenix soars again ;
 Her cause more than of yore divine,
 Her conquering Cross once more shall shine,
 Ah never, did it shine in vain ;
 For Glory's wing is o'er her spread,
 And calls her heroes from the dead,

4.

To resurrection's glorious strife,
 From ages past of gloom and chains ;
 Her Theban spirit leaps to life,
 And more than Phœbus fires her veins ;
 And, shall she sink ?—must it be so ?—
 Glory and Greece be thus laid low ?
 Hark ! Navarino echos—no !

5.

“Dash down that cup of Samian wine?”
Noellius*—no! for Greece is free!
Alas! tho’ all her Muse be thine,
Her Graces still must weep o’er thee,
And o’er thy song,—all but divine!
Yet, when shall Greece or Albion see
Th’ Olympic soul that flash’d in thee?

6.

Alas for thee! yet wert thou this,
Fair Freedom’s foremost martyr son,
That still from death a laurel won!
Whate’er thy fame, some joy it is,
To think thy setting sun still shone—
Tho’ clouds and tempests round it roll’d,
Still broadly blaz’d its throne of gold.

7.

Lo! Greece, thine *Ægis* flames again,
Thou Niobe of nations gone—
And statued as it were in stone!
Once more it gilds Platea’s plain,
And lights thee on to deeds first done,
Dread mother of both war and peace,
Thou livest yet, immortal Greece!

8.

Ah! like thy statued Venus, thou
Wert beauty still, tho’ lifeless, lone;
But when upon her breast, her brow,
The pure Promethean flash’ hath shone,
The Goddess soars from out the stone—
So thou up-spring’st as fair as she,
Thine own sea-born Divinity.

9.

Look not alone on Marathon,
Nor gaze on grey *Thermopylæ*;
Deem not her vanish’d glories gone;
Review each mount, each shore, each sea,
And pause above fall’n *Mislounghi*,—
And then thy spirit ask, if this
Unworthy was of *Salamis*?

10.

Fill up the bowl with Chian wine!
We yet may deem divine her cause,
With Freedom’s fire its sparkles shine.
And Helle’s still what Helle was!

* Lord Byron.

And her heroic soul and song,
Like alpine torrents foaming flung
From Pelion's peaks, shall pour along,

11.

In nobler flow—in holier stream,
And Greece yet—yet be more than Greece,—
Than when she rose in olden time,—
Or gloried in the golden fleece,—
Or in her own Themistocles,—
Or him,* still more divine in soul,
That quaff'd so calm the deadly bowl.

12.

Mother of gods, and godlike men!—
Flash of thine own Olympic Heav'n!
When shall Earth see the like again
Of thine Elvian beauty giv'n?—
Th' heroic grandeur of thy soul—
The poesy thrown round the whole
Like an Aurora round a pole?

13.

Thy heroes, an immortal band,—
Thy bards, of more than earthly mould,—
Thy line of chiefs and sages grand,—
And glory, that can ne'er grow old;
Like a creation of the mind
Striking the eye with beauty blind!

14.

But all are pass'd into the mass
Of shadows gone, no more to be,
And melted off in vanity;
They are themselves but shades, alas!
And come not back to weep o'er thee;
For they have trod that sable shore
Where Stygian surges sullen roar.

15.

And let them pass:—up!—lift thine eyes—
Who calls thee from the dust of death;—
Who bids thy resurrection rise,—
And gives thee back thy being's breath?
No Delphic God—no patriot bold
Nor hero flaming us of old,—

* Socrates.

16.

Nor sage, nor bard, nor one, nor all,
But HE! that wi'd and it was done,
Whose Name was still thy battle call,
Till Freedom's fight was fought and won;
And still thro' bondage, chains, and loss,
Hung over thee His blessed Cross!

17.

Yet Greece awake! thy noblest crown
Glory's bright amaranthine prize,
More than could bards or heros own,
Gleams—glitters—blazes o'er thine eyes;
To which Olympic gold were dross,
And the wreath'd laurel leaf but loss:
Look up, lo there! it is—the Cross!

18.

And thine; more than thy fame of old,
Than all that god or sage could give,
Than song hath sung, or story told,
Yet for that glorious crown to strive,
And spread its banners far and forth
The awful gift of Heaven to Earth!—

19.

The symbol of th' Incarnate ONE!—
The Ark unto a delug'd world!—
The Rainbow o'er th' Eternal Throne!—
Eternity's great flag unfurl'd!
Hell's dread—worse than all curse out-hurl'd!
Heaven's wonder, and the holiest hymn
On her imperial Seraphim!!

20.

Oh! for his awful Harp divine
The blind old * bard of Scio's isle,
Great Hierophant of all the Nine.—
The Theban's † lyre, or Orpheus, thine,
To spring from out thy sacred soil,
And thy Castalian fount to stream,
But oh! on that divinest theme,

21.

Sweet Salem's song:—but where is it,—
And where art thou sad Salem lone?
Thy fireless lamp no longer lit,
Thy Shechinah and glory gone!
And of thy temple not a stone
To leave a monument for thee,
Thou wand'rer over Earth and Sea!

* Homer.

† Pindar.

22.

Lo ! nations after nations rise,
 ' Barbarian, Grecian, bond, and free ;'
 But thou outcast of Earth and Skies,
 With scarce the grave to cover thee,
 Thou spectral shade of History,
 And brand of Evil's destiny,
 What may be liken'd unto thee ?

23.

Alas for Salem ! and alas
 The " Ichabod " * upon her brow !
 How is thy gold become as dross,
 And all thy light but darkness now—
 Thy Sinai a volcano turn'd
 As 'twere a torch of Hell that burn'd !

24.

Oh ! first and favor'd—who so fair,
 So bright, so blest as Israel ?
 Eden's pure Eve !—but now lo there,
 Lot's wife thou stand'st in Sodom's vale !
 A desolation dread sent forth—
 A monument to all the Earth !

25.

The Ocean, desert, moon, and star,
 The golden, glorious, kingly Sun,
 All waited on thy wondrous war,
 And paus'd until thy sword had won ;
 The elements in miracle
 Obeyed their Queen, their Israel !

26.

What is thy boast Thermopylæ ?
 Or Marathon thy glorious fight ?
 Go, gaze on Israel at the sea,
 On Sinai in a blaze of light
 HIS Earthly throne ! her Leader's—HIS
 The LORD of Sky, and Earth, and Sea !—
 The RULER of ETERNITY ! !—

27.

Thy guard by night, thy guide by day,
 Thy LORD, thy KING, thy SAVIOR, all !
 But oh, thou'et sinn'd it all away,
 Another Adam in thy fall !
 The glory from thy crown hast thrust,
 First shed, then trod HIS blood in dust !

* The glory is departed.

28.

That clankless chain is round thee yet,
 And that dread blood blot on thy brow ;
 Whilst curse on curse still gath'ring meet
 Whate'er thou art—where'er thou go ;
 Thy land trod down by every foe ;
 And thou the very slave of woe
 For-saken,—curs'd—abhor'd—forlorn,—
 A hiss,—a by-word,—* and a scorn ;—

29.

Disown'd by Earth—by Heav'n forsook,—
 Hell-link'd,—thou art her comet hurl'd,
 A wand'ring fiery curse outshook—
 A branded Cain to all the world ;—
 Like him of Heav'n the first that fell,
 Thou art thine own peculiar hell !

30.

But, hark ! from Zion's hill a voice,—
 From Calvary's mount a fountain flows,
 That bids the stricken soul rejoice,
 That sheds a balm for all thy woes :
 That blood, which once thou'st curs'd and spilt,
 That very blood doth wash thy guilt !

31.

Go, plunge in that eternal flood,
 That holiest baptism of Heav'n ;
 The crime, the curse, of that dread blood
 Shall all, ev'n all, be *all* forgiv'n ;
 And thou, so long a *Cain* on earth,
 Awake as with a Seraph's birth,—

32.

A Seraph's glory ! and oh higher
 Than Greece of old, or Albion new
 Hath ever soar'd—that holiest fire,
 That blazeth round Christ's heralds true,
 Shall light within thy soul a flame
 Nor floods can quench, nor time can tame.

33.

As once in that prophetic vale,
 Where nought but deepest death lay round ;
 Where glided not ev'n spectres pale
 To break the horror so profound,
 Lo, living legions rising bound,
 And breathe, and move, and shout, and see ;
 Thus shall thy resurrection be,
 And thou like Greece shall yet be free !

* Deut. xxviii. 37.

† Ezekiel xxxvii. 10.

34.

Oh ! Seraph of celestial name,
 Oh Liberty ! thy golden flame
 Spread, spread from land to land along ;
 The Cross thy banner, and thy fame,
 And Heav'n-lit glory far be flung,
 MESSIAH'S boundless rule break forth,
 Shine out from Heav'n, and bless all Earth.

 ON THE UTILITY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Notwithstanding that the pleasures derived from the study of the Fine Arts have been acknowledged to be superior to pleasures of any other kind, yet the world abounds with persons who will not admit that objects of taste are capable of conferring any other benefit on mankind than the direct delight which they afford. This opinion probably owes its origin to the prejudice with which some minds are liable to be possessed, that pleasure and beauty are inconsistent with utility, and that only what is wearisome and distasteful can produce any effective good. Without attempting to analyse this notion which seems to imply that nature, contrary to her great principle of operation, has employed her ingenuity in vain, in making us susceptible of the pleasures derivable from works of fancy, I will endeavour to show briefly that the handmaids of the imagination, namely, poetry and the sister arts, are potent auxiliaries in the formation of the manners of man and the extension of his knowledge.

Nature never labours in vain. Look through this well connected system of the universe, see how each part tends to its own particular end, at the same time contributes to the furtherance of the whole—every atom has its use and the annihilation of the smallest particle would destroy the “melody of the creation.” Then look at painting, music, poetry, consider the magic power of each in awakening the most rapturous emotions of the mind—that power which now elevates the soul to heaven, and now fills it with horror and alarm ; now tears it in a strife of the most violent passions, and now soothes it with hope. Consider their absolute sway on the heart, and say whether the hand that worked for the production of the faculties to which these arts owe their origin, worked for no higher purpose than the mere pleasure which they afford. Pleasure indeed is the direct object of the Fine Arts, but we know that the benevolent Contriver of the universe has attached the most exquisite delight to all the functions of animal life as inducements to his creatures to exercise these functions,—that the capacity for enjoying the agreeable sensations of smell, of touch, of vision, and of taste so far from being a mere embellishment in the grand structure of animal life, is one of the main props of it. Is it not reasonable then for us to conclude that our susceptibility of receiving intellectual pleasures such as those we derive from the Fine Arts, is

bestowed on us for higher purposes than the gratification of mental taste? Under their pleasing appearance the Fine Arts conceal the most efficacious means of directing the passions, regulating the heart, and improving the judgment.

There is not a softer or more ductile object than the human mind: it is susceptible of the nicest impressions, and may be moulded into the greatest variety of forms by contending circumstances. Although it sometimes recoils at novelties, yet in a short time, such is its pliability, it adapts itself to every thing around it, even external objects exercise a powerful influence on it. How vividly are the characteristics of different nations marked by the scenes that surround them. The mountaineer, environed by the roughest works of nature, acquires a disposition wild, lofty and unbending as his native rocks; he disdains all controul and loves to imitate the bounding antelope of the mountain. The inhabitant of the plain is as soft as the mead on which he reclines, and as gentle as the purling stream which lulls him to repose. If the foregoing observations be true, and few, I presume, will venture to dispute them, is not the utility of the Fine Arts at once apparent? Where can we hope to find nobler and more elevating companionship for the mind than in the temple of the Muses? Are we not filled with a noble ardour when we behold the celestial flame which lights the hero's and the patriot's countenance presented to us by the painter's and the statuary's skill; and do not the groups thus exhibited to us, strike us with far greater force and effect than the tardy and naked narrations of history? Do maxims of science and lessons of morality ever fall unheeded when accompanied by the melody, the fanciful imagery and the apt illustrations of poetry? how varied, how manifold,—how inexhaustible are the objects which these divine arts can command! Earth does not confine their empire, the heavens do not limit their sway! All that the fancy can create, all that the imagination can conceive, both in the physical and moral world, are made subservient to the purposes of these tyrants of the human heart!—tyrants, for they command and compel.

Reason is the great prerogative of man. Weak in physical power, by the aid of this noble faculty he rules the earth with sovereign sway, compelling even the elements to his service. But exalted as this faculty is, the wisdom of the Author of our being has not left us to the sole guidance of it, for of itself it is incapable of assisting us in all the exigencies of our life. Besides the imperfection incidental to our state, which obscures this divine flame within us, the very nature of this faculty is such as to be of little service during a great portion of our lives, and to the majority of our species.

Reason in the first place is tardy in its operation, for its exercise involves judgment or other complicated processes of thought, in conducting which time is required. Innumerable occasions occur in the life of every man of such urgency, that the utmost expedition in action is necessary: on these occasions reason necessarily is of no service.

In the next place reason is of slow growth and comes late to maturity. Years must elapse and the greater portion of life be consumed,

ere we can hope to attain it in perfection. During the time then which must pass before it can acquire full strength, (and this is the most important portion of life) reason gives us but small aid.

Again, how various must be the attainments, how extensive the experience, and how precise the knowledge of the man who would be guided solely by reason ! For the multitude, it would be impossible to maintain the social ties or even to preserve life, were they left without any principle of action save reason.—Men perform the most ordinary, and therefore the most important duties of life without reasoning on them or reflecting on their utility. When they comply with these duties, they are conscious of rectitude, when they neglect them they are aware of having done wrong ; but they know not why in the one instance they are right, and in the other wrong. Most men for example, acknowledge that loyalty is laudable, and that obedience to the laws of the country is a duty, and act accordingly ; but how few can explain what constitutes the one a virtue, and the other a duty ; or can resolve the process of reasoning by which they have come to the conclusion, that they should be loyal to the sovereign, and obedient to the laws. What abstruse questions in morals and politics do not these simple duties involve—questions that have baffled the most subtle intellects and confounded the most skilful logicians. What then shall we say of the mass of mankind ? Reason is weak in them ; it is not sufficient to induce them to an observance of even the primary social duties.

Wisely then has the Author of our being implanted in us other principles of action, to compensate in some measure the deficiencies of reason. Appetites, desires, affections and passions are bestowed on us, as less exalted indeed, but more effective incentives to action than reason. It is not my purpose here to enter into the discussion of the question which philosophers have raised, as to whether reason should be subservient to passion, or passion to reason ; for there seems to be scarcely any diversity of opinion on the subject ; but what arises from the various significations attributed to the same words. I shall only assert that with most men reason acts the subordinate part of determining the proper means for the attainment of the ends suggested by the inferior, or, as they are termed, animal principles, instead of exercising its more exalted prerogative of proposing the ends of human actions. In other words, with most men reason is subservient to desire, passion, &c. This is a proposition that does not need much illustration or argument to procure for it universal assent. With some, reason, as has already been said, is too weak to propose the ends of action ; with others, as thousands daily testify, appetite and passion are too strong to be restrained by reason. He then that would rule mankind must address himself to the passions, desires and affections.

But by what means are the affections most successfully approached ? what are the most powerful instruments for exciting or calming the desires, and arousing or controlling the passions ? *The Fine Arts.* The French statesman did not overrate their influence in this respect, when he expressed a desire to have the monopoly of composing ballads, in preference to enacting laws, for the people. History is replete with

instances of the successful agency for this purpose of poetry, painting and even architecture. It is related of Solon, one of the most venerable characters of antiquity, that upon all occasions of difficulty and danger, when all other arts of persuasion failed, he had recourse to poetry to stimulate the Athenians from their indolence or curb their licentiousness. Salamis was won by the heroism which a single poem of this philosopher and legislator breathed into his dispirited countrymen. The wonders which the martial strains of Tyrtæus wrought are well known and appear almost miraculous. In later times Cola di Rienzo, with full knowledge of the potency of the Muses, attempted successfully through the medium of the fine arts, to arouse the Romans from the state of degradation in which they were held by a licentious nobility. "He was susceptible," says the historian, "of all the emotion which the fine arts give; and he employed his own sensibility to act on a susceptible people. Sometimes at the foot of one of the most admirable monuments of ancient architecture, he explained its purpose to the crowd, by which he was always attended; he made them feel its beauty, and would take occasion to recall the grandeur and freedom of ancient Rome, which still spoke to her children from those colossal ruins. Sometimes he displayed in the capitol allegorical pictures which he had composed, and in explaining them, would call upon the Roman people to quit their state of servitude, and recover what he emphatically called the *good state*." Daily experience shows us how extensively a single genius in these arts diffuses among his cotemporaries the peculiar temperature of his mind. It will suffice to point out one instance in our day, as an illustration. The gloomy influence of the poetry of Byron, the greatest genius of his time, cannot escape the regard of the most careless observer. Byron's poems have impressed the age with extraordinary notions of the "heartlessness of the world!" and have made "blasted hopes" and "blighted affections," real or imaginary we need not inquire, matters of hourly occurrence. Verily it may be said of the Fine Arts, what a popular writer of the present day has said of letters in general, that "theirs is the prerogative to influence states, to controul opinion, to hold an empire over the hearts of men, and prepare events by animating passion and guiding thought."

The relation which reason bears to the passions, desires and affections the sciences of morals and politics bear to the Fine Arts. Those sublime sciences point out the road to virtue, but the fine arts persuade mankind to walk in it. The former speculate, the latter enforce practice. The favored and the gifted few alone can enjoy heavenly communications with those exalted investigators of truth and wisdom, but it is the pleasing task of the Fine Arts to interpret to the uninitiated, the oracles delivered by these prophets, and to render them useful, not only by adapting them to common apprehensions, but by enforcing compliance with them.

I shall conclude this brief paper on a very comprehensive subject by referring the reader to Stewart's Essay on Taste. In that admirable treatise the author has shown the necessity of exercising and improving the most important faculties of the mind for the formation of a

good taste, a quality indispensable to those who would either excel in the Fine Arts or derive pleasure from the study of them. I cannot forbear transcribing one of the concluding paragraphs of that essay, even at the hazard of overloading this article with quotations.

"If the account be just which has now been given, of the process by which taste is formed, and of the various faculties and habits which contribute their share to its composition, we may reasonably expect, where it exists in its highest perfection, to find an understanding, discriminating, comprehensive, and unprejudiced, united with a love of truth and of nature, and with a temper superior to the irritation of little passions. While it implies a spirit of accurate observation and of patient induction, applied to the most fugitive and evanescent class of our mental phenomena, it evinces a power of separating universal associations from such as are local or personal, which, more than any other quality of mind, is the foundation of *good sense*, both in scientific pursuits, and the conduct of life. The intellectual efforts by which such a taste is formed are, in reality much more allied than is commonly suspected, to those which are employed in prosecuting the most important and difficult branches of the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

X.

THE ROSE ON MODESTY'S CHEEK.

1.

THE bright silver lily to love I compare,
Yet never was lily to me half so fair,
So fragrant, so blooming, so chaste, and so meek,
As the rose that is blushing on Modesty's cheek.

2.

I have seen the soft blush of the fresh-rising morn,
I have seen the sweet cow-slip peep under the thorn,
But I never saw beauty—the beauty I seek—
Where the rose was not blushing on Modesty's cheek.

3.

I own there's a charm in the love-beaming eye—
I own there's a spell in the love-breathing sigh—
But where is the charm that her eye would bespeak,
If the rose be not blushing on Modesty's cheek.

4.

If beauty be charming—I'll bend to its shrine,
And p'raps I may own the sweet Nymph is divine;
But that beauty I love—and the charmer I seek,
Is the rose that is blushing on Modesty's cheek.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

Wherein Mr. Scribbler meets with an adventure that leads to an episode.

I had got my palkee placed about fifty yards from the water-side, in order to dress before going into cantonments. Having completed my toilet, I was preparing to move forward, when I perceived a strange looking animal, apparently of the genus *homo*, coming towards me. On his nearer approach, I discovered him to be an old man, of a swarthy complexion; his face was deeply pitted with marks of that dreadful malady, the small-pox: his mouth was distorted; his vision oblique; these circumstances, coupled with the excrescences on his physiognomy, and his blear eyes, which were minus brows, combined to impart to his countenance, a hideous and sinister expression. He was moreover hump-backed, and spoke stammeringly. He was clad in a ragged suit, consisting of a check shirt, whereof the collar looked as if it did not belong to it; a coat that had once been blue, but was then of a nondescript hue; a pair of kerseymere inexpressibles reached to his knees, whence the disguise was carried down by a couple of huge top-boots. His hat bore obvious evidence of length of servitude, being dented in several places, and albeit guiltless of the covering of beaver, which must have taken leave many years ago. Such was the appearance of the odd creature who boldly coming up to my palanquin, accosted me as follows:—

“Good morning, sir, excuse my abruptness. You are a stranger, I see, and I am the stranger’s friend, my name is Peter Rettop. If you have no acquaintance here, permit me to tender a room in my poor house, and such hospitality as it can afford. Bearers,” added he, turning to them, “shoulder the palkee, and follow me, my dwelling is not far from this and perhaps you would not object to walk with me.” “Stop, stop,” said I, “on perceiving that the obedient bearers were on the point of executing his order, “I beg sir, that you will not be so precipitate in disposing of me. In the first place, I have not the honor of knowing you, and before I left home my tutor particularly interdicted me from forming any connexion with an utter stranger, you will therefore excuse me from accepting your offer, as I have been directed to put up with the Head Clerk of the Collector’s Office. Pray can you direct me to his residence?”

“Ha!” ejaculated Mr. Peter Rettop, “are you going to that upstart’s? Yes, I know where he lives, but he must be in office now, so you had better come and stay with me for the day, if you do not wish to remain longer; though for that matter, I could easily spare you a room altogether, at a moderate rent.”

Finding that I could not release myself from my tormentor, I agreed to accompany him, though greatly annoyed at his pertinacity. After perambulating through a vast number of crooked and dusty streets, my conductor at last halted at the door of a neat little pukka *kotee*, flanked on one side by a small kitchen garden, and on the other by a low range

of out-offices. The only inmates appeared to be a decrepid, leprous beldam, who was a sort of "maid of all work," and a fair girl about eight years old, who seemed to assist the hag in her menial occupations. The girl so strikingly resembled Mr. Rettop, that I could not help inquiring of him if she was his daughter.

"No," replied he, "she is my grand-daughter, the unfortunate child of my poor misguided Charlotte. Ah! my poor thing; I am afraid I shall never see you again."

This was uttered in a very pathetic tone and the recollection of her whom he designated as his "misguided Charlotte," apparently much affected him, for he heaved a deep sigh, and some half dozen drops of tear trickled down his ugly visage, a circumstance which tended in a great measure to elevate the old man in my opinion, and remove the prejudice with which I at first regarded him. The furniture of the house was quite in keeping with the appearance of its indigent proprietor; indeed I was greatly struck with the incongruity exhibited by the comparative elegance of the exterior, and the squalor of the interior of the place, and wondered how Mr. Rettop could be so neglectful of his personal comforts, and so studious about the outward appearance of his domicile.

I tarried with my host till 4 o'clock, when I insisted on going into the station, (Mr. Rettop resided in the suburbs of the city,) and reporting myself to the Head Clerk. Mr. R. endeavoured to detain me, but I resisted his persuasions, and getting into my conveyance, I proceeded to the bungalow of Mr. Dashaway, which, I learnt was the name of the gentleman, who held the same position in the Collectorate of Mughrubpoor, as my old friend Mr. Pasteboard did in that of Radagabau. Although I, by a little firmness, managed to escape from the clutches of the *soi disant* stranger's friend, I could not so easily get my luggage away, consisting of a pair of banghy *peetaras*, which he retained in his custody, promising to send them on to me when I had secured a lodging.

CHAPTER VII.

Which contains concise descriptions of Mr. and Miss Dashaway, and of several other remarkable personages with whom it is desirable, the reader should become acquainted.

Mr. Dashaway's habitation was a magnificent *kotee* two stories high, with a large tract of ground attached to it, enclosed by an ornamental and at the same time, impenetrable fence, which he took great delight in trimming and preserving in its beautiful condition. Mr. Dashaway was a fine tall young man, not above twenty-five years old, very smart and very fashionable. He loved to have an elegant house, and it was his favorite boast that his was the best in the station. I believe it is pretty generally known that all men have their hobbies; this being the case, it would be too much to expect that Mr. Dashaway would be without his share of the universal failing. No; like the majority of his fellows he had a hobby, and that was,—a passion for building; his

whole soul was absorbed in it, it was in fact quite a monomania that seized him as soon as he attained the age of seventeen, and became the possessor of the enormous sum of fifty rupees a month. His father was a mason professionally, and it was said that his spirit transfused itself into the son, so that they were both builders, with this difference, that one used to build as a duty, and the other as a pleasure.

Mr. Dashaway's allowance being only two hundred rupees, he could not indulge both his whim, and keep up his large domestic establishment therewith; and the consequence was that he was "over head and ears in debt," a circumstance which by the bye, did not seem to cause him much uneasiness, if one might judge from his reckless behaviour. Mr. Dashaway had no wife, nor had he a child, but he had an elder sister, whom I beg leave to present to the reader. Perhaps according to etiquette, I should have spoken of her first. However it cannot now be helped,—and I must only console myself for the inadvertence, with the balsamic apothegm, "better late than never."

When I became acquainted with Miss Margery Dashaway, she had just taken two steps beyond her third climacteric. She had as graceful and erect a figure as might be expected from one who measured 5 feet 10 inches and two-thirds of an inch. Her complexion was of the description known by the term, *brunette*, her eyes were large and sparkling; her physiognomy partook of the oval character; her neck was not very long, nor yet very slender, and there were some people, her detractors of course, everybody has some more or less, who said that her nasal feature was "puggish." What particular meaning they meant to convey by this expression, I know not, nor have I been able to discover it, notwithstanding a rigid search into all the lexicons that ever came into my possession. Thus much however I can say, that the lady's nose was not of an impudent *retrousse* star-gazing kind, but it was a prim, sober, straight, little one,—a nose that entertained no erratic fancy of studying the planetary system, and whose only ambition was that of cultivating a neighbourly acquaintance with the mouth, which it appeared in a fair way of doing if I might be warranted in hazarding such a conjecture from the circumstance, of its propinquity to the upper lip. I hope it is not necessary for me to assert that Miss Margery was as amiable in disposition as she was charming in person, this is an inference which I trust every sensible person will draw, without my assistance. She was rather of a literary turn, and often cheerfully and animatingly conversed with me for hours, on the subject of the various surprising incidents delineated in the veritable memoir of that enterprising character Robinson Crusoe; and would dwell with a lively interest, on the part appropriated to his faithful companion, that semi-civilized creature denominated Friday. From an attentive consideration of the history of Mr. Friday, and the peculiar circumstances under which he became subservient to Mr. Crusoe, certain doubts which had for a length of time grievously harassed the tender mind of the lovely Margery, as to whether savages were to be classed with the human or bestial kind, were happily set at rest; and gave her an opportunity of entering into an erudite disquisition on this momentous

question, which terminated in her firm and unalterable conviction, that savages were in many respects like mankind. She further said, that if any person could be found of so philanthropic and adventurous a character, as to go to one of the far-away islands, and bring from thence one of the inhabitants, and entrust him to her care, she would undertake by dint of nurture and gentle attention, not only to make him articulate rationally, but also initiate him into the mysteries of reading and writing ; and in fine make a regular man of him ! There was something so exquisitely agreeable in the bare contemplation of such a glorious idea, that she often delightedly exclaimed to me, " Oh ! Mr. Scribbler, how happy should I be ! Oh ! how infinitely happy, if I could but rescue a savage from his state of barbarism, and bring him into the pale of civilization ! Oh ! Mr. Scribbler, I wish to do some good in this world, and the dearest wish of my heart would be gratified, if I might accomplish such a purpose ! "

Although Miss Dashaway was in a state of celibacy, it must not be imagined that she remained in it from necessity ; far from it, and I trust no person will be so rash as to form so presumptuous an opinion. It was the choice of that amiable maiden to live with her brother, for whom she entertained the most tender sororial affection, and " keep house for him," until he had provided himself with a helpmate ; when she would think of bestowing her heart on some worthy person, who might aspire to the felicitous fruition of that inestimable treasure. Though she was too modest to tell me so herself, yet I subsequently learnt from another credible source, that from the time she had passed her sixteenth year, several candidates had presented themselves for the honor of her hand, but some were too black, some too brown ; some had too little pay, and some had no pay at all ; and as these were serious disqualifications, their proposals were uniformly rejected.

When I arrived at their dwelling, the happy couple above described, were seated at dinner, in which they cordially invited me to join ; a request with which I complied with hearty goodwill, as I had not enjoyed a substantial meal since my departure from Radagabad. At the intervals of deglutition, Mr. Dashaway drew from me my short history and then proceeded to inform me, that Mr. Littlebig the collector, had made divers inquiries respecting me, and that he would be glad to hear of my arrival, as there was then a great pressure of work in the office. After we had dined, we adjourned to a fine open verandah, facing an elegant parterre, railed round, and exhaling a pleasing fragrance. It contained a choice collection of indigenous and exotic plants. After we had discoursed on sundry unimportant matters, and after I had somewhat disappointed Mr. Dashaway by confessing an ignorance of the game of cribbage, of which he was passionately fond, he said, " come let me show you your room. It is not a very spacious one but will answer a young bachelor like yourself. You are welcome to remain here altogether, or until I can find you a house, though I should like to have you with me always. Order in your traps and take possession." I thanked him for his kindness, and then told him of the adventure of the morning, and how I had become the guest of the " stranger's friend."

"What!" exclaimed he, with indignant surprise, "did you actually get into the clutches of that vagabond? I assure you he is the greatest villain on earth, and should have been hanged some thirty years ago."

These expressions excited my curiosity, and I begged of Mr. Dashaway to impart to me any particulars regarding Mr. Rettop with which he might be acquainted. He immediately went into another room, and returned with a pamphlet, which he placed in my hands, saying, "Read this my young friend, and you will see what sort of a character Peter Rettop is, and whether or not I have cause to hate him. The history was written by my father, who disliking his profession of a mason at home, came out to India as an adventurer, and set up in trade, in which he prospered greatly, until he was ruined by Rettop. He has the impudence to call himself the 'stranger's friend,' but is in reality the stranger's enemy. He is a perfect fiend, who watches for his prey in the shape of unwary strangers, and trepans them to his abode, where he plunders them of their property, and then gets rid of them by poison, or strangulation or some such diabolical means."

"Indeed" said I, "and has there really been an instance of such conduct?"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Dashaway, "it was only six months ago, that a poor man named Botaner, a gardener in the employ of a foreign potentate, was passing through the station on his way home, when in an evil hour he encountered that Rettop, who lured him to his house, and plied him with drink consisting of a pernicious adulterated liquor, which he calls rum; and on the third day he was a corpse. Rettop came into possession of his cash, by virtue of a surreptitious document, which he produced as the Will of the deceased, wherein all his 'worldly goods were bequeathed to his hospitable friend Mr. Peter Rettop, who afforded him succour in a strange land.' As the unfortunate fellow was unknown here, the trickery succeeded. I am sorry you left your things at his place, I will send off for them instantly, though I have no doubt the wretch has already robbed you."

Mr. Dashaway was perfectly correct in this suspicion, for when my *peetaras* arrived, I found that the locks had been tampered with, and that a couple of suits of new clothing had been abstracted. Fortunately the few rupees I possessed were in the palkee, or in all probability they would have changed owners. Both the boxes had evidently been rummaged, doubtless in the expectation that something valuable had been secreted below.

The next day being a holiday Mr. Dashaway proposed to introduce me to my fellow-clerks. I of course agreed, and taking our places in his huggy, he drove me first to the house of the second assistant, Mr. David Darlington. He was a perfect exemplification of oddities and I liked him amazingly. By reason of his having a monstrously large head, altogether disproportionate with his slim body and dwarfish stature, the wags of the station had bestowed on him the *soubriquet* of "Beautiful Taffy." He put forth absurd pretensions to erudition, and was ambitious of being thought a clever fellow. He once asked Mr. Dashaway whether he understood Latin, whereupon Mr. D. inquired

of him what he knew of foreign tongues, when he served as butler to Mr. Winebib (in which capacity it appears he originally arrived at Mugrubpore, and as he could read and write, his master employed his influence with the Collector and obtained for him the place of a discarded junior writer.) Since that time, Mr. Darlington carefully avoided any literary controversy with the head clerk. Mr. D. had by a gradual process risen to the position he then held, wherein he was stationary; for although the head clerkship became repeatedly vacant, he was invariably superseded, on the score of inefficiency. I may here state, that Mr. Darlington entertained a high sense of politeness, and was a zealous advocate for conventional etiquette; nay, his enthusiasm on this subject was such that he had brought out a form of politeness himself on an entirely new principle and was most anxious to gain proselytes to his creed. This circumstance being duly premised it will not be incredible when I state that as soon as I was presented to the learned gentleman he solemnly rose from his chair and made a grand congé, in the course of which performance his big head was brought to a parallel with his stomach; he then enclosed my right hand in a firm grip while he delivered the following oration—"Most proud and happy am I, Mr. Scribbler to make your acquaintance, and I shall consider this day as a bright luminary in the epoch of my existence. Unaccustomed to clothe my genuine sentiments in the language of efflorescence it grieves me that I am debilitated from forming that first impression on the minds of my youthful compeers that would secure me their adulation and venesection! However you will pardon my feeble efforts at interlocution when I assure you of my good will!"

When he had concluded, the dazzling orator resigned my hand with a grace that would have done honor to the politest grandee in Christendom.

Our next visit was paid to the third clerk Mr. Isachar Balderdash; as he was just on the point of going out we made no stay. But from what I saw of him I conclude him to be a stupid fellow whose only penchant lay in dress, and that too of an extravagant and ludicrous kind. I shall long remember the costume he had on that day. A pink neckerchief, a cambric shirt with a multiplicity of pleats, and silver studs; a scarlet waistcoat, with brass buttons; tight yellow corduroy pantaloons; all surmounted with a bottle-green surcoat adorned with huge buttons, bearing the figure of a dog, with inscription "tally ho," which might indicate the wearer to be a sportsman, whereas the real fact was that he was a pitiful rider and had never discharged a piece; so deceptive are appearances! But I have not done with the description of Mr. Balderdash's apparel yet; three things remain to be noticed,—videlicet,—blue stockings; well polished, single-soled shoes, and a sort of mitre-ish square cap, jauntily worn on one side of the head, leaving the other bare,—with a pendant tassel reaching to his shoulders!

There were five clerks in the Collector's office, three of whom have already been presented to the reader; the fourth, whose place I occupied, was one Mr. Fuddlehead. It appears he was a passive harmless person, but of very intemperate habits, albeit he was like an idiot in

tied is the native mind to superstition, that every tie, which is loosened gives an additional strain upon the rest, which will soon snap it asunder. I would however, to prevent the mind wandering in endless uncertainty, attract it to the sublime and divine truths of Christianity. The mind, enthralled by error and superstition, is, like a bent bamboo, which when allowed to regain its original position, instead of fixing its perpendicularity at once, oscillates for a long while and then stands fixed and erect. I would therefore recommend, Christianity as a hand-maid to native education, for while we are emancipating the mind from error, we should also attach to it the lines of truth, that it might not wander in the regions of doubt. The native mind, under the present mode of treatment, no sooner is set free from error, than it immediately relapses, into the cold and damp domains of scepticism and infidelity. It does not appreciate the value of truth. It does not feel the weight of moral evidence. That you have been besmeared with abuse, and blackened by calumny, I do not doubt; but these unjust charges will always be the portion of him, who entertains opinions such as you do now. Men can have no confidence on those, whose lives do not depend upon the eternal principle of right and wrong, but which are merely shaped by the opinions of men."

"Well, I am not at present disposed to argue with you, on the subject of education and religion. I am come to you on business, of a very different nature. I have no employment now, and do not desire to place myself under the immediate control of any section of men. I am desirous of doing good, and from my labors, in a righteous cause I hope to derive my means of subsistence. The present condition of the East Indians is not a very deplorable one. One of our countrymen has already excited some sensation in England, and the body of East Indians is beginning to assume some consideration here. The feeling that now animates them should be fanned until it become a passion, a deep-rooted and fixed principle. This opportunity should not be lost, and it requires only the exertions of a few well-disposed and zealous individuals, to direct the attention of the East Indians, to worthy pursuits, and excite their ambition, to seek for worthier employments, than what is generally taken up by them. These are noble employments, and noble objects, and to them I wish to devote all my energies. Perhaps I have a few days to live, and I do not think I could turn them to better account, than by advancing the interest of my fellow-men. I feel myself compelled to labor for them; and if you all assist me, as others have promised to do, I have no doubt, but the journal which I intend to establish, and which will be entitled, 'The East Indian,' will succeed admirably."

"With much pleasure," Clarence replied, "I will do all in my power to assist in such a noble cause; and I do not suppose, you could find a better or more illustrious subject, to which you might consecrate your genius, and devote your days, than the melioration of our brethren. May God prosper you, in your undertaking and bless the means which you will use for accomplishing your purpose." Both individuals were silent for a while when Derozio who pleaded an engagement, rose up, and wishing his friend a good evening, left him to his own meditations.

SONG OF THE OCEAN-BILLOWS.

I.

Like giants we roar,
 And lash the rough shore,
 Like brothers we merrily tumble,
 We twist the stern ship,
 Its timbers we rip,
 While the sable clouds hollowly grumble.
 Roll on brothers ! roll ! your crested heads roll !

II.

Then the red lightnings flash,
 While we boist'rously dash,
 And the deep thunders roll in the skies ;
 To quench the red streaks,
 We raise our white peaks,
 And into huge mountains we rise.
 Roll on brothers ! roll ! your crested heads roll !

III.

When our frolic is done,
 And bleak Eurus is gone,
 We dive to the fathomless deep ;
 Where we dwell in our caves,
 In our watery graves :
 Sleep on brothers ! noiselessly sleep !
 In the dark blue deep, sleep on brothers ! sleep !
 H***

PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE.

THE HAPPY HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"Why do you look so sad, my dear ?" said a lady to her husband, in a kind and affectionate tone.

"I am not sad, my love," returned the gentleman, and then appeared to smile, but in spite of his efforts there was something in his countenance, which betrayed him and indicated the workings of a troubled and dejected spirit.

"You deceive me, my dear," said the lady—"it is evident there is something weighing on your mind, else you would not look so cast down—You smile indeed, but your smile is forced, and meant only to lull my anxiety—now do not, I beg, keep me any longer in suspense—you distress me by your silence."

"My silence proceeds from my unwillingness to give you any uneasiness, dearest," said the gentleman, and then clasping her hands within his own remained in a state of deep abstraction.

"You alarm me! you alarm me, Henry!"—exclaimed the lady with much earnestness. "I hope nothing ails you, my love? Do speak, and I shall be satisfied."

The gentleman, after a short pause, during which the lady's eyes glistened with tears, loosened his hold of her hands, and then addressed her as follows: "Do not, my dearest Emily," said he, "think that I wish to withhold from you any thing which concerns me; on the contrary I have always made it a point to consult you on every subject in which I was interested. But there is something on the present occasion so very distressing, that I feel loath to make the announcement to you, lest it should give you pain—Emily, I am a ruined man."

"How—how ruined, Henry! do—do tell me," hastily inquired the lady in great alarm.

"Why, my dear—if the thing must be told—I have lost every thing in my last speculation."

"How so, Henry?" rejoined she with much anxiety.

"Why, the vessel upon which I had embarked my all has foundered, and the goods not having been insured, nothing is now available. I am completely ruined. I have not a single farthing which I can call my own." Upon this the gentleman held his forehead with both hands, and resting his elbows on the table, appeared to be buried in deep thought. The lady perceiving this, encircled her arm round his neck, and soothed him with kind words—"I know your loss is great indeed, Henry, but what can be done? why should you thus grieve, my dear?"

"Why should I grieve!" exclaimed the gentleman, raising his head—"O Emily, you can little conceive what I now feel. Why should I grieve! The savings of the labor of ten years are gone, and gone for ever. When I look upon you, and my dear pledges, I feel the more keenly, because it was for you I wished to lay by a provision; so that when my eyes were closed, you might have had a roof to protect you, and the means of subsistence at your command. But all my pleasing anticipations are buried in the tomb, and nothing but a dreary prospect lies before me. Should I now die—O the thought itself is killing! the fate of my children will be sealed. You, my dear, will no longer find an asylum—your friends will shun you—you and the little ones will have to crave for aid, and perhaps be avoided by those whom you had befriended, in your prosperous days. You will have to depend on the precarious bounty of the public. But even were my days prolonged, can I ever maintain you with decency? I am a ruined man I tell you; and before a week passes over our heads we shall be cast away from our home, and obliged to walk in the streets as the helpless mendicants that beg from door to door."

"Do not despair, my dearest Henry," said the lady,—"you have often taught me yourself to strengthen my mind against all adverse circumstances. If Providence has so disposed our affairs, and found it necessary to deprive us of our possessions—what then? shall we

grieve and mourn for them?—O no!—it would be idle to do so. We should be thankful that a greater calamity has not befallen us. Had our children died, to whom would we have left that wealth, the loss of which weighs now so heavily in your mind. Do not therefore, my dearest Henry," continued the lady, "render yourself miserable for that which could never have made you really happy."

The gentlemen heard his wife without uttering a syllable; and though he was not relieved from the depression of spirit caused by his privation, he appeared more calm, and disposed to be reconciled to his situation. A long pause then ensued, which was interrupted by the lady, who inquired if he could not by some means overcome the difficulties in which he was involved.

"O no," said the gentleman, "my credit is completely lost—you are perfectly aware that I ventured my all in the speculation, and this is too well known amongst the mercantile community. Besides I was obliged to raise a considerable amount to meet certain demands, and this is what I am most concerned about; for no sooner is my loss noised abroad, than I shall be compelled to surrender every pin in my possession, and thus be thrown upon the world a houseless beggar."

"But have you no friends who could assist you in this emergency?" asked the lady.

"I am afraid no one will come forward on the present occasion"—then as if a sudden ray of hope had darted upon his mind, he exclaimed—"Never mind—never mind—I will stand to the worst"—and turning to his wife he observed—"It is well my dear, as you have remarked, a greater calamity has not befallen us. I am determined to stem the tide of misfortune, happen what it may! and while I can only look upon your cheerful countenance, I shall forget that 'I am a ruined man.'"

This interesting dialogue, inquisitive reader, was held by a very happy couple, who lived amongst us some years back, and were known to many as Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield. They were both from respectable families in Calcutta, and had been, as it were, formed for one another. The appearance of the gentleman was very prepossessing; he was tall and had a handsome cast of features: with eyes which beamed with intelligence, and had something of benignity in them, which could not be overlooked. The lady was just a counterpart of her partner: with a singularly beautiful expression of countenance, she had a figure that challenged the admiration of every beholder. While their external appearances were so dignified and attractive, their minds and hearts exhibited aspects of corresponding excellencies. Mr. Bloomfield was, as the reader must have perceived, a merchant carrying on business on a small scale. He had commenced his career in early life, and had by dint of perseverance amassed a tolerably respectable sum, which he brought to the best account by a very prudential method of speculation. But in the present instance he ventured very largely and not having taken the proper precaution, his whole fortune at once slipped out of his hands. The dialogue presents but a faint picture of the distressed state of Mr. Bloomfield's mind, and of the means resorted to by Mrs. Bloomfield to soothe him, and to chase away

the thoughts which oppressed his bosom. The latter, however, gained her object: Mr. Bloomfield, whose unforeseen calamity had rendered him forgetful of himself, was soon brought to view things more calmly, when he found that it was useless to lament for the loss of what was irrecoverable. Impressed with this idea, he endeavoured to arrest the evils which he had apprehended; but he was quite unsuccessful. His inhuman creditors granted him no time for the adjustment of his affairs, but one and all came upon him like vultures, and deprived him of every thing that he was possessed of. They drove the family from their dwelling, and thus subjected them to all those privations and inconveniences, which Mr. Bloomfield wished so much to have avoided. But he endured his sufferings with exemplary fortitude. Mrs. Bloomfield was now put to the severest test; but like pure gold, which when put into the crucible, shines the more brilliantly, Her mild and patient disposition was brought into full play, and amidst the desolation in which she was placed, without a ray of hope to brighten her prospects, she was ever with a smile, and cheered her husband in his moments of distress. She greeted him with kindness on his return home from business abroad, and by her soothing chased away the gloom which had settled on his brow. She was like the ministering spirit that watched and protected her husband, and infused into him the balm of consolation, when the world seemed to scowl upon him, his friends desert him and every thing look dreary and appalling. Steady in her purpose, she looked on neither side, but pursued her course, which love and duty pointed out to her and her reason approved.

CHAPTER II.

"If there is any thing which I hate more than another, it is that detestable practice, marriage; for what is it after all? People speak a great deal about it, and would lead me to suppose that there is no happiness to be enjoyed without it, as if all are really miserable, who are not within the pale of matrimony. What strange notions men have indeed! We live in a world of prejudices!—If an opinion, however unreasonable happen to gain universal assent, people deem it their duty to maintain it, though at the expense of common sense. But whatever others may say, I shall continue my own notion, and nothing shall persuade me to change my state of life."

Such were the reflections which occupied the mind of Mr. Josiah Cœlebs, as he sat in an easy chair, on a cool evening of Summer. Mr. Cœlebs was an eccentric "Old Bachelor," who had, owing to various reasons, contracted such an antipathy to marriage, that nothing could induce him to alter his opinion. His friends often spoke to him on the subject, but nothing they urged could shake his prejudices. It was usual with him occasionally to look into the question, and to measure its length and breadth, but whether he did this with a view to discover any new arguments in favor of his position, is not known: certain it is, that he never failed to close his meditations on the subject, without the impression that it was not

essential to the happiness of man. On the evening in question he had given the matter a more than ordinary consideration, and he felt convinced that he was on the right side of the question. While he thus exulted with the idea, that his own judgment preserved him from the thralldom and miseries of marriage, a friend was announced, and before Mr. Cœlebs could adjust his ideas, the visitor made his appearance. Cœlebs rose to welcome him, and after observing the usual forms of etiquette, they both took their seats, and entered into conversation. But our old bachelor's mind was so engrossed with his own thoughts, that he found no interest in any thing that did not lead him to his favorite topics. "Every man has his hobby," says a writer, and Cœlebs was not singular in this respect. But with all his predilections for his theme, he did not thrust it upon another's attention too abruptly. He was a consummate tactician in these matters, and waited for fit times and seasons; and when he found he had excited sufficient interest in any to enter upon a discussion with him, he discharged his whole artillery of arguments at the unfortunate wight, in support of his dogmas. On the present occasion he of course pursued his accustomed plan of operations, and the first question he asked was, how his friend liked the match between Miss Lovelace and Mr. Jennings.

"Very well, indeed!" answered Mr. Wimble, (that was the name of the visitor:—) "very well, indeed! They will make a happy couple I am sure."

Mr. Cœlebs shook his head very significantly, as much as to indicate that what others might say of the match, he was of opinion that it was not a judicious one. Then after a pause he said "Well—well let people do what they like with themselves, I have no business with their affairs—but let me tell you Wimble, marriage is a serious affair."

"So it is," replied the other. "It is a *very* serious affair" repeated Cœlebs.

"I do not doubt of it" answered Mr. Wimble.

"It is in my opinion the cause of much mischief in the world—I have considered the subject for a very long period, and after all that could be said in its favor, I am come to the conclusion that a man may do without it."

"That is not the point, Cœlebs," replied the other. "We know too well, that a man can live in a single state, inasmuch as he can breathe without visiting foreign lands—marriage is not a *sine qua non* of our existence; it is not a thing indispensably necessary; a man may, or may not marry inasmuch as he may, or not leave his native land for a change of scenery; but the question is, whether he is not benefitted by the one as he is by the other."

"Benefit! benefit!" exclaimed Cœlebs, pleased with the idea that he had brought his friend to a close engagement,—“you may as well think yourself transported to Mahomed's seventh heaven, when a halter is round your neck, as expect benefit from marriage."

"For shame! Cœlebs, I thought you were incapable of such a sentiment.—I think you have scarcely considered the subject in all its bearings."

"Considered the subject!" exclaimed Cœlebs—"I have not arrived at this age, without having given a thought to this important question; but the more I have dwelt upon it, the more convinced I am, that no man in his senses could ever think of getting a wife."

"How so?" asked the other, much startled at the bold assertion.

"Why for very plain reasons,—no man would scarcely consider marriage a desideratum."

"You surprise me, Cœlebs," replied the other.

"O be not surprised at all—I make no assertion without reasons to support me. Now, Sir, I conceive it to be absolute folly in one to be tied down to an engagement for life, with a person who for aught we can say to the contrary, may be of a temperament diametrically opposite to his own—and what is the consequence?—unhappiness. Is it not then better for a man to live by himself, unshackled and uncontrolled; without a thought to disturb his mind; free as the mountain air; go where he may, do whatever he may; not a single individual to overrule his actions? O, my dear friend, I have thought a great deal on this matter, and do not think I have arrived to a hasty conclusion, when I say I will never get married, though one of nature's fairest forms were to offer her hand to me."

"But, Cœlebs, you have taken a very partial view of the subject.—You have, perhaps, had one or two instances of unhappy marriages, and hence you pass such a sweeping condemnation upon the whole. Had you but extended your observations a little, you would have most undoubtedly found instances, that would have tended to shake your determination. If you had but witnessed the domestic happiness enjoyed by individuals, you would find reason to think that marriage is not such a bugbear as you imagine it to be. I do not deny that there is sometimes unhappiness experienced amongst parties, but this arises solely from the circumstance of their making an injudicious choice. Now should a man of parts, one who is devoted to his books, be united to one who cannot sympathize in his pursuits, why the consequence will be that before six weeks have passed, there will arise dissatisfaction on both sides."

"Hold! Hold! my friend," called out Cœlebs—one word will overturn your arguments. Do you suppose a learned man is invariably happy with a wife of literary pretensions: on the contrary do we not hear of bickerings between such couples, arising solely from a difference in their tastes? Young will help me out in my position.—What does he say?

Nought but a genius can a genius fit: • • •
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit;
Both wits! Though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days they lived in peace.
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded with divorce.

Now, Sir, you will agree with me when I tell you that genius does not always create happiness."

"You lie under a misapprehension of my view of the subject: when I spoke of literary accomplishments in a wife, I meant only to show that a deficiency in them does sometimes engender an indifference towards her on the part of her husband. But this is not always the case—a lady may not have any pretensions to learning, and still make an excellent wife: and why so, simply because her feelings are well regulated; and she knows her duties as a wife. Her well disciplined mind enables her to accommodate herself to the variable temper of her lord. I do not mean to say that an acquaintance with the sciences and arts, constitutes a good wife; by no means, these only help to enhance the value of a good wife; but the qualifications necessary to form one are untiring modesty, a gentle temper, combined with an amiable disposition; a willingness to please and to be pleased."

"Pho! Pho! my dear friend, you are describing a being that could exist only in imagination, a being whose earthly existence was rather to be wished for than otherwise. Do you suppose that every man can be blessed with a wife such as you describe her?"

"If he is not, the fault is his own. If he hurries himself into a state of life so important to his happiness without properly considering what he was about, the blame should rest upon his own shoulders. If a handsome exterior alone were the standard of excellence by which he was to be guided in his choice, he would find himself miserably mistaken."

"After all, I think," said Cœlebs, "it is chimerical to suppose that one can be so fortunate as to find in a wife all those qualities, which you would ascribe to woman."

"Why, Cœlebs, there are innumerable instances, which I can bring forward in support of my remarks. But I need cite one only within the circle of your acquaintance. You perhaps know the family of the Bloomfields—do you not?"

"Yes, I do know them, but slightly," said Cœlebs, "but what about them?"

"Why, I would merely observe, that Mrs. Bloomfield is a very good sample of the class of women I have been speaking of. Had you been intimate with the family, you might have had opportunities to form an estimate of the worth of this amiable creature. Her kind and gentle disposition, while it has secured to her the good opinion of all that have had the pleasure of her acquaintance, has rendered her husband truly happy. Mr. Bloomfield would have been the most miserable man in existence under his present circumstances, had not his wife buoyed up his hopes, and infused into his bosom the balm of consolation. When all around is gloomy and desolate, she fills him with gladness, and allays the anguish of his mind. And will you still maintain that there is no happiness in a marriage state? Believe me, when I tell you, there is no one who will prove to you a real friend as a good and faithful wife; and if there be such a thing as happiness in the world, it is to be found only in your domestic hearth amidst your wife and children, the beings whose feelings are entwined with your own; who participate in your joys and sorrows, and give you a foretaste of that bliss, which is only enjoyed in heaven."

Mr. Cœlebs preserved an uninterrupted silence for some time, and then observed—"the difficulty is, my dear friend, to find such a being as you describe."

"It may be difficult; but it is not therefore impossible"—so saying, Mr. Wimble took his hat and shaking Mr. Cœlebs by the hand, left him immersed in his own meditations.

CHAPTER III.

A short time after the incidents which we have detailed in the first chapter, Mr. Bloomfield's affairs took a most favorable turn, so as to enable him to re-establish himself in trade. Fortune smiled upon him again, and the clouds which had hung over his prospects began to dissipate. By some means Mr. Bloomfield happened to conciliate the goodwill of a very wealthy individual, who, when he became acquainted with his circumstances, accommodated him with the loan of a small sum, for the purpose of speculation. With this Mr. Bloomfield made a venture, and was fortunate enough to find his efforts crowned with success; for the return not only put him in a situation to cover the debt he had contracted, but also to afford him the means of entering upon the field with a capital, which he had the satisfaction of calling his own. Thus gradually Mr. Bloomfield extended his sphere of business, and in the course of a few years, he amassed a very large fortune, which raised him to a respectable position amongst the merchants of Calcutta. The heart of Mrs. Bloomfield dilated with joy, at each successful speculation, and she could not repress her emotions whenever she was made acquainted with the good fortune which attended her husband at each step. How often did this happy couple revert to scenes of by-gone days, and dwell with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain upon the incidents of their chequered life; blessing the hand that led them through all their difficulties, and had now showered down its bounties upon them.

It was an evening in the month of December. The cold was intense, and the family of Bloomfield kept themselves within doors. The happy couple were seated in the drawing-room, and amused themselves either in reading to one another, or talking on subjects which most interested them. There were several books upon the table, some loose drawings and a scrap-book, all of which had their share of attention paid to them. Mrs. Bloomfield took a couple of neatly bound volumes in her hand, and asked her husband to tell her what they were.

"I do not know," was the reply."

"I have just finished the work; it is '*Ivanhoe*,' the masterpiece of the '*Wizard of the North*.'"

"I am almost sure you liked it."

"Very well, indeed; I think the plot is well contrived."

"Could you not find any thing which you could point out as discrepancies in the work?"

"To tell you the truth," replied the other, "I am no Critic; the only thing I can say, is that, I have been much pleased with the per-

formance, and I do not recollect any thing which could be objected to."

"What do you think of Athelstone's resuscitation?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Yes, yes, I now see it," said the lady, "it strikes me that it was very unnatural."

"That part of the tale is very ill executed," said Bloomfield—"Sir Walter betrayed a want of judgment in this instance. If Athelstone had been in a trance, the case would have assumed a different aspect; but as his supposed death is said to have been caused by some external injury, it was doing a violence to the natural order of things, to bring him to life again."

"Perhaps he had some motive in doing so."

"Not at all; for we find Athelstone does nothing after that. If his resuscitation had been attended with any advantage either to himself or to his own people, the thing might have admitted a palliation, despite of the improbability of the tale, but as it is the fault is very palpable, indeed."

"I understand now. I never thought of this before—I was so delighted with the graphic descriptions of the author, that this never occurred to me."

"Have you been able to discover any other flaws in the work?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I think the author has not done justice to Rowenna."

"Perfectly right, an important character like that should have occupied more pages than the author chose to devote to it. The Jewess, we would have imagined, was the heroine of the novel. A few things have been said of Rowenna, and these by snatches; but the Jewess takes up whole chapters."

"But what an amiable creature she was, Henry," remarked Mrs. Bloomfield.

"Yes, yes, and to do justice to Sir Walter, she has been most beautifully delineated. Her trials during her confinement, her affection to her parent, her attachment, sympathy and gentleness, shed a halo around her character and render her an object of paramount interest."

"I have been, indeed, very much delighted with her; and more particularly for her attention to Ivanhoe when he was unable to assist himself."

"What are the characters with which you are most pleased?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Rebecca and Ivanhoe," was the reply.

"Have you not derived a fund of information on the state of the times," inquired Mr. Bloomfield.

"A good deal, indeed—I had no idea of the manner in which they conducted the game at Tilt and Tournay before this—I had read much about it, but I never met with a description so vivid and minute before."

"Besides this," observed Mr. Bloomfield, "what a deal of light he throws upon the manners and customs prevailing during that part

of the English history. Sir Walter is unparalleled in such compositions. It was his custom to visit the spot, which he was desirous of making the scene of his tale; and though the site had been at the distance of a hundred miles, yet he undertook the journey, and never returned unless he had examined every nook and corner, that could be of any avail to him."

"But he had a most wonderful imagination," observed the lady.

"Extraordinary;" said the husband, "he had cultivated it from his very youth. He was not a bright boy at school, but he had such a peculiar knack at telling stories, that he passed by the designation of 'The story teller.'"

"Not a very enviable designation, at any rate," remarked the lady. — "But what do you think of Sir Walter as a poet?"

"Pretty fair, pretty fair; though he does not take the first rank. His poetical star grew dim, when Byron's rose above the horizon. Have you read his 'Lay of the last Minstrel'?"

"O yes, and I have been very much delighted with some of the passages."

"Now, could you repeat the lines with which the second Canto opens?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I do not know, but I will try.—I think the first few lines are these:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moon-light;
For the gay heavens of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

"Quite correct, quite correct, I never thought you possessed such a retentive memory, Emily?"

"You flatter me, Henry, but you will form a different opinion of my powers of memory when I tell you, that I have been reading the whole of the first stanza of that Canto for more than a dozen times—I have been very much pleased with the passage."

"Do not charge me with flattering again, Emily, when I tell you that I admire your taste:—that is a passage of no uncommon excellence."

"I thought so too myself,"—observed the lady. "I wish I had time at my command, I might have devoted myself to a systematic course of reading."

"What prevents you from doing so, my dear," asked the gentleman, taking her by the hand.

"I have to tend to the wants of the little children, Henry, and they do require all the care and attention that a mother could bestow. You cannot conceive how interesting the babe is now getting; he lisps your name very distinctly."

"Can I see the little fellow now?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"He is in the nursery, and fast asleep."

"I must have a little play with him to-morrow morning—the little rogue—he calls me by my name—ah, the little rogue!"—Saying this Mr. Bloomfield fell back upon his chair and looked quite cheerful and happy.

Just at this time footsteps were heard, and before Mr. Bloomfield could inquire as to who had come, Mr. Wimble entered the room.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Wimble," said Bloomfield, and helping him to a chair, took a seat beside him.

Mr. Wimble after the usual forms of kind inquiries, intimated that he had attended a wedding that evening.—"But," said he, "can you tell me, whose wedding was it?"—addressing himself to Mr. Bloomfield.

"More than I can say," was the reply.

"Why, it was Cœlebs"—our old bachelor."

● What! is Cœlebs married?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield simultaneously.

"O yes; and I think he has acted wisely"—replied Mr. Wimble.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Bloomfield—but I thought he was resolved never to change his state of 'single-blessedness,' as he used to say."

"That may be," observed the other, "but our opinions change with times and circumstances, 'a change has come over the spirit of his dream.' He once railed at married life, and perhaps he will now become one of its strenuous advocates."

"I hope," said Mr. Bloomfield, "he will now be happy, and have no reason to complain of his being a 'Benedict.'"

The subject dropped here, and other topics were then entered upon. The evening was very agreeably spent, and Mr. Wimble returned home well satisfied, that his time was not spent in vain.

The above is but a very faint outline of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield entertained themselves in their moments of leisure. Numerous were the objects which drew their attention, and thus by a mutual communication of their thoughts and sympathies, they endeared themselves to one another, and enjoyed those pleasures, which can only fall to the lot of those, whose hearts are connected by a reciprocity of affection. Though others might revell in the gaieties and splendor of a Court, and command public admiration by a magnificent display of equipages; but their enjoyments vanish away like the shadow, which leaves no vestige behind; while those of Bloomfield had an intrinsic worth and permanency which nothing could destroy. He had not indeed a mansion for his dwelling, nor had he a train of obsequious attendants to bow at his nod, but he had an affectionate family, and his home might have been emphatically called **THE HAPPY HOME!**

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BRITISH-INDIAN LITERATURE.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore
And know it will be gold another day.

Dryden.

The task which is here undertaken, though difficult, is not without interest. How barren soever the field of British-Indian literature may be; and how humble the chaplet, which an honest inquirer may weave from the few and stray flowers, that are to be found in it; the writer is assured that the subject will be regarded with interest by those, who are really well-disposed to Anglo-Indian Literature, and whose minds are imbued with the spirit that animated a D'Israeli, in his labor of love, amusement and instruction. Before proceeding to the examination of the subject, it will not be useless to trace the rise and progress of literature in British India, and then to consider it, in its present condition. It is at all times a delightful task, to discover the source of literature in any country; to watch it in its cradle; to hear it, as it were, speaking in the pining accents of infancy; to mark its growth and strength; to observe it buffetting against the powers of Ignorance and crafty or stupid policy, or borne onward on the full tide of liberty and knowledge, or pouring its sweetest and loftiest and tenderest emotions, from the deep and darkened vale of poverty. It is, indeed refreshing to the mind, to drink of the pure crystal stream of Helicon, or the liquid fount of Castalie, or breathe the bracing air of Mount Parnassus. Cool grots, sequestered shades, and murmuring streams, are the residences of sky-born genius. It is pleasant to sit with Dante on the brow of the rock, whence his imagination furnished him with materials for his "Inferno;" or be buried in the woods of Avignon and read with Petrarch his sonnets to Laura. It is soul-thrilling to sit with the old man of sixty-four years, and read his Canterbury Tales; or hold the stirrup, "one of Shakespeare's boys;" or listen to the immortal strains of him who "sung darkling," and "justified the ways of God to man."

Such pleasure however does not await us here. Where is the cradling place of our poets? Where is the nursery of our great minds? Where is the school, which awakened the powers of any, who could

he emphatically termed the child of fancy and the favorite of the Muses? Alas! in vain do we make these interrogations. We look around and see that we do not possess one master-mind among us,

"Contemporain de tous les hommes
Et citoyen de tous les lieux."

We cannot clasp one literary brother to our hearts, whose writings will add to the "wealth of nations." We have not one among us who softened a tyrant's iron disposition, and recovered his lands in Mantua. We have not one over whom the inspiring mantle of the Muses fell, while, like Burns, he was busy at the plough. Our dusty roads, and smoking, heated streets were never trod by a provincial bard or a troubadour, the music of whose harp-strings unbarred the castle gates; caused the draw-bridge to descend; and introduced him to the banquetting-hall, where knights of high and low degree, and high-born dames whose eyes "rained influence," listened with attention to the ravishing melody of a Blondel or a Rudel. "Grim-visaged war" smoothed his brow, the sword returned to its scabbard, and gentle eyes sparkled with delight, while the "Last Minstrel" tuned his harp and his voice rolled through the spacious hall, adorned with bows, and spears, and spurs, and swords, and all the instruments of warfare.

Less pleasing than all that has been enumerated is the task of him who purposes to offer a few cursory remarks on British Indian literature. Animated by the spirit of an Atticus who preserved the circulation of the

"Gold of the dead,
Which time does still disperse, but not devour;"

he does not reap the same rewards, his labors do not yield the like abundant harvest. We search in vain for the pure and truly valuable coin, which has been produced from the *mint* of lofty intellect, and been *stamped* with the image of genius. No such coin exists. But though of less intrinsic worth, the productions of the fields of British-Indian literature, are not the less valuable. The scientific men of this country have attempted through the discovery of coins, to supply the broken links in the chain of ancient history, and throw light upon some of the disputed points of India's glory and intellectual splendour. Why should such examples be lost upon us? With a mind, feeling acutely the charms of literature; realizing vividly the truth and beauty of poetry, Nature's Voice; and spell-bound by the fascinations of genius, the writer comes to his purposed work. He does not enter upon it with the feelings of an antiquary, whose cold heart and darkened understanding look upon every thing that is not enorusted with antiquity, as devoid of beauty and truth; and who handles it, as if it were so much dust over which "the wind bloweth and it is gone."

Desire of gain first brought the British to Calcutta; and amidst the calculations of rupees, annas, and pie, nothing of any value was attempted either in "prose or rhyme." Amongst a handful of men all deeply engaged in the pursuits of commerce, it was morally im-

possible that any individual of them, would pay his court to the Muses. Commercial speculations, in general, do not harmonize with poetical meditations. The jingling of gold-mohurs, and the jingling of rhyme are unsuited to each other. The heat and hurry of business indispose a man for writing verses. It is said, that Burns was accustomed to compose his inimitable and exquisite songs, while turning the earth with his plough. Agriculture and the cultivation of the muses are, however, well adapted for each other. Nature's variegated garniture of fields, waving with corn, is likely to awaken the tenderest feelings in us, and affords us leisure to do so. But bales of cotton, heaps of betle-nut, pillars of salt, and maunds of rice, are not the source, whence true poetic inspiration flows; and it was for this reason, that during the earlier years of British intercourse with this country, the harp of England was not strung on the shores of India.

A few years after the settlement of the British at Madras, their attention was completely occupied with the numerous wars that they waged against the natives of this country, "*cum aut suis finibus eos prohibent, aut ipsi in eorum finibus bellum gerunt.*" The clang of arms scares the genius of poetry from a country, and the desolation of war affords her no place "for the sole of her foot to rest." All is hurry and bustle, noise and confusion, uncertainty and despair. The quick-darting eye of restless fear, gaunt famine, and grim despair are seen all around. Foxes abandon their holes; birds leave their nests; and man can find refuge only in the grave. How brilliant soever the wars that were then carried on; how rapid soever the spread of British power; and how honourable soever the wreaths of the victors, peace left the shores of India. With little intermission the British have been continually engaged in wars. The sword has blushed with the blood of the helpless and the innocent, and the cannon has not ceased to emit "sulphureous smoke," and bellow through the vast tract of Hindoostan,

"et Virgo, cæde madentes,
Ultima cœlestium terras, Astræa reliquit."

Ovid.

Scarcely had the thunders of war ceased at Madras, than they were heard in the plains of Bengal. With a rapidity of movement that astonished the beholders, the British proceeded from victory to victory. For a considerable period they never tasted the bitterness of defeat. The genius of British policy appeared to take the place of a magician, and exhibited the wonders of the magic lantern. So easy was the acquirement of Bengal, so speedy and certain the issue of every engagement, and so unexpected the movements of the British that romance was actually surpassed by reality. It was said of an ancient philosopher, that he observed the motions of the stars amidst the bustle of a camp, and that nothing could withdraw his attention from his studies. It is lamentable that there are not many more of such philosophers in the world, so steeled and guarded by the *æs triplex* of human philosophy as to blind their eyes, stop their ears, and ossify their hearts, until the evils of this passing scene are regarded by them as "the idle wind," and the multifarious ills of life, looked upon with stoical indifference.

However before the administration of the Marquis of Hastings, from which period we date the rise of British-Indian literature, there were found some young men, who lost in the fumes of tobacco, sung of its praises, and *mortalized* their "hookah." There were others who raised a plaintive note on the miseries of this land, and in some measure to compensate for the evils of which they complained, ended the *diapason* with a brilliant display of the gold and the silver, the jewels and the precious stones of British India. Another set encamped in the low and marshy plains of Bengal wrote anathemas in rhyme, against the little musquitos, who buzzed about their quills, and left the print of their affections, on their faces and hands. A fourth set animated by the victories of Bangalore and Seringapatam, the Marhatta and Pindaree wars, composed lyrics on those subjects, which are now happily forgotten and are to be found, hawked about the streets by some poor itinerant bookseller, whose "silver beard sweeps his aged breast." A fifth set sung of the praises of the maidens they had left in Albion's isle, and sometimes as unfortunately of the *Leilas* and *Dudus*, with whom they had cultivated a most intimate acquaintance here.

It was not until the administration of the Marquis of Hastings that British India could boast of its literature. It received then 'a local habitation and a name.' It gained a permanency. Before this period, individual efforts, below mediocrity, made their appearance. After it, the horizon of the literature of British India, shone with the rising of young men of talent and genius. In other sunny lands there were at first seen one or two lofty, etherial spirits, stringing their harps to ravishing melody—one or two men of gigantic intellects awakening the feelings of a nation. It was the first blush of morn. Quickly other spirits, struck with the sympathetic chords of native minstrelsy, awoke from their sleep, and the nation at length resounded with the multifarious notes of poetry. Minds of a less refined temper, and genius of a lower order, "lesser lights of the firmament," soon followed these fixed stars of incalculable magnitude and brightness. Books were multiplied, and a taste for literature was revived throughout a country. At length men were anxious of receiving daily contributions from the exuberances of genius and talent, and newspapers soon gratified them, in this particular.

But it was otherwise in British India! Here periodical literature was the first to appear. Newspapers created a taste for reading and study, and awakened the sleeping energies of men. Youth floated on the ocean of fame, in the life-boats of journals! In them did they first try their strength; and it is not surprising that such should have been the case. The early settlers of British India did not look upon themselves, as the destined creators of a literature, which was peculiarly to belong to British India. They sailed across the Atlantic, "*cum sociis, natisque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis.*" They had their poets, and their literary characters, in their father-land and they could not forget the home of their childhood, and the land of their infancy. The "*amor patriæ*" burned strongly in them. And

it is for this reason, that newspapers were first established. They thus became the vehicles for literature and news. They awakened in men a desire to write, and gratified their appetite for fame and curiosity. The Europeans of those days, looked upon themselves as a class, separated from the rest of the inhabitants of this country. They had their own amusements and pursuits, and it was in consequence, that their literature too, was redolent of England; while it avoided all intercourse with the feelings and opinions of the natives of this country. The flowers of British-Indian literature were composed of exotics from England and Italy, from Greece and Rome. India lay stretched before them, but they preferred the common blossoms, the furze and the briars of England, to the roses and lilies to be met with here.

We hope, however, not to be mistaken. We do not for a moment institute a comparison between England and India to the prejudice of the former. We do not mean to assert, that the learning and poetry of England are inferior to India; we know that they are immensely superior. But we declare it, as our opinion, that every country has manners, habits, and feelings of its own, and that the literature of one country therefore will not be similar to the literature of another. There will be found characteristic differences. No family likeness will be perceptible. In the same manner our British-Indian literature was found to consist of nothing but England and Arcadia; and the features of Indian society, polity, and manners, were never once made subjects of study and attentive meditation. The literati of those times were more anxious to take at second hand, and to dilute the sentiments and ideas of others, than to be found to have struck out a new path, and examined India by the learning and the civilization of England. It is true we had not among us men of genius, of *lofty and impassioned souls*, who could create an era in the literature of a country; we had second, and third rate men, who, unable to shine by the light of their own ability, or live in the splendour of others, were content to take the tinsel of men of genius, and wear it upon their own shoulders. Now there is no one, who will assert, that even to this day, India can lay claim to an Oriental Literature. The field is extensive but the laborers are few. The spoil is immense, but there are no pioneers. The surface of Indian society is not much regarded, much less is its depth. It may be aptly likened to a joiner's work which is composed of several parts, but all of which are closely put together, and the task of separating them is indeed very difficult. The peculiarities of the absurd system of caste, are not wholly understood. When an individual makes his acquaintance with the Hindu character, he finds himself among a strange and distinct race of men. He has nothing in common with them, but the mere external form of humanity—"his thoughts are not their thoughts, and his ways are not their ways." When Rip van Winkle arose from his *centenary* slumber, his astonishment could never equal that of the man who first takes a survey of Hindu society, and remarks the numberless divisions into which the people are scattered, and how strictly and proudly they are observed.

By far the most celebrated periodical of its day was the Calcutta Journal edited by Mr. J. S. Buckingham. There are many of our readers who will recollect the times to which we are making reference. We were ourselves young, and even in that dewy season of our boyhood, we could not divest ourselves of a growing desire to mingle in the throng of eager, warm disputants and feel a portion of the heat and toil of combatants. It was a season of great intellectual activity. The John Bull and the Calcutta Journal were constantly waging war against each other. The East Indians were making loud and bitter complaints of the disabilities under which they were laboring. H. M. P., Juvenis, Cythæron, Bernard Wickliffe, D. L. R. and a host of other minor poets, adorned the literary columns of the newspapers. Amidst all this seeming agitation and constant employment, the editorial columns were sometimes illuminated with asterisks which had taken the place of some twenty or fifty lines of sterling matter, nourishing *pabulum* for the community. Whence this *hiatus*? Our readers, perhaps the majority of them, are not aware, that it was owing to the *flat end* of the censor's *stylus*, that so much had been taken away from their instruction and amusement. The sword of Damocles hung over the heads of journalists. A censor's *imprimatur* was required for guarding and protecting the morality of the people. The Government was so tender-hearted that the understandings of men should not be misdirected, and their hearts not be corrupted, that it appointed one of its own officers, to prepare the intellectual repast for the body of the people. It framed the bed of Procrustes and reduced every thing to its own measure and standard. Notwithstanding, those were the golden days of British-Indian Literature. The conductors of the John Bull were well rewarded, and there is one amongst us now, a living example of the patronage of Government for the services he had rendered it, by blindly defending its acts, "through good report and through evil report."

We cannot pass over in silence, the names of Mr. Buckingham, Dr. Bryce, Mr. Greenlaw (the father of steam communication between England and India), Dr. Fullarton and others, who, in those days conducted the newspapers of the City of Palaces, with great ability and considerable success. One thing cannot but be remarked. The newspapers of those days contained much of English and European intelligence, and a *modicum* of local news. The eyes and ears of editors were bent upon England, and nothing of India was sought after. The case is different now. The axis of motion has changed completely. The poles have taken each other's places, and we hail this change from worse to better; but we shall dwell upon it, at some length, in the sequel of this article.

We cannot forbear touching upon some of the subjects which employed the pens, and exercised the brains of correspondents. While "A Company's Penknife," and "A Company's Keranee," "An East Indian," and "A European" met at tilt and tournay, in the field of a newspaper; while the strife of words ran high, and men met their brethren at the point of the pen; the editors themselves were not free from the *cacoethes bellandi*; and in their daily career, they dealt each other

heavy blows. While one reverend gentleman, who loved the heat and the dust of controversy, and was at once reproached for occupying the Pulpit, the Editor's chair, and the *musnud* of the Secretary to the Stationery Committee, sought indemnification for an injured reputation which he valued at the highest price in the Government lottery, and which the court adjudged to be only worth a few thousand rupees; the Editor of the Calcutta Journal, at the same time, who valued his reputation in a pecuniary point of view at *zero*, received a compensation of three thousand Rupees from the Supreme Court of Calcutta. While editors abandoning the pen met each other with bullets made of "molten lead;" and editorial columns smelt of gunpowder and grew terrific from pistols, and blunderbusses, and other warlike instruments "all glistening in a row;"—while so much and such great things were being done, a better order of things was gradually rising. The lowering and cloudy morning generally ushers the brightest noon, and such was the case with literature in this country. After the departure of the Marquis of Hastings, a gloom, "dark as Erebus" and dull as a starless night, overhung the prospects of all things. Mr. Buckingham was *proscribed* by the Deputy Governor Mr. Adams, and the independent Mr. Arnott was silenced. Soon after the newspapers which advocated the cause of Government were permitted to luxuriate here; while those which, in an honest and independent tone, pointed at its evils, were persecuted. Every person who did not leave the shores of England as a "free man" was seized as an interloper on this blissful seat of paradise, Bengal, and immediately sent back to his native isle. The feelings of men ran high; and as a river which is opposed in its current swells into a torrent, so did the passions of men agitate the breast and cause society to give those indications which threaten a volcanic eruption. But happily a change came over the spirit of British-Indian Legislation, and the Press was declared free. Its freedom however depended upon the will of the nobleman at the head of affairs in this country, and it was left to the worthy baronet who reigned but 360 days, to give to the British Indian Press, its freedom.

The newspapers of the present day contain what might be termed the Literature of British India. They are conducted with ability and success. They publish prominently the affairs of India. They are the only vehicles through which we can derive a knowledge of the wants and claims of this country. They have often given to the Government valuable information, and we are assured that in a few years, they will be the only channels for conveying the most important intelligence respecting it. When we come to consider what the India Gazette, the Bengal Hurkaru and the John Bull, three of the first rate papers in this country had contributed to the demands of India: and what the Bengal Hurkaru and Englishman, the Friend of India, and last though not least the Calcutta Star have of late done, we contemplate with satisfaction the extensive change which has taken place, and how much each paper individually is superior in point of information to all the papers existing, about ten years ago. The journals of the present day may be said to be mirrors which reflect the

actual condition of British India. They do not give us a bird's eye view of the state of this country, but by their daily issue they give us a connected history of its extent, resources, present state, and future prospects. The muse of the history of India dwells in its newspapers, for we must acknowledge "with shame and contrition of heart," that there is not a valuable book that will furnish men with accurate information of this country. The archives of the India House and the Board of Control will not assist an individual in forming a correct estimate of the condition of British India. For after all what is the circle of information that the records in England, of Indian affairs, embraces? The papers transmitted from this country by the mail, inform the honorable gentlemen of Leadenhall Street, of the amount of revenues collected from each district, of the operations of the civil servants of the company, and of the expenditure of the government here. They do not however convey, what is most valuable, information regarding the feelings, passions, and manners of the people. They do not tell of the fantastic tricks of Mofussil Magistrates, of the oppression of the Zemindars; of the helpless beggary of the Ryots, of the deep Ignorance of the people; of the grinding superstition of the Brahmins; of the state of education; of the constitution of the government schools; and of other information respecting the habits, manners and customs of the natives of this country. He who would write the history of India from such materials as these would produce a capital history of the revenue and expenditure of British India, but would be extremely meagre in that portion of history which refers to the manners and feelings of the aborigines. All the information, as valuable as it is useful, is furnished by the newspapers of the country, and the service that they have done and are doing to the cause of humanity in India, cannot be easily and accurately measured.

There was a time, in the annals of British-Indian literature, when literary periodicals grew and flourished. "The Calcutta Literary Gazette;" "The Oriental Observer;" "The Calcutta Monthly Magazine;" "the proceedings of the Pococurante Society," and "the Kaleidoscope," held the foremost places. The first mentioned periodical was most ably conducted under the auspices of Capt. D. L. Richardson; and we can never forget the anxiety with which every individual looked for it, on the day of its appearance. The spirited imitations of Lord Byron, L. E. L., Wordsworth, Moore, and the other celebrated poets of the day; as well as the pretty essays under the signatures of D. L. R. and K., the latter of whom wrote a passionate tale, styled the "Hunchback;" all these can never fade from recollection. They are links which connect us with better days. They tell us of the life and animation which prevailed in those days among literary men. They lastly cause us to grieve at our present condition. The Oriental Observer sustained a *mediocre* place in the estimation of men. It was always considered a second-rate publication and it has now merged into the Literary Gazette, which to speak truth, has not gained much by this union. The marriage has not realized the expectations of men. But we must correct ourselves. We should not

designate this connection as one of marriage. For the Bengal Herald is literally guilty of polygamy. It has selected for its partners, "The Reformer," "The Literary Gazette," and the "Oriental Observer," and has lost much of its spirit and talent. The proceedings of the *Pocourante* Society appeared (if memory fail not) twice or thrice. The first number contained a spirited article on the poetry of Shelley, and the subsequent number or numbers, languished until the periodical died a natural death. The Kaleidoscope was chiefly conducted by East Indians, and it was found a successful rival of the other periodicals. We cannot at present recall to our recollection any article which may be regarded as the production of a great mind, but considering the circumstances of British Indian literature, in those days, it was a publication well worthy of its conductors.

We might perhaps enumerate other periodicals, but the bare recital of them, will prove of no interest—yet we would single out two from the number; we allude to the "Indian Register," and the "East Indian;" periodicals conducted with great talent and full of promise. The first was conducted by a gentleman, who is still among us, and who has on two occasions, favored us with his assistance. We only wish, that he will not permit his talents to run waste, but that he will leave us some memorial of that, which will reflect honor on the community to which he belongs, and which we would not willingly let die.

The other paper was conducted by the late H. L. V. Derozio, of whom we shall speak in the sequel of our remarks. It was a really excellent paper, and had the talented young man been permitted to breathe a little longer this earthly air, he would have raised the tone of his Journal and caused it to occupy a very respectable place, in the list of newspapers of this city. After his death it fell into inexperienced hands—mere quacks, and the paper sank to rise no more.

Notwithstanding its newspapers, and weekly and monthly periodicals, Calcutta could also boast of its annuals. We wish they were continued. They are really welcome visitors; they come like the messengers of spring once a year, and contain the lucubrations of esteemed and revered friends. We always hailed them, with heartfelt satisfaction. They are redolent of all that is fair and pleasant. In them we read the precious thoughts of precious men, and shook hands with all those who contributed to our improvement. "The Bengal Annual" and "The Orient Pearl" started fair and honest rivals. The articles that appeared in these annuals, were in no way inferior to those, which appear in such guise in the more genial clime of old England.* "The Griffin" written by Dr. Grant is in our opinion one of his most successful efforts; and his little sonnet on the French Revolution of 1830, one of the most spirited pieces of poetry that have fallen from his pen. The tale written by H. M. P. of the condition of the world, about two centuries hence, is indeed a fine specimen of the author's nervous style of writing. The poetry of Captain Calder Campbell, studded, like gems, the pages of the annuals. We have not sufficient space to spare, else we would have examined more minutely the contents of these annuals, and pursued a little farther our reminiscences,

to prove the high opinion, we entertain, of the articles, that graced the Bengal Annual and the Orient Pearl.

It will not be considered irrelevant to notice the sacred literature of British India. This is a peculiar feature in the history of this country. It speaks well of the cause of Christianity. It shows that the clergy here, are devoted to the work and that they are not slow in adopting the happiest and best measures of the reverend champions of England. The advantage which is derived from the establishment of periodicals, directed to the propagation of Christianity, is not only felt among the ministers of the Gospel, who write and read their own, or other's views and labors, but it is not unfelt among the Hindus, who are just emerging from ignorance and to whom such periodicals are of immense value. They tell them in language that all can understand, that Christianity does not possess harsh and repulsive features, but that it is extremely prepossessing; they tell them, in plain terms, that the voice of Christianity, is not scornful and reproaching, but that it is as gentle as Apollo's lute. The writings of these periodicals are, generally speaking, characterized by sound views, nice discrimination, and close and perspicuous reasoning. They sometimes contain articles which are above mediocrity, and which possess merit equal to any kindred publication which is circulated in England. For the sake of illustration we will only refer to the introductory article published in the first number of the Calcutta Christian Observer, (by far the most talented periodical of the day,) which is attributed to the pen of Mr. Mangles, late of the Civil Service of this country; and to the letters addressed by the Roman hand of the Rev. Dr. Duff to the late Governor-general Earl Auckland, on the subject of national education. If we were asked to cite any article which breathes the spirit of olden times, when gigantic intellects arose to support and expound the doctrines of Christianity, and which is remarkable for its scriptural honesty and purpose, we would immediately turn to the article on Theatres, written by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald. The periodical next to the Observer is the Christian Intelligencer which is conducted by the Episcopalian establishment in this city, with judgment and good sense. There are two weekly periodicals, the Church Magazine and the Calcutta Christian Advocate, both of which do not reflect much credit on their conductors. The Catholics of this city have also established a weekly periodical of their own, entitled the Catholic Herald. It is conducted with some ability and is found waging continual warfare with the Christian Advocate. It is our sincere hope that from this discussion truth will be elicited, and that the cause of Christianity will be found to prosper and grow abundantly in works of faith and charity.

It now behoves us to turn our attention to the progress of English literature among the natives of this country. Soon after the establishment of the Hindu College, many native seminaries of instruction sprung up, all remarkable for the assiduity and application of the pupils. We know indeed of no society of boys which manifests a greater desire for improvement, and more ardent self-devotion than the Hindoos. They are not given to despair. They

were persevering and steadily overcome prodigious obstacles. They are remarkable for their attention to their studies, but this attachment waxes cold, when they are removed from the influence of rewards in the schools, and are made to breathe a different atmosphere. The moment they leave the precincts of the schools and enter into life, they lose all inducement for improvement, the desire for study is chilled and they quite forget what they once knew. The native character acts only under excitement. So soon as the excitement dies away the natives relapse into their former torpor and lethargy; they require to be kept up in a state of constant fervor. They must always continue under *steam pressure*. Their motion must be accelerated by a constant force always operating upon them. They do not know, they do not understand, in fact they do not appreciate, moral courage. They have no stability of character. The *carbonic-acid gas* of applause must be in them to make them fume and fret. Capt. Richardson remarked to the writer at the *Sand Heads*—"The natives make clever boys but stupid men." Soon after the establishment of the Hindu College the minds of the pupils under the tuition of the late gifted H. L. V. Derozio, were awakened from their torpor and lethargy by the study of English Literature and Philosophy. They felt as if they were created anew. They enjoyed another existence. Like eaglets they determined to try their strength. Two newspapers were established, the *Reformer* and the *Enquirer*, both conducted by natives but mainly assisted by Derozio and other talented gentlemen who are still living. The papers continued for awhile. The "*Gyananeshun*" then came into existence. The minds of the young men were in an excitement. The advantages of knowledge were so frequently discussed that it became a bore to some to read them. Then "oppression," and "venality" and "ignorance" and "degradation," flourished in bright array. The recipe for composing an article in those days and the recipe for making a speech in the present day were alike. String together, "oppression," "venality," "corruption," and "Mahommedan government;" "mofussil laws" and "magistrates," and "ryots," and having added a few oaths and imprecations, you have the substance of a speech, usually delivered by Hindoos now, as well as the substance of an article then. These papers were not of long continuance. The *Enquirer* soon ceased to enquire, and the *Reformer* triumphed for a while, under the auspices of the Tagore family, until at length it was unfortunately connected with the *Bengal Herald*, and it lives now only in name. *Requiescant in pace*. We will not disturb their shades.

It may not be amiss to bring under passing review the Scientific Journals of this country. It is certainly due to the memory of that great genius, Sir William Jones, to give him all the praise of having instituted so prosperous and excellent an institution as the Asiatic Society. It evinces the power of genius, when we come to consider that among a body of merchants, all intent upon the accumulation of wealth, and whose breasts were so many altars to Mammon, a Society, so distinct from their every-day occupation, so separate from their interests and their feelings, should be established, and yet such is the fact.

That the Asiatic Society has done much good cannot be for a moment doubted, for we have only to look for confirmation to the Journal published by that Society. We will only cite two instances, of the great advantage it has already conferred on the hallowed cause of man. The discovery of the Bactrian coins has thrown a flood of light upon ancient history and supplied some of its broken links; and the papers relating to the topography and statistics of Afghanistan have not only enlarged the limits of geography, but have actually added to the stock of the world's experience, and extended the domains of science.

The next publication is the Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Calcutta. It is indeed a valuable, and will prove to be a most useful work, for reference and instruction. To the future agriculturist it will furnish the most accurate and important information. It will open up the resources of India, be the means of introducing improved skill and dexterity, and the discoveries of other more advanced countries, and produce lasting benefits to India.

The third publication is the Journal of Natural History. It has been so lately published, and is already so well known, that it is needless to say a word in its favor.

The fourth publication is the Medical Journal, the usefulness of which is beyond a shadow of a doubt. All science is useful to man, and contributes to promote his comfort and convenience. A scientific journal of the humblest pretensions is really most serviceable to the cause of humanity. If it will not readily produce the desired effect it hopes and is ambitious of obtaining, it will at least collect a body of facts which will be found of great use to future enquirers, who, by arranging them, will serve to further the progress of useful science and the happiness of man.

Before concluding this article, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over in silence the names of some of those gifted spirits, who have adorned our literature, afforded us amusement, and been satisfied with the little reward, which we have bestowed upon them. A number of names come crowding upon our pen, which we would fain set down in order, and upon whose merits we would, in passing, speak a few words, but our narrow limits will deprive us of the pleasure of giving our humble testimony to the elegance and spirit of those productions, which from time to time, were published by them, for our benefit and pleasure. Could we but afford room for making such an interesting catalogue, we would gladly take the *onus* of such a task upon ourselves. Could we but erect a pillar, like that which commemorated the gallant defence of Thermopylae, we should deem it our duty and consider it a privilege to write the names of "each and all of them" upon it. But, in truth, circumstances throw obstacles against our wishes and desires. We would however select the names of Dr. John Grant, and Capt. R. A. McNaghten, for a few brief remarks. The former, as editor of the "*India Gazette*" had established his reputation as a literary scholar among us. Though an humble follower of *Æsculapius*, he soon forgot his medicine, and found that he could not breath in the atmosphere of an apothecary's shop. The muses had greater charms for him; he felt their pulses; he knew their agitations;

and he freely gave himself up to their service. The *vis comica* was his forte. "The Griffin" will never cease to recall his name. As a poet, he wrote nothing remarkable. There was a brilliancy in his little pieces; a kind of off-hand ease and facility in his verses, that won the attention of his reader. As a speaker he was respectable; and as a debater, he shone most in pleasant ridicule. Capt. McNaghten, on the other hand, did not possess the amenity of Dr. Grant. His pen was a tomahawk, and all those, who were beyond the pale of his clique were treated with great severity and rudeness. And yet, strange to say, no man sooner sought the ægis of the law, for safety, than Capt. McNaghten. He knew to abuse, and no one bespattered his opponents more with it, than he. As a poet he does not rank high. We are no violent admirers of his muse. There was a careless thoughtlessness in all his poetry, which tingled in the ear, but never reached the heart. In conversational powers he was miserably deficient. This duumvirate possessed nothing in common. They ~~were~~ at opposite points. The attraction of repulsion kept them both asunder. Dr. Grant would soon become, as he was, a popular man; while Capt. McNaghten would always be regarded with dislike.

The names of Mr. Henderson, Baboo Kalipersaud Ghose, and some others pass in review before us. But we cannot say more to them, than Macbeth did, when he saw the long line of Banquo's descendants, that were destined to succeed him. However there are three names, which must be brought to notice; three minds, whose length and breadth must be measured; three men of talents, who have left monuments of remembrance behind them, which deserve to be made prominent subjects of remark. They have earned for themselves this title. They are children of renown. They made no little noise during their career, and for these reasons, they must not be passed over in silence. From a group of individuals who have made some figure, in the literature of this country, three

"Would we select from this gay throng;

Partly that bright names might hallow song"

* * * * *

and partly that some notice is not unworthy of them. We allude to H. M. P., Derozio, and D. L. R.

As a poet H. M. P. was decidedly the greatest of his time, if we pigmies be allowed to talk of *our* great men. There was a nerve and spirit in his poetry, which required care and cultivation to produce something "rich and rare." We would aver it as our opinion, that he would excel as a lyric poet. The sample that we have given below is sufficient to corroborate our assertion. His muse was daring. "She waved her *eaglet's* plumes exulting in the light." His "Draught of Immortality" contains many beautiful passages. Nor does he fail in the pathetic. Our quotation will prove, that he possessed a tender and delicate soul. His mind was cast in a truly poetical world, and were it his fate, not to have trod the velvet path of life, his genius like the chamomile, would have emitted a purer, and holier fragrance, when crushed by adversity. But this was not his lot. A p rimrose path was always stretched before him, and he walked in it

gaily and heedlessly, as the few notes, which his harp has produced amply testify. As a prose writer, he excels in exciting laughter. His inimitable letters, signed "John Barleycorn," on the subject of the Salt Monopoly remind one of the happier efforts of the Rev. Sydney Smith. As a speaker he was indeed brilliant, as all will admit, who had attended the dinner given to him, at the "Sans Souci." As an actor, he was one of the best in our Calcutta Drury, but the time has long gone by since he made his last appearance as Pistol in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

THE QUIET GRAVE.

WEEP not for me when I am gone
To my welcome rest.
Oh ! lay no chilly stone
Upon my quiet breast ;
But let my grassy tomb be made
In a most still and ever verdant shade,
Where blossoms scent the tranquil air,
And the pale drooping willow laves
Its boughs in some clear silent stream ;
Where the murmuring of far-off waves
Sounds soft as music in a dream :
Oh ! lay me there.

2.

Let smooth green turf be all my grave,
But let beautiful flowers
Gently around it wave,
To mark the voiceless hours,
In that hushed bower of repose,
By their sweet opening and dewy close.
Let violet, and all that bloom
On sunny banks, there woo the bees.
Shaded from summer's noontide heat,
By thick and fragrant linden trees,
To hum their pastoral music sweet
Around my tomb.

3.

Oh ! lay me where the mildest beams
Of the glorious sun
May rest in golden streams,
Ere his bright course be done ;
Then, while the gentle stock-dove's plaint
Murmurs through purple woods—far off and faint,
Let lovers come ; but not to weep
I ask no tears, save that soft dew
Which falls beneath the evening star ;
But let them love's true vows renew,
With hearts as pure as angels are,
Where calm I sleep.

THE TURK AND THE GREEK.

The Turk

THE crescent gleams angry and pale
Over Stamboul, the cily of towers :

The Pashas have muster'd their powers,
 Their horse-tails are flung to the gale ;
 There's the bands from the East,
 With their proud courses prancing ;
 And the fierce Algerines
 With their scimitars glancing ;
 Then up with the "Allah Hu!" out with the sabre
 Arm every Moslem, from Belgrade to Tabor.

They come, with their banners of war ;
 They come, and the firm earth is shaken ;
 They come, and their trumpets awaken
 The echoes in mountains afar :
 They come as the torrents
 From winter-hills gushing,
 They come as the storm
 Through the dark forest rushing ;
 Then up to the battle, and out with the sabre
 Sound Turkish trumpets, from Belgrade to Tabor.

The Greek.

Vain robber ! we laugh thee to scorn,
 For the bold hearts of Greece are in motion ;
 They rush from the hills and the ocean
 At the blast of young Liberty's horn :
 And hark ! to yon war-note ;
 Say, doth it resemble
 The sound of the trumpet
 At which your hosts tremble ?
 Yes—the Russ arms for battles, and death to the slave
 Who would shrink from the soul-stirring field of the brave.

The "Black Eagle" comes like a cloud,
 By the blast of the hurricane driven
 Through the rack of the storm-darken'd heaven
 The screams for the battle aloud.
 His beak with the blood
 Of the Frank robber streaming ;
 His eye with the fire
 Of his victory gleaming ;
 And soon shall his royal flight, gallant and steady,
 Eclipse the pale crescent ;—'tis darken'd already.

But oh ! that alone we may try
 To repay all the wrongs we have treasured,
 With revenge like our insults unmeasured ;
 To do so, what Greek would not die ?
 For that the Mainote
 Now resigns his long galley,
 The Epirot his brown hills
 The Spartan his valley,
 Then wake the Greek battle cry—"Conquer or perish ;"
 We 'il wreak on our tyrants the vengeance we cherish.

What shall we say or write of Derozio, the Muse's highly favored son. Born and educated in India, he awakened strains from the harp of his country, which will not be all forgotten. It is true that he is not so much read now as he was some years ago, and we must frankly confess the reason. Because in all that he had written, he gave us earnest of what we were to expect from the noontide of his genius,

when the morning was so fair and beautiful. His images and comparisons remind one of Byron and Moore ; and we lament the circumstance. The Oriental descriptions of the latter are as much above the fact, as Byron's delineations of men and of human society, are below the truth. Had he studied Milton and Shakspeare with that devotion, which he bestowed upon Byron and Moore, we are assured, that his poetry would contain more substance, more bone and muscle, than they now do. In some of his writings, you find an assemblage of gay and sparkling images, and when you endeavour after perusal, to consider, what effect or impression they have made upon your mind, you can remember nothing. There is a vague recollection of some things, beautiful and brilliant, but you cannot call to mind, one individual instance. You appear to be like a guest in a banquet, many are around you ; every thing is brilliant and passing fair ; the assembly depart and you endeavour in vain to individualize one face or person. Like summer clouds illumined by the sun, they pass away, and "leave no trace behind."

We have, it may be supposed, passed a severe censure upon a gifted bard, but we must state in our defence, that we are not blind worshippers at the shrine of genius. It is true we leave our prejudices behind, but we cannot overlook defects. On the whole however, Derozio was a poet and a legitimate child of the Muses. His was a soul that expanded in the regions of liberty and disported in the reminiscences of Greece and Rome. His *Fakeer of Jungheerah* possesses great merit. It displays his romantic and inventive powers. The subject is a threadbare one, but no sooner does the poet breathe his aspirations upon it, than the dry-bones live and animation enlivens the frame. As a prose writer he stands confessedly high. There was a beauty in his prose which was the beauty of Lord Byron's prose. Nothing seemed forced ; all was smooth and gentle. There was no straining after effect, his lines moved harmoniously and free. But above all he was no mean metaphysician. His strictures on the philosophy of Kant received the warm commendation of the Rev. Dr. Mill, than whom, there was not a more qualified person to form a correct estimate of them.*

EXTRACT FROM THE *FAKEER OF JUNGHEERAH*.

How like young spirits on the wing
 The viewless winds are wandering !
 Now o'er the flower-bells fair they creep
 Whisking sweet odours out of sleep ;
 Now stealing softly through the grass
 That rustles as the breezes pass,
 Just breathing such a gentle sigh
 As love would live for ever by !
 The sun-lit stream in dimples breaks,
 As when a child from slumber wakes,
 Sweet smiling on its mother—there,

* The writer of this article is preparing a collection of the works of Derozio, to which will be added a memoir of his life.

Like heavenly hope o'er mortal care !
The sun is like a golden urn,
Where floods of light forever burn,
And fall like blessings fast on earth,
Bringing its beauties brightly forth.
From field to field the butterfly
Flits—a bright creature of the sky ;
As if an angel plucked a flower
From fairest heaven's immortal bower,
The loveliest, and the sweetest there
Blooming like bliss in life's parterre ;
And after having pinions given,
As earnest of eternal powers,
To show what beauty buds in heaven
Had sent it to this world of our's.
And wildly roving there the bee
On quivering wing of melody
From shrub to shrub enamoured hies,
Then, like a faithless lover, flies,
Giddy and wild even as he sips
Their honey from the flowrets lips.
O ! there beneath the chequered shade
By the wide-spreading banyan made,
How sweetly wove might be the theme
Of gifted bard's delicious dream !
His temples fanned by freshening air,
His brain by fancies circled fair
His heart on pleasure's bosom laid
His thoughts in robes of song arrayed—
How blest such beauteous spot would be
Unto the soul of minstrelsy !

EXTRACT FROM THE RUINS OF RAJMAHAL.

No serf has lighted yon Kiosk,
There's no Muezzin in the Mosque,
No vesper hymn, no morning prayer
Shall be put up, or answered there ;
The sacred hall, the holy sod
By unbelievers' feet are trod,
And ruthless hands have reft away
The marble that might mock decay :
No revel's held in yon Dulan,
No priest from hallowed Al Koran
A verse in solemn strain shall read,
Nor faithful Moslem chaunt his creed,
Where many a sage Enthusiast
Has worshipped—but that day is past !
The weed is on the sable wall,
The wild-dog's howling in the hall,
The broken columns scatter'd by ;
And hark ! the owl's dismal cry
Is driven through the lattice high ;—
A moonbeam's gleaming through the cleft
That Ruin half reluctant left ;
Yet on-ward went he, and his march
Is shown by what was once an arch ;
And many a shatter'd stop and stone

Where lights the foot with faltering tread,
 But sadly speak of what is gone,
 As relics whisper of the dead.
 These are like some celestial tone
 Of music that undying fled,
 To which (though ne'er the hallow'd strain
 May e'en in echo wake again)
 The memory is rivetted !
 I would not have the day return
 That saw these wrecked in all their pride
 As he who weeps o'er Beauty's urn
 Feels what he felt not by her side
 A gloom that gives to sorrow zest !
 A ray that is welcome to the breast,

* * * * *

Captain D. L. Richardson is a poet of a far different stamp than the two we have been considering. His muse is not daring, nor, does it

Build on a cedar's top,
 And sport with the wind, and dally with the sun.

He may be aptly said to be a domestic poet. He awakens the tender feelings of his soul; and his genius delights in drawing its chair near the hearth. He appeals to our softest sensibilities. He calls up those desires "which ask but little room." He makes us feel that we are men, who possess a house, wife, and bairns, and who love a quiet tranquil life, exposed to no storms, and "unfanned by strange desires." We are pleased with his effusions. We admire them, but we do not in our moments of inspiration either drink deep of them, or quote them as household words," or articles of belief.

Captain Richardson, however, excels in prose. Although no one feels and understands the *limæ labor* more than he does; although no one is more fastidious and less pleased than he is, yet in our opinion, he is a better prose writer, than poet. His prose is chaste and elegant, and there is an exquisite music, in the cadence of his sentences. His periods are well-turned, and they terminate with the sense. As a critic, he is first rate. Affable and generous, he is kind to the imperfections of authors, and often extends to them, his gracious indulgence. We feel it to be our duty to say so much for him; and we would have said more, but his writings are so well known, and appreciated, that we think it to be a useless task, a work of supererogation, to dissect those productions which have been almost daily before our eyes.

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY ON CHILDREN.

"The changing looks and attitudes of children afford a perpetual feast to every eye that have a true perception of grace and beauty. They surpass the sweetest creations of the poet or the painter. They are prompted by material nature, who keeps an incessant watch over her infant favorites and directs their minutest movements, and their most evanescent thoughts. Beneath such holy tutorage thy can never err. They throw their sleek and pliant limbs into every variety of posture, and still preserve the true line of beauty as surely as a ball preserves its roundness. They live in an atmosphere of loveliness, and like moving clouds are ever changing their ethereal aspects, and yet always catch the light. Even the moral defects of maturer years are often beautiful in childhood, and bear different characters. The cunning of the man is innocent archness in the child. Ignorance in the one is a gross and miserable condition, in the other it is purity and

bliss. The imperfections that are ludicrous or offensive in manhood, in infancy are inexpressibly engaging. The stammering of an adult or his mistakes in acquiring a new language are unpleasing to the most friendly ear, and even lower him in some degree in his own estimation. But the first imperfect sounds and broken words of a child are as sweet as the irregular music of interrupted rivulets. They stir the heart like magic and impel us as it were, in the sudden wantonness of affection to shut the little rosy portals of the cherub's soul with a shower of impetuous kisses. The garrulity of age is not like the eager prattling of infancy. The child's artless talk can never weary us. Our ears are as tireless as his tongue.

Even thrice-told tales are sweet,
That cheerful children tell,
On sounds their rosy lips repeat
The ear for aye could dwell ;—
Unlike all other things of earth
Their winning ways and useless mirth
Still hold us as a spell ;
In every mood, in every hour,
They bear the same enchanting power. ———

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

How delightful is the study of the human head ! It is a mystery and a glory ! It at once perplexes the reason and kindles the imagination ! What a wondrous treasury of knowledge—what a vast world of thought is contained within its ivory walls ! In that small citadel of the soul, what a host of mighty and immortal images are ranged uncrowded ! What floods of external light and what an endless variety of sounds are admitted to the busy world within, through those small but beautiful apertures, the eye and the ear ? Those delicately penciled arches that hang their lines of loveliness above the mental heaven are more full of grace and glory than the rainbow. Those blue windows of the mind expose a sight more lovely and profound than the azure depths of the sea or sky. These rosy portals that give entrance to the invisible Spirit of Life and whence issue those winged words that steal into the lover's heart, or the sage's mind, or fly to the utmost corners of the earth and live for ever, surpass in beauty the orient cloud-gates of the dawn ! To trace in such exquisite outworks the state of the interior, is an occupation almost worthy of a God.

MORNING.

Behold, glad Nature's triumph ! Lo, the sun
Hath burst the fall of night, and o'er the earth
Reviving radiance scattered. Sleep hath done
Her death-resembling reign, and thoughts have birth
That thrill the grateful heart with holy mirth :
While fresh as flowers that deck the dewy ground
Gay Fancy's bright-hued images abound,
And mortals feel the glory and the worth
Of that dear boon—existence ;—all around
Unnumbered charms arise in every sight and sound !
The scene is steeped in beauty—and my soul, •
No longer lingering in the gloom of care,
Doth greet creation's smile. The gray clouds roll
E'en from the mountains peaks and melt in air !
The landscape looks an Eden ! Who could wear
The frown of sorrow now ? This glorious hour
Reveals the ruling God ! The heavens are bare !
Each sunny stream, and blossom-mantled bower
Breathes of prevailing love, and proves the Power
That spoke him into life, hath blessed man's earthly dower.

The task of the writer is nearly accomplished. That which has been written does not exhaust the subject, which to speak truth,

requires more space than the limits of the Magazine will permit. A mere seminal principle, and not a full developed form has been presented. A mere miniature has been sketched. Few and short have been the remarks that have been written, but though little has been done, the writer hopes that, that little will have the effect of awakening the lethargy of some veteran of British Indian literature, to write more fully on the subject. He takes credit for being the first, who has collected facts which were floating in the memories of men, and given them permanency. The present condensed essay, may perhaps lead to better results; it may be the harbinger of a complete article on so fertile and interesting a theme, as literature. The present condition of British Indian Literature, is lamentably low. The natives of this country are learning. They are acquiring the alphabet of the English language, and the sons of Albion, in this scorching clime, feel no inducement to write. Praise is either blindly or niggardily bestowed, and substantial rewards are not forthcoming. No work of great literary merit, since the palmy days to which we have referred, has appeared amongst us. We must look to our newspapers as the standard of literature in this country. We sincerely hope, that ere long, a number of literary men, will rise amongst us, and a number of works of literary merit, will proceed from the press of India. The only works that have appeared, as descriptive of Indian Society, have been "Peregrine Pulteney" and "Basil Bouverie." They reflect great credit on the author of *Jerningham* and *Doveton*, and we venture to express a hope, that he will not fail to present us with some work, a pillar of his reputation, which will be an honor to the community, and a source of lasting pride to his children, when he will be "numbered with the generations gone." That dark day, however, we hope, is distant yet. We have also among us a poet of no ordinary stamp. We refer to him who writes under the signature †, and we hope he will soon present us with a Volume of his writings.

Although this article proposed to consider the literature of British India, yet the writer has only been able, in an imperfect manner, to notice the progress and state of literature in Bengal. The literature of Agra, Bombay, and Madras, require to be noticed, and he hopes to return to the task, so soon as an opportunity is offered to him.

THE FALL OF MOSCOW.

SONNET.

THE blood-red sun sank dim and slow,
As frown'd he on th' embattled foe,
And pour'd his last portentous glow
O'er Volga heaving darkly by.

2

The Kremlin saw the lurid beam,
Return'd by that deep-blooded stream,
In fiery glance of gleam for gleam
Back to Heaven's starless canopy.

3

But ere again that sun shall rise,
Fulfill'd shall be the prophecies,
He saw with death's prophetic eyes ;
And dread shall be the sacrifice,
And lost,—yet won the victory !

4

For Freedom flung her banner forth
O'er Moscow, in her death and birth ;
A beacon unto all the earth ;
To teach to man a deed of worth,
She hung it in that polar sky.

5

'Tis midnight :—waving far around
The watch fire's fitful flames abound,
For deadliest foes are on that ground,
That darkly glare, and crouch to bound
Each on the other wolfishly.

6

And 'long the far and darken'd heath,
No sound is caught, nor heard is breath,
Though front to front gaze ranks of death,
And gapes the black artillery.

7

The rolling drum is heard no more—
Nor brazen trump its clangs to pour—
Nor cannon's deepening deadly roar—
For Silence sat the city o'er,
Like Death in darkest majesty.

8

Enthron'd upon a sepulchre,
Waiting the Resurrection's stir—
The call of that dread Trumpeter—
Th' Angelic grand Ambassador
Of HIM !—the HOLY and the HIGH !

9

But hark !—that sound !—the signal gun—
From battery to bastion
Flash,—flame,—and roar in thunder run ;—
“ On,—on !—it is the storm begun—
“ On, Gallia,* on !—the Kremlin's won !—
“ O'er Moscow shall my eagles fly !”

10

No—Tyrant no—they shall not fly ;
Moscow !—the sacred and the high !
Sooner she melts into the sky,

* The reader will of course remember Marmion—“ Charge ! Chester, Charge. On, Stanley, on.” and “ On ye brave ! who rush to glory or the grave.”—*Campbell*.

Or ~~bat~~ her ashes meet thine eye ;—
 done !—lo 'Tis there !—what bursts on high ?

11

On high it burst !—for redly there
 Up-blaz'd in midnight's murky air
 Ten thousand flames of ruddy glare,
 Rose Moscow then a Phœnix fair—
 A Seraph soaring gloriously !

12

Heard was no sound of trump or drum—
 Hush'd was the multitudes' hoarse hum—
 All—all as deepest death was dumb,
 All !—but the foeless foe that come,
 And flames that roar exultingly.

13

On, on ! they roar'd, and rush'd, and roll'd
 Like Boas huge of fold on fold
 When flash their eyes and crests of gold
 Above their victim's agony.

14

Oh ! of volcanoes, yet the first
 By Glory lit, and Freedom nurst ;
 Sublimest—grandest—brightest burst,
 Thou earthquake of the soul that durst
 Display a new Thermopylæ !

15

Forth on thy bounding thunders roll—
 Thy blazes flash from pole to pole—
 Light Freedom's flame on every soul,
 A banner gorgeous,—golden,—free ;

16

Yet go, and to Ambition teach,
 More than Philosophy could preach ;
 And paralyze her despot each,
 And trample down dark tyranny.

17

But—where's the Desolator gone—
 The god that made this Earth his own,—
 That trampled on each prostrate throne ?
 Go,—gaze upon his islet lone,
 And ask the rolling chainless sea.

18

That element in thunder's noise
 Till speaking in its Maker's voice,
 Rolls all his waves o'er Tyrants' toys,
 And bids man struggle—rise—rejoice
 For Glory, and for Liberty !

THE ANGLO-INDIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein is recorded an interview with a great man of little stature, together with other matters, the nature of which will be ascertained by perusal.

Having paid our round of visits to my clerical brethren, the next morning Mr. Dashaway took me to see Mr. Littlebig. A few words will give the reader some idea of this officer. He was a short, stout-built man, possessing great muscular strength. He had a rotund physiognomy, adorned with a pair of closely-cropped whiskers, which met at the chin. He was extremely partial to the perilous sport of tiger hunting, and used frequently to go into the district on this expedition. He was rather blunt, but withal candid in his manners, and was on the whole very well liked by those serving under him. When Mr. Dashaway and myself were announced, the Collector was engaged in hearing the morning reports, and directed us to be shewn into another room: in a short time he joined us.

"Well Mr. Scribbler," said he, "I am glad to find you have arrived."—I made a reverential bow.

"I have," continued he, "received a letter from Mr. Essleton, who informs me that you are the son of Major Scribbler, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Let me assure you, Sir, that it will afford me great pleasure to forward your prospects, if I see you apt, and industriously inclined, of which I have hardly a doubt. Where do you reside?"

"Mr. Dashaway," I replied, "has been kind enough to allow me a room, but I should not like to trespass on his goodness."

"You are quite right," returned Mr. Littlebig—"I should have been happy to accommodate you for a time in my kotee, had it not been for an unexpected visitor. Bungalows are rather scarce at present; but stop!—I shall speak to my friend Brigadier Ajax, and try and secure for you the house attached to the lines of the Provincial battalion, that has just been disbanded. I dare say it is a habitable place, as it was only vacated the other day by the Quarter Master Sergeant; at any rate you can occupy it, until a better can be procured. Meanwhile as you require rest after the fatigue of your journey, you need not trouble yourself about attending office till Monday."

I thanked the considerate gentleman for his kindness, and after some desultory conversation on sundry matters my first interview with him concluded. I was much pleased with my reception, from which I confidently augured success while under him. In the course of the following day I learnt that Mr. Littlebig had obtained for me the house he had alluded to, and in the evening Mr. Dashaway took me to inspect it. I must confess, that I was far from delighted at its exterior appearance, nor yet at its internal recommendations. Moreover it stood in an almost isolated situation, at the angle of a range of dismantled huts, whose bare, blackened walls imparted an air of gloom and desolation to the whole, which by no means reconciled me to the dreary habi-

tation. My companion guessing my thoughts, very pressingly repeated his offer of accommodation in his own splendid residence ; and did all he could to dissuade me from taking up my quarters in the dismal little place which we were surveying, alleging as arguments against its occupancy, its remoteness from the central part of the station, and the dangerous harbour that the roofless lines and the adjoining belts of arms afforded to nocturnal depredators. Mr. Dashaway's views were quite in unison with mine, and gladly would I have accepted his offer, but the circumstance of Mr. Littlebig having interested himself in the matter, and the house having been allowed free of rent, determined me upon trying it at all hazard. Accordingly the next day I removed into it, and for my better protection, I engaged a complete establishment of servants ; one half of whom were to sleep on the premises. It would have been more judicious on my part, if I had employed a couple of men to keep awake all night ; but I did not think of this then.

On the appointed day I attended office with Mr. Dashaway, but before sitting to our desks he led me through a circuit of the building. In one room of capacious dimensions, and well surrounded with khush-tattees, sat Mr. Littlebig himself : behind him stood a peon solemnly waving a *moorchul* over his head : around him was seated a promiscuous assembly consisting of *omlahs* and *oomedwars*, complainants and defendants, counsellors and clients, rogues and ruffians, idlers and spectators ; from the gorgeously appareled Cashmerian, who sat at the Collector's right hand, to the half naked itinerant brahmin, with a flagon of River water slung across his shoulders, which he doled out to fanatic requisitionists in sparing quantities, accompanied with certain mysterious expressions. Mr. Littlebig was listening to the details of a case, while another officer was constantly thrusting heaps of papers before him for signature. We entered another room, wherein sat the Magistrate, with all the solemnity of magisterial dignity. In former times the functions of Magistrate and Collector were discharged by different individuals, and the present system of combining duality in unity did not then exist. The Magistrate's cutcherry was not so thickly peopled as that we had just left. Before this august functionary stood a trembling culprit, manacled and fettered, and guarded by a band of burkundazes with drawn swords. His countenance wore a most wo-begone expression and well it might, for on inquiry I learnt that he was a murderer, and had then been placed for the last time at the bar of violated justice, to hear his doom ; and when the sentence of death was communicated to him by the sheriff of the Court, the writhed criminal's face underwent a horrid contortion, his frame, became convulsed, and he was removed in a state of stupefaction. He did not think to witness such a day, when like a vengeful Musulman, he plunged the expiatory scimitar into the heart of his sister's paramour, to efface by his blood the stigma of dishonor. Three years had passed away since the perpetration of this direful deed, ere any clue could be obtained of the hiding-place of the fierce avenger. Justice however overtook him at length ; a professional informer made known the secret of his concealment ; he was apprehended, arraigned, convicted and—executed.

Leaving this painful scene, we strode into an inner apartment, occupied by a host of mootsuddes or native writers: all were chewing pawn, a few were writing; some talking; some devising plans of roguery and some were looking on at the antic tricks of a stupid-looking emaciated fellow, apparently under the influence of some potent narcotic. I was curious enough to inquire into the history of this person, and found that he was once in affluent circumstances, but was reduced to poverty by a protracted lawsuit and striving to bury in partial oblivion, the memory of his misfortunes, he accustomed himself to the inordinate use of a pernicious drug, which was gradually undermining his constitution. He contrived to gain a scanty subsistence by amusing the people of the court with his buffoonery. In a corner of the same room, was a knot of those

“Who ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting, and perplexing right;
An iron race!”

They were initiating their deluded clients in the quibbles of law, and endeavouring by chicanery to defeat the cause of the just, and establish that of the litigious pretender, provided a handsome guerdon was given them for their trouble.

Proceeding into another room we found it tenanted by a serious-faced long-bearded fat native, surrounded by his establishment. He reposed recumbent on a huge pillow, and was decidedly impressed with a strong notion that he was somebody of consequence. He rejoiced in the title of native Judge or Law Officer, and a clever fellow he was too, for he continued to maintain a well-stocked harem, a couple of elephants, and half a dozen horses, on the comparatively small sum of one hundred rupees per month. He was not a fraction in debt, and people used to wonder how he could maintain such an establishment. Some were of opinion that he knew the art of transmitting baser metals into gold, while others who piqued themselves on their shrewdness and penetration, boldly asserted that his secret consisted in his skilful method of vending justice. It was said that he received donations from both parties, and decided in favor of him who paid highest. If his decision was reversed in appeal, which was no uncommon thing, he would soothe the angry feelings of the discomfited litigant, by saying, “What could I do friend; you know that I gave you a favorable verdict, and what more was in my power? I am really very sorry that you have lost your cause, but I am not answerable for other people’s judgments.” When taxed by the party who had suffered in the first instance by his own award, he would tell him, “You fool! why should you be disheartened; you know that you have justice on your side, and why don’t you appeal? If you do, then my decision, which I only gave in your adversary’s favor to oblige him, will at once be upset to your satisfaction.” The advice was generally adopted, and the results were invariably such as had been predicated.

Having completed our survey we returned to the office, and I applied myself very assiduously to my duties until the welcome chime of 4 o’clock gave the signal for cessation.

CHAPTER IX.

Which is altogether an episodical chapter.

When I retired to my little domiciliary in the night, a sense of disagreeable loneliness oppressed me, and to beguile the tedium of the solitude, I bethought me of the manuscript given me by Mr. Dash-away, which I forthwith drew out of my escritoir. It was as follows :

THE PHASES OF VICE

OR

The History of a Vagabond.

So greatly have I suffered by the conduct of a wretch who once crossed my path, and whose base ingratitude hurled me from the condition of a thriving merchant, to that of comparative penury, that I was induced to take some pains in inquiring into his history ; and the results of my researches are here faithfully recorded. I could hardly have believed that so great turpitude existed in the human breast, but unfortunately the incidents which will be found in this narrative, have been too well established to admit of doubt.

Peter Rettop and his sister Jenny, were the children of a private soldier and a native mother ; they were left orphans at an early age ; both their parents having fallen victims to that horrible plague, the cholera, which raged with fearful virulence in the year 17—. A humane lady, the wife of a Missionary, charitably took them under her care, and being childless herself, treated them with maternal affection. Her pious husband instructed the youth in the tenets of Christianity, and the ordinary branches of learning, viz : reading, writing and arithmetic, while his sister became a clever sempstress under the tender surveillance of her mistress. But vice was an inherent quality in Peter, who soon manifested a predilection for paying secret nocturnal visits to the larder, and making free with sugar and sundry articles of confectionary ; which, be it remarked were always made for the especial use of himself and his sister, and of which he had a goodly supply at meals. His pilfering practices were not confined to the purposes of his belly, for as he grew older he skilfully extended his operations to his master's desk and wardrobe, and silver pencil-cases, penknives, neckerchiefs, handkerchiefs and other small linen, were frequently missing ; yet so dexterously did he manage his schemes, that not a shade of suspicion ever fell on him ; the more especially, as he was very clamorous whenever an article was not to be found, and declaimed loudly on the vice of dishonesty, not forgetting at the same time, to make insidious insinuations touching the integrity of the menials. Thus when a penknife was stolen, who more likely to have taken it than the sweeper, while sweeping the study ? If a dozen of new handkerchiefs would disappear, Peter's treacherous finger would point to the sirdar-bearer, and the suggestion would obtain credence, from the circumstance of that individual having ready access to the clothes-press. If an excavation had been made over-night in the sugar-pot, or a pyramidal sugarloaf had changed itself to the figure of a parabola, or if an onslanght had been committed on a jar of pre-

serves, the suspicion of the theft would be cunningly cast upon the khidmutgar, or any other poor wight belonging to the culinary establishment; and thus was the deceived Mr. Holyman constantly obliged to change his domestics for delinquencies of which they were guiltless. Meanwhile Peter grew up to be a tall strapping fellow, and his fatherly friend took thought of procuring for him some employment by which he might earn an honest livelihood. The good gentleman had originally intended to associate Peter with himself as an assistant in his parochial duties, but this design he was reluctantly compelled to abandon, as he had long perceived with regret, that his charge was a wayward boy, whose inclinations were very far from being religious. Before the reverend gentleman had come to any determination on this point, the health of his amiable partner which had long been impaired by the fervid clime of India began visibly to decline, which induced the anxious husband to comply with the advice of her medical attendant, and return to the more genial temperature of England. While he was making preparations for his departure, a wealthy Indigo-planter arrived at the station, and being in want of a clerk, Mr. Crassus readily engaged young Rettop, who having an aptitude for arithmetic soon acquired an insight into the details of his department, and made himself very useful to his employer. Mr. Crassus testified his approbation by an annual increase of his assistant's salary; and in the course of a few years, Peter wormed himself so strongly into his confidence, that when he had occasion to go to the presidency for a short time, he left the entire management of his factory in his hands. Jenny had meanwhile been taken into the service of a lady, from whose protection her brother withdrew her, and artfully persuaded the poor credulous girl to marry him.—As there were so not many chaplains formerly in this country, the marriage ceremony was performed by the station staff, who was of course perfectly ignorant of the consanguinity of the parties. His unhappy sister-wife did not long survive this unnatural union, for ere six months had elapsed, she sunk under the brutal treatment of Peter, who speedily provided himself with another helpmate.

While Mr. Crassus was at the Presidency, unexpected intelligence reached him, which demanded his immediate presence in his native land, and so sudden was the summons that he had no time to make any suitable arrangements with respect to his indigo estates, which necessarily continued under the management of Peter; and so cleverly did he acquit himself of his responsibility, that when the Planter returned to India, instead of being the possessor of lacks he found himself a ruined man; the ungrateful and unprincipled Rettop having requited his generosity by dissipating two-thirds of his princely fortune and embezzling the remainder. It appeared that the trusting Mr. Crassus, had rather imprudently given Peter *carte blanche* to draw on his agents for the benefit of the concern, and the result was,—his beggary. On the wreck of his injured master's fortunes the vile deceiver built his own, and by realizing a considerable sum he embarked in trade; but prosperity did not attend his speculations, and he was soon constrained to relinquish the hazardous profession of trafficking on his

own account. He determined to travel a little with his family, then consisting of a wife and a son and daughter, to seek employment in some line of business suited to his habits and inclinations. For a length of time he roamed through several places unsuccessfully, and when he came to Puthulgurree he was in a state of destitution. I met him one day by chance, and he related to me such a pathetic tale of distress in which he described himself to have "fallen from a high estate," by a train of fortuitous circumstances, that I gave heed to his story, and took him with his starving family into my house. Discovering Rettop's talent for mercantile pursuits, and my business being too extensive to be efficiently conducted solely by myself, I engaged his services on liberal terms, and in the course of a few months deputed him to the neighbouring station of Kurmuck with a large supply of the best of my goods, which he was to sell in the capacity of my agent. For about a year I continued to receive very satisfactory accounts of his proceedings, but at the end of that period his communications became very irregular and concise, and what was worse, they came unaccompanied by remittances. I thought this a bad sign, and suspected something wrong, but my confidence in the man was not shaken, as his tardy letters were accounted for by my private correspondents, from whom I learnt that he was suffering from indisposition.

This state of things lasted for a couple of months, when one day I was thrown into the utmost alarm by a letter which I received from Kurmuck. It was from Messrs. Fat, Fatter and Company, wholesale dealers, and enclosed an acknowledgment given by my agent in my name, for glass-ware to a large amount, for which payment was demanded, on the ground that the shop conducted by Rettop had been removed, the sign-board taken down and that consummate vagabond himself, *non est inventus*. The receipt of this astounding intelligence determined me upon proceeding at once to Kurmuck, where on my arrival I was inexpressibly grieved to find that my unworthy Agent's defection was not only true, but that he had also contracted innumerable debts to several Christian and native tradesmen, for which they held bonds in my name, and these came pouring on me with such rapidity, that I feared the influx would be interminable. These liabilities in which I became involved through the fraud and perfidy of an agent, were a heavy blow both to my credit and future prosperity, which suffered considerably.

It afterwards appeared, that Rettop had surreptitiously transported my goods and himself to the country of a foreign government, where the arm of British-Indian law did not extend. However I lost no time in instituting legal proceedings against him, and I now hold an award against the wretch for five thousand rupees, but I never had an opportunity of executing the decree, and of realizing some portion, if not all, of the large amount of which I had been defrauded. This unfortunate circumstance prevented me from perfecting certain contemplated pecuniary arrangements in relation to my children. I never met with Rettop subsequent to his malversation, but from diligent inquiries I ascertained that with the spoils of my merchandise he kept a large esta-

blishment, an open house, gave frequent parties, and rendered himself quite popular, by which means his daughter was very respectably married; but she was a wanton dame, and had inherited too much of the vicious disposition of her sire, to make a good wife; so after causing her husband to lead a wretched life for about two years, she deserted him and returned to her father—she lived with him a twelve-month, within which period she gave birth to a daughter, whose father was her own vile unnatural parent. His son grew up in the ways that were set before him by the author of his being. At an early age he was expelled from school, for repeated thefts, and when he was twelve years old, he was incarcerated, for atrocities which came under the cognizance of the law. The debased daughter ultimately eloped with a drummer, leaving to the nurture of her father, the offspring of his incest. (The original manuscript ended here, but the following was subsequently appended to it, by the son of the writer—Mr. Dashaway, junior.) When Rettop's iniquitous doings came to light, he was shunned and despised by his acquaintance, and avoided by all as a polluted being. An incendiary laid his house low in ashes, while repeated robberies deprived him of his household property, till at length he was compelled to fly to Mugrubpoor, where he purchased a small building with the remnant of his ill-gotten wealth, whereof he was stripped by the same criminal means that he had employed in its accumulation. Here he mingled among the lowest outcasts of society. Continually engaged in drunken broils, he has frequently been brought before Justice, and either mulcted or imprisoned for certain periods according to the nature of his offence. It is his custom to make an annual tour to the neighbouring stations to make collections from the charitable public, by foisting on their credulity a fabricated tale of distress, by which practice coupled with the more nefarious one of inveighing strangers into his house and robbing them of their purse, he contrives to eke out a miserable livelihood.

Thus closed this chronicle of crime, and I was glad when I finished it, for it was not such as to impart to a juvenile mind, an elevated sense of the nobleness of human nature.

B. * *

SONG.

They tell me that 'tis time to cast my widow weeds aside,
And wear a smile upon my lips, for I must be a bride!
That I must let past memories dwell in dull oblivion now,
And plight again the sacred troth, and pledge once more the vow.

They tell me too these tears will dim, the lustre of my eyes,
And grief bow down the youthful form which many a heart would
prize;
That tho' my sorrow may be just, and to his memory due,
The time of widowhood is o'er and I must love anew.

But ah ! they little know how pure and true, is woman's love,
 Its fervency has oft been tried, its truth no change can move :
 The first fond idol of her heart she loves nor loves again,
 And with that object buried lies, the feeling rent in twain ;—

The pledge of our short union stands beside me, and his face
 Recalls the lineaments which once, no limner's hand could trace,
 So brightly beautiful he was, and can I, while I see
 His lov'd resemblance, act as if both hand and heart were free ?

Ah no ! I cannot school my heart to mask hypocrisy,
 Or teach it 'gainst my will to feign, the language of the free !
 The fount of passion now is dry, the chords of love are broke,
 I cannot list to words like those which once the lost one spoke.

December, 1842.

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THE MISER OUTWITTED.

CHAPTER I.

Calcutta, some fifty years ago, in the recollection of many of its old inhabitants, presented an appearance far different from that which we now behold. Those spots, which now assume an aspect of splendor and magnificence, were either covered with numberless thatched buildings, or were one continuous plain or paddy field. There were indeed brick-built houses scattered over the town, but they were so much apart from one another as to appear like little castles, erected for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants in their vicinity. The hand of improvement was at length at work, and huts, and paddy fields, and marshy grounds gradually began to disappear. The den of thieves was converted into a residence for the guardian of the peace, and the spots, which were the favorite haunts of beasts of prey, were made fit places for the habitation of man. Forests of trees were cleared, high grounds were levelled, and ponds filled up ; roads were constructed, and beautiful edifices began to raise their majestic heads all around, until at length the city was covered with those piles of building, which make it now an object of interest to all who have any predilection for the beauties of architecture.

The incidents which we have undertaken to record do not, however, belong to this early part of the topographical condition of Calcutta. They happened a little before the year 1820, about the time the Marquis of Hastings held his sway over these vast territories. The reader will perhaps expect from us something connected with the history of Bengal, from our apparent solicitude to be so precise with regard to the chronological part of our narrative. But this is far from our purpose ; nor is it our wish to inflict upon our readers' patience the details of any political manœuvres of the noble Peer, who then presided at the council of British India. But our design simply is to relate a few facts

taken from the biography of a remarkable individual, and it is thus we have been betrayed into an anxiety to state the precise time of their occurrence. Without any further preface we shall present to our readers the subject of our present sketch. If the reader has attained the age of manhood, and has been in the habits of moving about town, he must have observed the several changes which have taken place on the Durrumtollah Road; amongst these he must have remarked the manner in which the Wellington Square came into existence. The site which the Square now occupies, some twenty years ago, had nothing on it but thatched buildings, and low dingy houses, which were tenanted by mechanics and the lower orders. One of these houses was a particularly low-roofed old building, overgrown with moss, having an appearance of wretchedness which can scarcely be conceived. The plaisters on the walls had almost entirely fallen off; and there were large openings visible, in which bats and sparrows made their comfortable nests, and enjoyed a temporary security from sun and rain. The interior parts of the house were in exact keeping with the exterior. There was scarcely a door which might be said to be entire. The white washing on the wall had long lost its original color, and had given way to a dark hue, which gave the place a most dismal appearance. The doors and windows had arrived at that stage of their natural existence, in which the planks do not seem to like a close proximity, but are inclined to keep themselves asunder as much as possible, and will rather fall to pieces than submit to being kept together by iron hooks or nails. But what iron could not achieve, ropes were enabled to accomplish. If they did not keep the planks in close contact, they at least prevented their abrupt separation. The two windows, which faced the main road, had suffered the indignity of being lashed to the iron gratings by means of thick twine; and people of an inquisitive turn might easily perceive, through the broad crevices, thick mats, which were hung up with the view of preventing the floors from being inundated by rain. Nor did the doors inside preserve a better appearance; for one might have perceived panels supported by single hinges, exhibiting at one view their decayed condition from the ravages of the white worms.

Within this miserable abode there lived an individual of very peculiar habits, and of a perfectly original character. He was a man to whom Dame Nature had been very sparing in the distribution of her favors. He was of a low stature, with a swarthy complexion, and a nose which had an inclination to soar upwards, but having come in violent contact with some hard substance, occasioned by an accidental fall, it changed its direction, and thenceforth presented an appearance very much like that of a battered down cone. His eyes were small, and completely hid themselves whenever a smile played upon his risible muscles; though, be it recorded, such a phenomenon seldom caught the eyes of his friends or acquaintances. His hair was generally cut short, and he showed a particular *penchant* for a pair of mustaches, which he cultivated with all the care he could possibly bestow on them. The name of this little gentleman was Isaac Boniface, but he was more generally known by the appellation of "Isaac the Jew."

His neighbours in course of time forgot his cognomen, and when they talked of him among themselves, it was under the title of the unbeliever. How or when Mr. Boniface came to be invested with this *soubriquet*, is a question which is involved in much obscurity. But if we be allowed to hazard an opinion, we may at least come very near the truth. We know from indubitable facts, that Mr. Boniface was a man of very parsimonious habits; and as avarice is the most distinguishing trait in the character of a Jew, the name was no doubt awarded to him with the unanimous consent of all parties. Hence "Isaac the Jew" became a by-word, a term of reproach among a certain portion of the Calcutta community. If a man was observed to be too careful of his purse, he was called Isaac the Jew; if another appeared too niggardly in his food or raiment, this no very enviable epithet was stamped upon his forehead. Howbeit, Isaac never disgraced the character of an Israelite. Gold was his idol, and he would have traversed sea and land, and undergone the greatest hardships and privations for gain, how inconsiderable soever it might have been. He would have put his prototype in *Ivanhoe* to the blush by his assiduity in amassing wealth, and by his solicitude in concluding an advantageous bargain. Sun or rain, heat or cold, nothing could thwart him from his purpose. If he had once resolved upon to enter into any speculation from which he expected a good return, he would have rather suffered himself to be put to the torture, than abandon his object. He was literally a martyr in the cause of money-making; and never was there a more devoted worshipper at the shrine of *Plutus* than Isaac Boniface. Being a usurer in the most legitimate acceptation of the term, he made no scruple in exacting the most exorbitant premiums upon the money he lent, and would have drained the very life-blood of him, who would dare to deprive him of the smallest fraction of what he considered his due. In course of time this little miser, by slow and progressive scrapings, contrived to hoard up a very considerable sum of money, which he invested in a manner best to satisfy his cupidity. But with all his possessions Isaac seemed to be the most miserable being in the world. With a hideous appearance, our hero became more repulsive by a negligence of his outward man. He contemned every thing like neatness in his attire, and affected a stoical indifference to the comforts of life. He had a coat, an over-all, which he had chanced to pick up in an auction sale, and which, though it had been with him for a dozen winters, he used on all occasions, despite the scorching heat of the tropical sun. The coat had some peculiar properties, and these were a great capability of admitting a free ventilation, through the innumerable rents observable in all parts of it; and an uncommon variety of hues which it presented, and of which brown and yellow were the most conspicuous. Hence its original color was a matter of debate, and may have been a fit subject for the researches of an Antiquarian. Besides, the garment was of such dimensions, that it served the proprietor as a covering when occasions required. Moreover Isaac had a particular predilection for a pair of corderoy inexpressibles, which were so tight, as to lead one to suppose that they were made on purpose to correct the curvature of his bandy legs. And when we have spoken of his waistcoat,

which bring us back to the age of the Henries; of his collarless shirt and white cravat, the reader will form a sufficiently distinct idea of the dress of this extraordinary personage. But what others might have said of his want of taste, he could not be prevailed upon to abandon his peculiarities. People laughed at his uncouth vestments, and many a joke was played upon him for the length of his waistcoat, but he treated every thing of this sort with the 'eloquence of silence,' and appeared as if their jibes and jokes were not intended for him.

Mr. Isaac Boniface, as the reader has already been informed was a kind of speculator; but his speculations were not of a nature, which required any considerable outlay. They did not range beyond a few articles of country produce, in which he trafficked with that caution, so essential to the success of any mercantile adventure. But what he delighted most in were his auction purchases. His house was converted into a depôt of miscellaneous ware, and his compound, small as it was, contained the lumbers of the world:—empty casks, bottle racks, deal cases and a variety of other things of the like kind crammed the little space to such a degree, that an ingress into the house became a matter of no little difficulty. Isaac rose betimes, and after an early breakfast, sauntered out in quest of "games," as he called his bargains, and was a punctual visiter of every auction room in the Metropolis. His day's work never closed before sun-set, when he returned home, and after his meal employed himself either in calculating his loss and gain, or ruminating upon some new plans for augmenting his riches.

CHAPTER II.

It was on a night, in the month of June, that Isaac Boniface was, according to his usual practice, sitting in his little hall, with his legs placed across the table, meditating upon the ways and means by which he might transmute every thing into gold. If he had the slightest acquaintance with chemistry, he would have in his then state of mind, directed his attention to the science of alchemy, and instead of going through a circuitous process of obtaining his soul's delight, he would have shut himself up in his laboratory with the sole purpose of discovering the Philosopher's stone. But constituted as his mind was, which, be it known, was far from being of an imaginative turn, and had not plunged itself into the depths of scientific lore, his meditations on the subject of money had a direct reference to practical ends. He never allowed his mind to soar above the realities of life, and if perchance he found himself in the regions of fancy, imbedded in gold, or gathering precious ore in the mines of Peru or Golconda, he curbed his erratic flights, opened his own coffers, and oft gratified his eager eyes with the sight of what he actually possessed. Well then, as we have already said, Isaac was seated in his chair, and was reviewing in his mind plans which he was to bring into operation for the attainment of his object,—the rain was falling in large drops, and the wind was whistling over and through the little dwelling, and shaking the doors and windows to their very frames. At this time a gentle knock was heard at the door, but Isaac did not choose to heed it; he continued sitting in the same

recumbent posture, and occasionally casting a look at the window before him to observe if the wind had committed any damage. When again another tap assailed his ears—"Who is that?" bellowed out Isaac. But there was no answer. After a short interval, tap, tap, again were heard, and the knocks were a little louder. "Who are you, Sir, speak out?" vociferated the miser; but he was only answered by another set of tap, tap, tap. Out of all patience, Isaac jumped out of his chair, and encasing his feet in his slippers, he ran out to the gate, and without another interrogation unbarred the door in a towering rage,— "Who are you, Sir?" said he to a man, who now stood before him dripping wet, and shivering with cold. "Who are you, Sir?" repeated Isaac with much vehemence.

"I am a poor unfortunate wretch," replied the stranger trembling with fright.

"And what is your business here, Sir?" demanded Isaac without in the least abating the harshness of his tone.

"I am come to ask you, sir, for a mouthful and a night's shelter from the inclemencies of the weather: I will quit the house at the dawn of day."

"Shelter in my house, I never heard of such impudence in all my life!" exclaimed Isaac in great astonishment.

"I have lost my way," said the stranger, who was an old and decrepit East Indian, "and have scarcely had a morsel of food during the whole of the day."

"That is not my fault, Sir,"—and without another word he shut the door against the poor man, who left the place with a heavy heart to seek relief from others, who had more humanity and might be disposed to respond to his prayer.—In the mean time Isaac returned to his seat, and placing himself in the same easy posture, began to launch out into severe reflections on the audacity of mendicants, and the remissness of the Police, to connive at the vagrant disposition of men, whose sole aim was to disturb the domestic peace and tranquillity of families—"A shelter wanted he!—eh, a shelter!" soliloquised Isaac—"a shelter! he might long have waited for it—a very pleasant request indeed!—The man might be a robber for aught I can say to the contrary; and under the pretence of seeking a refuge in the house, he might cut my throat, and possess himself of every coin I have in my possession. But no tricks on travellers; Isaac Boniface is not a man to be easily gulled;"—saying so he cast a look at his iron chest, which was not far from him, and then placing his legs in a horizontal position on another chair, he resumed his former cogitations. But before he had got into the spirit of thinking, he heard a hard rap at the door, which was succeeded by half-a-dozen others, each increasing in loudness.

"Cursed be the day on which I was born," cried Isaac in the bitterness of his soul, as he rose from his seat to inquire who the disturber of his quiet might be. "Who are you," interrogated he in a stentorian voice, which echoed back in the stillness of the night in fearful accents. "Who are you?" repeated he, almost immediately after. "Bless my soul, I am almost certain that the same fellow is come back again to annoy me! but he shall not be let off so easily this

time. Did man ever endure what it has been my lot to submit to?" and then taking a look at his chest, he turned into the compound, arming himself with a bludgeon and crow-bar, in order that he might prevent the intrusion of the stranger, should he attempt to thrust himself into the house. Thus equipped he proceeded towards the gate-way, and then asked the same question with much vehemence. "Who are you, Sir?" said he, "that you should thus disturb me at this hour of the night."—He would have said more but he was interrupted by the person without, who addressed him by his name.

"Caxton, Caxton," said the stranger. "Why this hubbub Isaac? I have brought you some money, my good fellow."

O the pencil of Cruickshank, or the pen of Boz to delineate the scene which ensued! The last words had such a magic charm on Isaac, that his kindling wrath gave way to a suavity and amenity of disposition, which could hardly be conceived to belong to the same individual. He threw his bar and cudgel off several yards, and without giving utterance to another syllable, he opened the door with such haste, as if his life and death depended on the very act. Isaac ran out of the threshold, and gave Mr. Caxton a most hearty welcome. "How are you, my friend," said he, "I am overjoyed to see you. Come in, come in; get your conveyance into my coach-house, and you shall have a shelter under my roof at any rate, that is to say, if you are not disposed to proceed homewards."

"Thank you," return Mr. Caxton, "I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, but I cannot remain here long; I called in merely because I was passing by, and as I have had some money in my charge which I had to deliver to you, I thought I might see you and settle this trifling affair—though I am almost afraid I have disturbed you."

"By no means, by no means," was the reply, and so saying, Isaac led Mr. Caxton into the house, and helped him to a seat close to an old rickety table, over which burnt a dim light, that made every thing look gloomy within. The oil burner was fixed to a wooden pedestal, the base of which had once had a circular form, but ruthless time had committed such ravages upon it, that it would have most assuredly been converted into a square, had it not been for the obtuseness of those parts which should have had the angular points.—There were on the table, besides this unique piece of furniture, a broken cup, a pewter tea-pot without the handle, and a few mouldy cabin biscuits, which had no doubt been purchased at an outcry, from a batch of rejected ship provisions. After Mr. Caxton and Isaac had taken their seats, they held a conference for a few minutes, during which one might have observed the blandness which mantled the countenance of the "Jew;" and oh, who could describe the sunny smiles which played upon his brow, as he saw the coins laid before him, and when he took and secured them in his chest!

After the business, for which Mr. Caxton had apparently come to Isaac, had been concluded, they both entered upon some interesting topics of conversation. The state of the market, scarcity of money, dearth of staple commodities, were brought on the tapis, and discussed with

much earnestness. From one subject to another the stream of conversation turned to a different direction, until at length it flowed into the vast sea of Matrimony. "How is it Isaac, that you have not yet married?" inquired Mr. Caxton—"I hope," continued he, "you have not taken the vow of celibacy?"

"Married! Married!" exclaimed Isaac, and then he cast a most desperate look at his treasure chest, implying thereby that his heart had long been *wedded to its contents*, and was therefore not his own. "Married," continued he, "you may as well tell me to hang myself," and then reclining in his chair, he put on such a ghastly grin, as to make even Mr. Caxton, who had long known him, doubt his affinity to the human race. But Mr. Caxton could not be frightened into changing his subject, and therefore plied on leisurely in describing to Isaac the happiness of a married life—"I tell you what, Isaac," said he, "there is nothing in marriage which could make you recoil from it."

"The feed, Sir, the feed," cried Isaac, "a large establishment, fine clothes, trinkets, where are they to come from? and when you have a litter of children! O the very thought is horrifying—but let us change the subject; we have said enough; it brings a fever on me."

"But why," asked Mr. Caxton, "where is the harm—surely you do not mean to say that marriage makes one miserable. But what I was going to observe is that no man ought to think of getting married unless he has the means of supporting a wife, and an expectation of making some additions to his fortune. It is nonsense to talk about manly independence and such stuff,—gold is gold, Sir, wherever you may get it: whether from a mine or from the purse of your wife. Now supposing a man were married, and got not only a wife but some fifty thousand rupees to boot—would that be a bad spec?—surely not. He might not work at all, and revel in luxurious ease, with what he thus acquires. Now let us bring the case home to yourself—supposing you had a mind of changing your state of life, I would not surely recommend your getting married to one who was pennyless; but you should have one who is in a condition of augmenting your capital;—one who could afford you all the pecuniary aid you might require—and such a match, I am happy to say, is not difficult to be procured."

Isaac cast an incredulous look at his friend, thinking no doubt that he was deceiving him; but finding Mr. Caxton look serious on the matter, he began to look serious too; and resting his foot against one of the legs of the table, he rocked himself for a couple of minutes, in a state of deep abstraction. What occupied the mind of the miser, we are at a loss to conjecture; but certain it is, his meditations were by no means disagreeable; for Isaac appeared to throw off his frowns and assume an air of complacency, a phenomenon, which was not of a usual occurrence in his case. He then gave Mr. Caxton a gentle tap, and looked at him with much earnestness.

"Now what say you," said Mr. Caxton, finding Isaac somewhat disposed to lend his ear to the subject which he had just broached,— "What would you say now were I to tell you, that you could get a young lady of beauty and accomplishments for your wife, with a fortune that would enable you to roll in a carriage and pair?"

"Plague on your carriage and pair," exclaimed Isaac, rather snappishly.

"I beg your pardon, I should have said to enable you to make a monopoly of some particular commodity"—observed Mr. Caxton with a penitential air.

"Eh! Eh! that is it, and nothing like it—a monopoly! an excellent thought that—downright mercantile manœuvre."

"Well then, you will be able to make that manœuvre," remarked Caxton, "if you could make up your mind."

"I understand you, I understand you," interrupted Isaac, "but the question is where can I get a lady that would suit me? She may be as ugly as sin I care not, but if she could lend me a helping hand in my pursuits, I would require nothing more. There it is, Caxton, you have my mind now"—saying this Isaac indulged himself with a hideous laugh.

"As to that, Isaac," observed Mr. Caxton, "there is no difficulty in the case. Do you know the Miss Brandons?"

"My neighbours, you mean."

"Yes, yes."

"I am not personally known to them, but I see them very often, and that is all."

"Perhaps you are aware that they have very large fortunes left to them."

"I know nothing about that," replied Isaac.

"Yes, positively—and I am sure one of them would make an excellent match for you," observed Mr. Caxton.

"Ha! that is good."

"Well then I was going to propose that you should offer yourself as a suitor to one of them," remarked Mr. Caxton.

"At this Isaac gave himself a good shrug or two, and looked at his everlasting waistcoat and corderoy pantaloons, with more than ordinary interest. Whether he intended to make his *debut* as a lover with those identical pieces of garment, or whether he intended to make others of the same singular fashion, it is not certainly known; but this however is a fact, that he appeared quite satisfied there was nothing wrong about them. After a pause of a few minutes he asked Mr. Caxton rather abruptly, "Well then what more?"

"Nothing more than this," returned the other, "that if you wish I will introduce you to the family."

"Very good, very good, but stop," said Isaac, "do not at all let them know any thing regarding my affairs, as it is most probable they will ask me to make a settlement."

"Leave the whole to me, and rest assured all will turn out as much in your favor as you could possibly wish." Saying this, Mr. Caxton left Isaac, not being desirous of pressing the matter any farther for the present.

The miser having bolted his gate, and locked his doors, abandoned himself to the embraces of sleep. His dreams were pleasant, for they transported him to a region where gold and silver were in such abundance, that even the very streets were paved with them;

and, what was still better, he beheld a most beautiful damsel, adorned with pearls and diamonds, presented to him by one whom he had known before. And the most interesting feature of this extraordinary vision was that the damsel taking Isaac by the hand, doled out to him immense quantities of gold, even to the very jewels she had upon her person. The morning dawned and the noise of the multitude who had commenced treading the road, soon broke the slumbers of Isaac, who, indeed, for once in his life, wished that his sleep had been a little prolonged. But all that he could do to court sleep was of no avail; his eyes would close no more. He was therefore constrained to rise, but his mind was so intensely occupied with the dream that he felt no inclination to do anything. He brought every thing that had passed in his mind during the night, in review; and when he recollected the subject of Mr. Caxton's conversation with him, he felt it not necessary to call a Joseph to interpret his dream. Being satisfied on this head, he put on a very cheerful countenance, and, taking a slight breakfast of mouldy biscuits, left his house to attend to his business. He returned home at his usual hour, and after indulging himself with a second meal, took his seat in the compound to inhale the pure air within his domicile. Isaac placed his short legs on an empty cask, and resting his head on his left shoulder, remained as if plunged in deep meditation, for full half an hour; at the lapse of which time he changed his position, and casting his eyes upwards in the opposite direction, beheld a lady of exquisite beauty, on the terrace of Mrs. Brandon his neighbour. She was apparently observing him, but what was his astonishment when he found the lady waving at him her handkerchief which she had in her hand. "Is it possible?" Isaac exclaimed to himself—"it cannot be"—saying so he rubbed his eyes, and looked again to see whether it was not the effect of a delusion. No; there the lady was in view, and still was she staring at him full in the face. "Has Caxton told her any thing I wonder," said Isaac to himself; and he, as if mechanically, rose from his seat and waving in return his hand at her, ran into the room with the utmost precipitation. This may appear rather strange, considering the character of Isaac. How could he, who was a misogynist, persuade himself to cultivate the acquaintance of one of woman-kind? But the reader will get à clue into the matter, when he recalls to his mind, what had already transpired between our hero and Mr. Caxton. A large dowry was enough to set his whole heart agoing; and it was under that impression he returned the salute of Miss Brandon (for it was she who was on the terrace.) He had no doubt seen the young lady a thousand times before, but never did she look more charming in his eyes than on that memorable evening. He seemed to have lost his heart, and we may naturally conclude she alone was able to make him happy. But whether Miss Brandon's supposed wealth had brought on this metamorphosis in the feelings of our "Jew," it must be left to the reader to determine. It may however be asked, why did Isaac run into the house?—This is a question which would most naturally occur to every body, and therefore requires a solution. It was the habit of the miser to take off his socks on his return home, and his feet having been quite bare when they were raised on the cask,

he felt somewhat abashed when he perceived that they could not have been unobserved. To return to our subject ; so soon as Isaac got into the hall, he put on his stockings in the greatest haste, and thrusting his feet into a pair of clod-hoppers, he walked out again after having adjusted his thick manes, and thrown his huge coat upon his little back. He thus made his re-appearance, thinking no doubt that he was as much an object of Miss Brandon's regard as she was of his. Isaac did not think proper to sit down, but kept walking about the little space in the compound, and occasionally glancing his little eyes at the young lady, who, on the other hand, stood gazing at his extraordinary figure. Night soon closed upon the scene, and the lovers were obliged to desist from straining their eyes out with looking at one another.

(To be continued.)

LINES

Supposed to be written after the death of a young lady, whose premature death was stated to have been occasioned by grief.

The following is a brief history of her life. She was engaged to a gallant and enterprizing young soldier, who died two months before the time fixed upon for their union. In an engagement which had taken place between the English and one of the Affghan Chiefs, he undertook to lead the "forlorn Hope," and lived only to hear his men exclaim, "The enemy has surrendered, Huzzah boys another volley!"—She survived the melancholy intelligence of this mournful catastrophe only a few days, and was borne to her untimely grave by many who loved and esteemed her character and domestic virtues.

We miss her in the crowded hall,
 Its pride and fairest grace,
 And many an eye is sadly turned,
 Toward that vacant place.

Alas ! it seems but yesterday,
 How many hailed the sight !
 She moved in this assemblage gay,
 A creature of delight !

But little did the heartless crowd ;
 Then deem the smile she wore,
 Was but to hide the grief which preyed
 Her bosom's inmost core !

They knew not that a woman's heart,
 Could hide with practis'd skill,
 The deeper feelings of the breast,
 And smile on objects still :

She sung in much the same sweet strain,
 The songs of happier days,
 And strove to wear a smile for those,
 Who spoke the words of praise ;

For 'mid that revelry and mirth,
 She only thought of one,
 Who then was in a distant land,
 Beneath a burning sun ;

She knew that duty took him from
 The love nought else could part,
 That honor was the Soldier's meed,
 The guide star of his heart !

Her heart misgave her oft, but yet
 She checked its doubts and fears,
 And strove to hide and master'd o'er
 Her feelings and her tears ;

Two moons had waned, and where was she ?
 The bright, the lovely one,
 Enshrouded in the silent grave !
 Her earthly race was run !

He fell ! She heard the dreadful tale,
 Nor wept, nor sigh'd, nor spoke,
 Till one wild shriek dispelled the charm—
 But ah ! that heart had broke !

January, 1843.

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OBITUARY NOTICE.

We have the melancholy task of recording the death of a gifted individual, Mr. David Drummond, of the late Durruntollah Academy. This event took place, on the 28th ultimo, and has caused much regret in the minds of those who were acquainted with the deceased, and appreciated his worth. Our little space will not permit us to speak much on the subject, or else we should have paid a more acceptable tribute to the memory of one whom we respected and esteemed for his distinguished talents and abilities. As a metaphysician, he was one of the best in the country, and during the spring-time and vigor of his life, no man excelled him in conversational powers. Mr. Drummond was one of the oldest European residents in the county, and was chiefly, if not wholly devoted to the pursuits of Literature. His remains were attended by some of his *quondam* pupils, as the last and sincere token of their regard for a master, whose kindness will never be obliterated from their minds, and who were attached to him by no ordinary feelings of love and gratitude. Vale ! vale ! vale !—

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[No. 6.]

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. DAVID DRUMMOND.

The reminiscences of departed worth are universally and uniformly interesting. Sorrow may throw a shade over them, but it does not cover them in obscurity. The veil over the face of the mourner does not darken the remembrances of the dead ; it softens the light in which they are seen. He who visits the urn of revered and deceased friendship embodies the fleeting visions of the past ; and no longer looks at character, through the magnifying glass of prejudice ; but, with a mind sad and subdued by melancholy, beholds the man, in the natural character of man, a "being darkly wise and rudely great," the subject of passions ; the slave of circumstances, the victim of refined feelings, and the doomed-to-die in a state of temporary existence. The grave buries with it, as often faults, as virtues. They both sleep side by side ; and if a tender soul awaken the recollection of the *good*, which is oft interred with the bones of an individual ; there are some unhappy persons, who, with rude hands, turn up the clóds that hide the *evil* under them, and expose them before the gaze of the curious and the silly. A resurrectionist of bad manners is a despicable character.—Like the medical apprentice, he haunts the dead, to cut them into pieces, and serve for an hour of amusement. On the other hand, he who garners the best portions of man's character, performs a service to humanity. Should we not desire, that man would love his brother ? And will caricatures of human beings answer the purpose ? Man under every variety of aspect and every color of circumstances, is an object of veneration ; a study of importance and love. Alas ! it is ridiculous, nay, it is absurd, for fallen man to judge his fellow. The judge and the executioner are not his offices. Let him but reflect on the weakness, to which flesh is heir ;—reflect, be silent, and charitable.

" Oh ! gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis HE alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring, its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*."

BURNS.

The remarks which we have already made, are not intended for the subject of our pen. They are of a general nature, and are applicable to man. The character of the late Mr. Drummond does not need so apologetic an *exordium*. He was of a piece with the rest of his kind. He possessed the same weaknesses ; and what is redeeming, he was endowed with a mind, which although it did not reach the *apex* of genius, was still cast in a mould, that would under very favorable auspices, have done, not only honor to human nature, but shed a lustre, to be dimmed only by the light of stars of the first magnitude. We approach the tomb of Mr. Drummond with no irreverent step, and light feelings. We stand at its foot, not as *chief-mourners*, but as friends, who entertained a high opinion of his talents, esteemed his worth, and ever received him, during his stay on earth, with sincere regard. Undivested of these feelings, we followed his hearse, and would fain now speak a few passing, though feeble words of him, who lives only in memory. We throw, as well as others, our sprig of rosemary into his grave. We hang a garland over his vacant chair. And meanwhile we lament, that it has fallen to our lot, who speak but the language of infancy, to bear testimony to his worth and character, and to measure the length, and breadth, and depth of his mind.

The recollections of genius are attractive and entertaining ; and although we are not so deluded by partiality as to class the late Mr. Drummond, among men of genius, of thoughts sublime and hearts to nature true, we yet venture to hope, that our remarks will serve to create an interest in the minds of our readers, which will not be unworthy of our departed fellow-mortal. In a publication like ours, the remarks we have to offer, will not be inappropriate. We do not intend to build a *mausoleum*, to the memory of the subject of our sketch. We do not mean to raise a *pillar* to his name. These honors, these rewards, which admiring gratitude pays to exalted genius, cannot be the portion of him, of whom we write ; but notwithstanding this, he should not be passed over in silence,—his memory should not be suffered to die away, and be all-forgotten. Animated with such a spirit we come to our task.

We have in vain, endeavored to discover the place of Mr. Drummond's birth. His papers are mute on this subject. They tell us only, that he left Fifeshire, and the banks of the silver Leven, for London, on the 22nd of January 1813 ; and arrived there on the 30th of the same month. He was of a family of four brothers and three sisters. His father was a Dissenting Clergyman. We cannot discover the reason of his departure from Scotland. He met his brother-in-law Mr. Carmichael in London, and entertained hopes of coming out to India, as a passenger. But circumstances, of which he does not

make mention, obliged him to work out his passage to this country. We can glean only, from his letters, that he left his brother under very angry feelings. He writes thus to him from Calcutta.

"Before leaving Europe I intended to have written you though only to say, Farewell. But from the state of mind I was in, at the time, I found I could not address you with sufficient temper, and might have made a breach which could not have been easily healed, and now that a little time has soothed every painful recollection, I am entirely satisfied that I acted prudently.

"True we did not part like brothers, who were very likely to meet again no more. But I will not agitate the question. We would still have jarring opinions. Let them rest.—The ties of consanguinity are sacred, and from no feeling heart can they ever be totally divested."

Estranged from his family, sad at heart, and disappointed, with a body enfeebled by sickness, he procured, through the interest of one Mr. Small, a passage in the ship "*Northumberland*," which left Portsmouth on the 2nd June, and after a voyage of five months, arrived in this country, which he had determined to make the land of his adoption. He did not even take leave of his friends and family. He could not bear the pain of parting. Being educated, he was made to keep the "log book," and while employed in this task, he acquired a little knowledge of navigation. It appears he disliked the companions of his voyage. We will let him speak for himself.

"I am at length in India, and under the hospitable roof of Mr. Christy. What I suffered during the long and very stormy passage I can give you no idea of in the bounds of a letter. I went on board, sickly, forlorn, and dejected, I was consigned to the society of monsters in villainy and barbarity. Possessing not my usual strength, my spirits sunk low, I was knocked about without feeling or mercy. I bore the brunt however, of these and all the fury of the elements, the extremes of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, without repining."

We must not omit one little incident, because it illustrates one peculiar feature of his character and it is one which we could not but help observing. While on his voyage to India, the *Northumberland* touched at the island of Madeira, where one of his friends, who was Assistant Surgeon to the Convoy that sailed from England, invited Mr. Drummond to come and see him, alleging that he could not go over to see Mr. D. The subject of our sketch, felt this keenly. He knew that it was the difference of their situations, that induced his friend to prefer such a request. He was too sensible of his own circumstances, and in consequence neither wrote nor accepted of the invitation.

After his arrival at Calcutta, at which place he did not remain more than ten days, he went to Mr. Christy at Berhampore. Thence he applied for a vacant teachership in the Durrumtollah Academy; was examined on the 14th January 1814, and was entertained on the establishment, on a salary of £150 per annum, (his own method of calculation,) with board and lodging. He was required to teach Geography, Book Keeping, and English Grammar. We must allow him to describe his own situation:—

"Hearing an assistant was wanted in a great academy here, I offered my services, was examined on the 14th January, and am now very

comfortably situated. I am determined to make a good use of the plentiful leisure and excellent opportunity now before me in improving myself in every kind of literature. I have certainly come on very well for a beginning. I have already been introduced to several respectable persons, and perhaps it may be verified of me, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred.

"To let you know my style of living, in the morning a servant approaches with the utmost submission, and cleans my room, &c. Another, in the attitude of a slave, pours out water while I wash myself, dresses me, ties my shoes, stands behind me at table and is ready at every call. After breakfast we go into the school until 2 o'clock, which is all the day's labor. Dine at 5; if I go abroad I am carried by four sometimes by six men, in a palanquin:—a European to be seen walking is a crime unpardonable. Except a Europe coat, which can be worn in this season, my dress is of the finest muslin, washed by men extremely white, and then, I shift entirely every day. In the hot season some people shift frequently."

"In this prolific country Europeans are all ladies and gentlemen. They eat, drink and sleep better than you. We spend the half of our time in sport. We are attended and received like kings."

By one of those sudden revolutions which are not uncommon in this country, a rupture took place between the proprietors of the Academy respecting the attendance of the scholars at the new theatre, and Mr. Drummond was soon after advertized as a partner, Mr. Measures finding himself unequal to the duty of managing a large school unaided. We relate further particulars in Mr. Drummond's own words:—

"Mr. Morris, the proprietor of the old little theatre, lodged with Mr. Wallace, and he forgetting his capacity as a teacher of youth, advised Mr. Morris to recommence, and that they would far outshine the new theatre. Mr. Wallace of course became manager, his whole soul was engrossed in the concern—he collected together a plentiful number of actors—I escaped merely by the interference of Mr. Measures; however a good many from the school were taken in spite of Mr. Measures—Mr. Wallace was now madly intent upon acting and making every one else actors—another play was acted, and to the astonishment of all Calcutta, his daughter mounted the stage. He is at this moment as keen and as foolish as ever. Mr. Wallace, I say was, a man of some talents, extremely vain and one of those who are carried by the whim of the moment to any degree of extravagance. I foresaw his ruin in the public opinion—but his career as a teacher was sooner brought to a conclusion. Mr. Measures remonstrated against Mr. Wallace's conduct in vain—at last they broke out in open abuse disgraceful to both, and as neither the one nor the other would concede an inch, a separation became indispensable. The day before yesterday I conceived Wallace was to have kept the school, and I knew he would not employ me—as ever since I refused to act, he behaved dryly towards me. On Wednesday last however, he agreed to accept 10,000 Rs. from Mr. Measures—gave up his share in the concern, and gave bond he would open no school in Bengal for two years from that date."

"Mr. Measures instantly sent for me; told me he would not take the whole upon himself, and that as he had seen my conduct and abilities he would wish very much that I would take one-third of the concern. I was astonished and knew not what to say—Mr. Wallace had only given him four

days to return his final answer: I said I should wish to consult you and Mr. Wemys, but the time would not admit of it. I went immediately to Mr. Clark, of the house of Fairlie and Co. to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Wemys; told him the offer made to me, and showed him the following statement, which I know well enough to be correct."

Here Mr. Drummond enters into a statement of the receipts and disbursements of the concern, and calculates his share to amount to nearly five hundred rupees, clear every month: he then proceeds:—

"And at the end of one year if I can, or if I chose, take half of the concern."

"Mr. Clarke, who appears a very good and cautious man, upon perusing the statement, said on Mr. Wemys's account, they were willing to assist me in any rational scheme of advantage; bade me converse again with Mr. Measures and call upon him to-morrow, by which time he would consider it. I made my call accordingly, and he agreed at once to become my security, or advance the cash if required; and he agreed that his Attorney should on my part take care to have every thing arranged properly."

We have thus attempted to trace Mr. Drummond's career from the period he left Scotland to the time, he arrived in India, and was admitted a partner in the Durrumtollah Academy. He now appears in a different character. A change has come over his fortune. Who can observe, without emotion, the vicissitudes to which man is subject, even from a consideration of Mr. Drummond's career? Happy while walking or musing on the banks of the silver Leven, he suddenly, but not without a plan, comes to London, to adventure to India. Disappointed by his brother, his prospects blighted, he embarks on the ship Northumberland, a common mariner. He arrives in India, unnoticed and unknown; proceeds to Berhampore; comes back to Calcutta, a pedagogue, and at length, is placed in a situation to acquire fortune, and assume a station of respectability. Surely there is a destiny that shapes our lives.

We do not think it irrelevant to our purpose, nor unsuited to our present circumstances, to quote Mr. Drummond's own words, on the course of conduct, it was his intention to pursue, with regard to the eternal condition of the children committed to his care.

"I am determined to pay every attention to the religious and moral instruction of the boys—which has as yet been little attended to. I will take them to Church with me on Sundays, and assume every decency of demeanour; this, too mean either for Mr. Measures or Wallace, will not hurt my pride; and while it will be fulfilling my duty towards God, will also be well conceived in the opinion of men. If we can but support the school, it will be to me a concern of more advantage than I ever dreamt of—indeed, fortune seems to be very kind to me. Almost in an instant I am patronized, supported, raised to respectable rank, with prospects of considerable pecuniary emoluments."

With views, which may at least be pronounced to be laudable, he entered upon the new scene of his labors. And here it will not be amiss to contrast the condition of schools, as conducted at that period, with the state of Scholastic Seminaries, as they exist at present. Mr. Drummond has himself declared, that he was the first person who introduced the study of Grammar and the use of the Globes at

the Durrumtollah Academy. This Seminary was at that period, in the most flourishing condition. Its receipts were large; and the profits, which the proprietors realized, handsome. And yet we perceive, how lamentably low was the tone of education in it—in truth, people looked for no higher qualification, than that comprised in the three Rs, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. A knowledge of the rudiments of these branches of learning was a passport to the subordinate offices under Government. No other sphere of extended usefulness was demanded, at the hands of the unconvenanted branch of the service. In those days, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote section himself, and we know it as a fact, that a lady of our acquaintance, wrote section at home, while her liege lord, discharged the same important duty at his office. Merchants themselves required no higher scale of qualification. It is matter of surprise to know how little was then required, at the hands of school-masters; but then we must not omit, that the Government of the country was satisfied with *that little*. At the time to which we have made reference, there were men of brilliant attainments among us, a Malcolm, a Munro, and others; and the duties which devolved upon them were not so onerous, as to demand so complicated and expensive a machinery, as the Covenanted and Uncovenanted service of the Honorable Company now is. Their business was simple. It is amusing at this distance of time to read the despatches of Lord Lake, and the instructions of the Governor General, communicated through Mr. Secretary Edmonstone. Scindeah and Scindeah's Court were the burdens of their voluminous correspondence. The Government of this country had not firmly established itself. It was struggling for existence; and the assistance of subordinates was required merely, to set the wheels of Government in motion; as the pulleys and rollers heighten the brilliancy of scenic decorations.

How widely things are altered now! The conquest of a nation is one thing, and the governing it cheaply and justly, is another. The flood-gates of conquest are closed, and the channels of wealth are dried up. Native agency is demanded; native exertions are required. The influence of this demand is not unfelt. The studies of schools are adapted to present circumstances. Nothing is left untried, which will develop the energies of men, refine their feelings, establish their morals, and make them fit instruments for employment in the service of Government whose responsibilities are daily increasing. These responsibilities are perceived and felt, and in order to accommodate itself to the growing energies of the country, the Government is holding out prospects of honor and emolument, to the natives of India. The time must come when out-door patronage must be dispensed with, and in-door talent and in-door qualifications be exclusively engaged.

We are happy to observe that Mr. Drummond was mainly instrumental in introducing two studies of such importance. They are not however the only two he introduced. English Literature and the study of the Roman Classics were also taught in his school, through his recommendation. But we must not overlook another important change which he effected. Every individual is become so familiar with it, that we are assured it will occasion surprise, when we mention that Annual Exami-

nations were first held by Mr. Drummond. As at present, so was it formerly, a *big-day* for boys. It was a day of fear, of trembling, and joy. The prospect of a defeat—a discomfiture, was appalling to the lads; while the uncertain prospect of a prize, and the too certain prospect of the joyful holydays, were indeed soul-enlivening and soul-thrilling. Could one but realize the day as it came under the auspices of the late Mr. Drummond! The beauty and wealth of the city were assembled there, and the curious gaze of the humble clerks, and the eager faces of the teachers and the school boys of other institutions—all were there. But the most prominent figure was Mr. Drummond. He was the life and the soul of the assembly. All eyes were bent on him, and with a smile he graciously repaid their kindness. Light and elastic, with the vigor of youth, a pleasing countenance and brilliant blue eyes, Mr. Drummond was the hero of the day. Encased in a pair of breeches, and raised to the pinnacle of fashion, Mr. Drummond's shrill voice rolled through the hall. As each class was called up, he detailed minutely the studies and the progress of the lads, and passed a high eulogium on their assiduity and application. And lastly, who can forget the book-keeping class? The boys in their Sunday clothes, with their slates in their hands, ready to Journalize and Post into the Ledger the most intricate mercantile calculation.—Mr. Drummond throwing his gauntlet to the assembly to puzzle his lads, "cunning is workmanship,"—a question pompously and slowly falling from the lips of the late Mr. Halifax,—the answer after a while correctly given—a burst of applause announcing the success—Derozio receiving his medal with a descant on his merits from his admiring master—all these combined to present a scene which, while we write, warms our forehead, and makes us live over those days again.

Such was the scene! Such the decorations! Such the glorious termination! The first examination of this kind gave the death blow to Mr. Farrell's seminary. Mr. Drummond knew the power of what the French appropriately call *eclat*. He felt also that an examination without ladies, was a non-entity. He therefore called upon a lady-friend of influence and respectability and, making known to her his intentions, he promised her a grand ball and supper, and conveyances for her friends to boot, if they would honor the examination with their presence. Could such arts ever fail? The bait took. The hall was crowded and Mr. Drummond became in the opinion of the ladies, a great man, a famous man!

The success of the institution during the first years of Mr. Drummond's connection with it, was great and rapid. He took away the palm from all contemporary schools. This too was the season of his greatest prosperity. It is however painful to observe that he who should have so enjoyed the good fortune that attended him, and should have anticipated such boundless happiness from his success, never profited by experience. In the hey-day of his prosperity, he conceived he had come to the possession of Fortunatus' cap, that his riches were inexhaustible. With a prodigality, the very *antipodes* of a Scotchman's frugality, he flung his money to secure not only his own comfort, but to promote the efficiency of the school. His house was elegantly fitted up and he fared sumptuously. He purchased a garden

and a house in Italy, to which place he retired during his leisure. There are many here who to this day remember the balls and suppers which Mr. Drummond gave. By such lavish expenses he found his means straitened; and at this time, being enfeebled by sickness, and not being able to bestow that attention to his own affairs, as well as to those of the Academy, which was necessary for their success, he felt himself obliged to separate himself from the school.

One peculiar feature (borrowed from England, and hitherto unknown here), in the system of education pursued at the Durrumtallah Academy, was the teaching of dancing, or as Cowper most appropriately calls it, "the turning out of the toes." Although this study is abandoned now in schools, it is still taught at home to a great extent. We know nothing more mischievous, aye, more pernicious to children of both sexes, than their initiation into the mysteries of a quadrille and their skill in cutting capers. Little boys and girls now-a-days strut about a ball-room, as consequentially as their Pas and their Mas.—Coquettish manners, and effeminate habits are acquired. Puling girls and crying boys talk of love. We remember the day when the rage for choreography was at its height, and often, too often, have we lamented it. Promising children became tiresome bores; and the boys abandoned for ever their lessons, and the girls their Carpenter's Spelling and Guy's Geography, after they had once met on the common ground of a dancing hall. No longer did you see the pleasing spectacle of boys improving themselves after school hours. You saw a group assembled here, and another assembled there, and their conversation was nothing but dancing—pretty girls—and love. Little girls who had not as yet shed their *milk teeth*, blushed at the praises of their charms, as spoken from lips of ten and twelve years, and repeated the "oh! fie" and "for shame!" (the only words in their scanty vocabulary) with all the prudery of "Aunt Margery," who numbers half a century in her wrinkled face. When we consider the present race of our youth, we hang down our heads with shame and lament their degeneracy. Were it our good fortune to enjoy an apotheosis, we would ask for the judgment-seat of Minos for one day; and as Sisyphus rolls his stone and Ixion revolves upon his wheel, we would have the shades of Nouveau, Dupuis and Soulier dance on a rope for ever and ever, with a scorching fire to assist them, in their caperings and waltzings, for the great evils they had entailed on society, while living on earth. Not only did the acute indisposition of Mr. Drummond blight his prospects, and hasten the "decline and fall" of the Durrumtallah Academy, but a change had at this time taken place in society. "A spirit was abroad." New views were entertained by individuals, and a new system was required. Men perceived the necessity of attending to the moral and religious education of children. There was not a department of human science, a corner of men's thoughts, that did not receive new light. There was a stir in the hitherto tranquil state of society: a ruffling of the calm waters, which is the harbinger of a coming change. The frame work of English society had experienced an alteration; a new generation of men had sprung up, who looked into the soundness of

every thing and examined its foundation. The venerable crust of antiquity, with which time covers all things was being removed, and a search, severer and more beneficial than the *unholy* Inquisition, was being made. Such an agitation in all Europe could not be unfelt in India. The waves of the Atlantic, the pulsations of ever wakeful and active nature, conveyed the regeneration even to this country, and men were roused to something like action. The East Indians at that time exerted themselves, in a way which they have never done since. They not only sought for a redress of the grievances under which they labored; they not only determined to carry their complaints to the very fountain of British influence and power; but they even united together, to establish a school, for the benefit of their own children. These proceedings reflected great honor upon them; and could they be animated with such a spirit again; could they be made to feel the "*esprit de corps*," did they but *unite* themselves in a body, and consider what was due to themselves, as citizens, husbands, fathers, and sons, they would devise and mature plans, which would tend to the advantage of their children and of themselves.

The Parental Academy, and shortly after the Calcutta Grammar School, were established, and Mr. Drummond's Academy very sensibly declined. It continued to languish for a few years, until Mr. Drummond retired from it in the year 1831. It was then conducted by Mr. Wilson, until it merged into the Verulam Academy, conducted by Mr. Masters, now Head Master of La Martiniere. The Verulam Academy was given up, when Mr. Masters was selected to fill the office he at present holds. To one who is not accustomed to pass over lightly the responsibility of a teacher, it will be interesting to know how much Mr. Drummond had done for the sake of promoting Education. The Prospectus of the establishment of the Dhurumtollah Academy, by Messrs. Measures and Wallace, will inform our readers of the views entertained of education in India, and the narrow limits to which it was confined.

The state of the community in India is purely mercantile; commerce, the noblest boast of Britain, is the grand spring setting the whole in motion. The value of the man who is fully acquainted with the nature of commercial business, capable of conducting the concerns of the Merchant in his various departments and multifarious transactions, is too apparent to require illustration. In Bengal, no expert accountant can ever be considered as destitute; on the contrary, he possesses within himself indefeasible resources, which industry may always turn to the greatest advantage. It is therefore Mr. M's. object to make the pupils, he is honoured by receiving, perfect in the qualifications required in the counting house, and also in the theory and practice of navigation, a subject claiming a very great share of attention.

In India, none of the learned professions, neither divinity, law, nor medicine, open their arms for the reception of the youth, who has devoted his time to classical labours, and whose instructors have been careful to store his mind with Grecian and Roman Literature. Between England and India the case is wildly different; it is the knowledge of the day-book, journal and ledger, that to the majority here open the honourable road to wealth and eminence. The perusal of the battles of Achilles or Æneas, the Georgics and Buccolics, or the elegant Odes of Horace, though the

source of infinite delight, can have no effect in leading to those paths where alone in this country, and in truth all over the earth, opulence and distinction are to be acquired. Ovid, though he may sing

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas,
Corpora,

will never metamorphose the green plant into azure Indigo, nor Seneca teach the valuable qualifications necessary in the counting house. But after all that may be said, eminence in these studies is not to be hoped for in this country. Opportunities are absent, and the labor necessary for such an attainment by private study would not be repaid by the value of the acquisition. A superficial knowledge of those branches, acquired at the expense of those that are in fact essential, cannot surely be too much depreciated.

The remarks just quoted, sufficiently explain the views entertained by men with regard to education. These views will be considered by some as of the highest practical utility. They are not without advocates even at the present day. "Let us therefore try them with closer eyes." "That education," writes the great Milton, "can only be considered as complete and generous, which fits a man to discharge the duties of public and private life, of peace and of war." Surely this is a very compendious definition of a liberal education. What man is there who would envy a mechanic, because his arm, through exercise, had attained perfection, while the other parts of his body were stunted and deformed? Who would not rather enjoy the full and complete development of the muscles of the body, as seen in a Rajpoot. Why cultivate one part of the body to the exclusion of the rest? Should not there be a harmonious development of the whole? For the like reason why should one faculty of the mind be cultivated, to the utter neglect of the others. Let all the sleepless energies of the mind be awakened; the weak be strengthened; the dormant be roused to exertion; the precocious budding of one of the powers of the mind, be carefully repressed, and made to keep progress with the rest; the moral nature of man be cultivated and his religious feelings spiritualized and directed to the truth. And will all this be of no avail? What if a man, so morally, intellectually and religiously educated, should be sent into the world, and be made to labor, in a lower field, in which all his acquisitions are not employed; is it nothing that during his hours of leisure, he has food for reflection; and in the different relations of his life, he feels his importance as man, supports the dignity of his nature, and at all times and seasons carries himself with humility as one of the frail creatures of the dust, dependent on Him the great Lord of all? A feeling mind properly attuned by a sound religious education, would walk the circumference of this big earth to greet so good a man, and comfort himself that every one is not lost on earth.

Further, is it not well known that Truth is not a mere segment of a circle; the fraction of an integer; but that it is whole and indivisible? It is like a prospect which, seen under different views, presents different aspects. All science is connected together. The common ground of human observation is the earth. Look at its varied surface, and you

witness the triumphs of Agriculture, and Botany, and Physical Geography. Turn an uplifted countenance to the heavens above, and you are astonished with the stupendous truths of Astronomy. Behold man as a social being, and you will learn the truth of Moral, Intellectual and Political Philosophy, and all the other studies of literature and science, which have sprung from the diversities of man's intellect, and the difference of his capacities. See man, weak, fallen, dying, and you arrive, through the word of God, to the truths of revealed religion, and the wonders of Redeeming Love.

From these considerations we learn the ties by which all science is connected together. Discoveries in one science, throw light on the subjects of other sciences. Improvements in one branch of art, facilitate improvements in others. The discoveries in Optics have thrown considerable light, on the sciences of Astronomy and Navigation, Natural History and Botany. The improvements in the Steam Engine have induced greater ingenuity, saving of time, and abridgment of labor in the other arts. It is not then so profitless, as one would be led to suppose, to form an acquaintance with the grand truths of human knowledge. The greatest benefit, of all other benefits, is that the mind is filled with the wonders of the great Architect of the world; the understanding is enlarged; the judgment strengthened; the imagination has an ample field furnished to it, and fancy, the richest materials for it, from which to weave its fictions.

Mr. Drummond understood this. He knew the extent of his duty, and felt its transcendent importance. He spared no expence to further the interests, and accelerate the progress of his pupils. He did not fail to employ every means in his power, to attain the great object he had in view. But unfortunately he did not personally engage in the tuition. There was something in the ideas entertained by people in those days, which did not reconcile the proprietor of a school to be its teacher too. From his letters we learn his anxiety to introduce the most improved system of teaching; but his health forbade it. He was a kind and gentle master; and his scholars loved and respected him. He was never sparing of expence, for the comforts of the lads.

He omitted nothing, by which he was enabled to benefit his pupils. The sound method which he employed of instructing them in the art of book-keeping has been already noticed. He converted hours of relaxation into profit:—and caused amusements to yield not only physical pleasure, but intellectual delight. The sports of the pupils furnished them with materials for book-keeping, and it was a pleasant scene to look at boys, carrying on their bargains, laughing at their success, and noting their accounts in their pocket books.

In Mr. Drummond's opinion, all recreations should have a two-fold object, not only giving delight, but informing the mind, and awakening the gentler feelings of the soul. With this view, he established a small theatre, for the erection of which he spared no expence. It cost him no less than 3,000 rupees.

In the charities of private life, Mr. Drummond was munificent. The proudest epitaph for his memory will be, that he was never known to turn the orphan out of his doors.

It now becomes our duty to view Mr. Drummond no longer as a teacher of youth, but in another capacity, a metaphysician. We held him always in high veneration for his profound acquaintance with that hitherto infant study. The utility of Metaphysics is to this day involved in dispute, and often have we witnessed a tea-table converted into an *areopagus* for deciding the knotty point, respecting the benefits which result from the study of this most important department of human science. Mr. Drummond had read all the writers on Metaphysics, and had a very clear and far-sighted knowledge of their opinions and their writings. His acuteness in Metaphysics was displayed, in a very eminent degree, in his "Objections to Phrenology," the only work which he published in this country, and the only monument he has left us of his talents and his thoughts. The work consists of a series of papers, which he had read in the "Calcutta Phrenological Society," and of notes on the replies of Calcutta Phrenologists to his objections. This work is to us, one of peculiar interest, because it awakens in our minds so many recollections of the past.

The Calcutta Phrenological Society was established in the year 1825, and enrolled among its members the talented Dr. Paterson. In truth, he was the founder of the Society. At this distance of time, the most melancholy reflections cast their shadows upon us, while memory looks with a reverted eye, to the events of the year 1825.

The mere mention of the existence of such a society, is a certain mark, that people in those days, were more active promoters of learning, and more desirous of improving themselves, than they are now. There were many literary and debating Societies, but a Phrenological Society at such a period, is a presumptive evidence, that the souls of men were stirred; and that there was a movement in society, the surest indication of the coming of good, and the removal of evil. We have already said that Dr. Paterson was the founder of this society. We do not hesitate to state our opinion of him. Endowed with exquisite talents and a mind refined and well educated, he was another instance of the misery of such a man living in a large commercial society. A man of fine feelings and a tender heart, is totally unfit to herd with his fellows indiscriminately, and to preserve a cheerful and happy temper, through all the vicissitudes of life. As a razor employed upon a block of marble, becomes jagged and is rendered useless; so is a man of warm feelings and high soul, utterly incapacitated to live among those men whose hearts are encrusted with the follies, and vices, and passions of life. Dr. Paterson had not sufficient strength of mind to bear up against the ills of life. He sunk under the weight of severe disappointment. His premature death was a great loss to society, and the circle of his friends saw one of the brightest minds, grow debased and dim and fade away, without leaving aught behind him, worthy of his endowments, not so much as a name,

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

We are no phrenologists. We do not believe in the principles of the science. We consider the method of reasoning employed by its

professors, to be unsound ; but we will not ascend to the regions of metaphysics, for our proof. We would rather take a common-sense view of the matter. That which does not quadrate with the plainest and simplest deduction of reason will never be made to agree with truth, by any metaphysical process, or phrenological manipulation. The conclusions of philosophy, though seemingly at variance with the pictures of our senses, are yet, after a little consideration, made to harmonize with them. The discrepancies that are sometimes seen to exist, between the report of our organs, and the discoveries of science, have their origin in some things, which the senses, unaided, have not been able to discover ; or the connections of which, they have not been able to trace. The moment the links are supplied, and the error pointed out, from that moment the disagreement vanishes, and truth presents a whole, undivided, continuous prospect. The mind we know, we feel is indivisible. It is not made up of parts. Our consciousness does not whisper to us, that there are thirty-five divisions of the integral mind. Whence has this discovery been made, and upon what foundation does it rest ? What *micrometer* brought to light, these thirty and five invisible constituents of the mind ? and by what process of ratiocination, or from what extent of observation, have phrenologists been able to place the power of fancy, judgment, and imagination, in those parts, in which they are represented to exist ? We will require stronger proof, than what is given at present, to compel our conviction, that the mind, the undying, invisible mind, depends on the shape of the head. Not on any slender reasoning will we hang our faith. These phrenologists have baptized certain lumps, with certain uncouth, and long names ; and as sponsors, it is their duty to answer for their children, how they came to live in these *tumuli* of the head, and whence was it known, that they had certain lodgments in the different compartments in the brain. It has just been discovered that in the head, "are many mansions," in which the good and evil *genii* of human passions, feelings, and vices, live together, in a kind of holy brotherhood. It is true, that if the brain receive an injury, some faculty of the mind is also affected by it. But why should it hence follow, that the faculty is in that compartment of the brain, the tranquillity of which has been disturbed. If the eye be knocked out, the sense of vision is lost for ever ;—shall we hence conclude, that the mind was in the eye, and is now "clean gone out for ever." Rather is it not more consonant to reason to assert, that the eye is nothing, but the organ through which the mind sees ? And by analogy, the brain may be considered as an organ, through which the mind performs some portion of its functions, and hence should a disturbing cause affect any portion of the brain, the mind can no longer employ that part of the brain as heretofore. In truth, that organ becomes useless.

We have already declared our opinion of Mr. Drummond, as a metaphysician. He holds no mean rank, among that class of philosophers. But his excellency lay, in his skill in analyzing a question into its proper elements. There are usually two classes of writers in philosophy. The one generalizes ; the other analyzes. The first reduces knowledge into its proper divisions, and then builds a structure

upon the facts, which he with great labor has arranged. The other sifts and examines what is already known, and leaves it for classification. The analytic method, though subordinate in importance to the generalizing method, is not without its use. No *formula* in human philosophy could be complete, without undergoing a rigid analysis. Every part must be well examined, its shades of difference must be ascertained, its connection with the other parts must be clearly traced, and then like so much gold, in the hands of the refiner, well purged of its dross, and rightly purified, it can be made to subserve many useful, as well as ornamental, purposes. To be skilful in analysis requires a clear judgment, a sober and dispassionate understanding. An intellectual chemist must bring to his work, greater powers of the intellect, than the material chemist. The latter manipulates things, tangible, divisible, and capable of being affected by a thousand other substances, the effects of which combination and separation, can be properly marked. The former has his attention occupied with the workings of his own mind. He cannot pierce into the hearts of others. He cannot look into the machinery of the motives, passions, and feelings of other individuals. He directs the powers and capacities of his intellect, to inquire into the wonderful complexity of his own intellectual nature. He puts his mind into the *crucible* of his own understanding. He watches carefully into the operations of his own heart. He takes an *introspective* view into his own breast. He turns into his ownself, the telescope of his own observation. And who will deny that this process,—this operation, is unattended with difficulty, and is of easy accomplishment?

However, while so much discrimination is required by the skilful analyst; as great, yea greater powers are demanded by him, who reduces all knowledge into a system; who ascends from particulars to general views, and connects a seeming heterogenous mass, into a connected, interesting, important, useful, and beautiful science. Analysis will be carried on for years. Divisions, and subdivisions; combinations and separations will be continued for a length of time. The heap will receive annual accumulations; the mass will assume immense magnitude. At length, one master-mind will arise;—he will devote particular attention to the classification of this accumulated knowledge—order will spring from chaos. The ties of connection will be discovered between seeming hostilities. Differences will be reconciled, and accounted for; and as the temple of old arose silently and majestically, in the midst of Jerusalem, at once the beauty, the shield and bulwark of the Holy City; so under the skill and power of genius, a new science will be brought to light, not only attesting the triumph of human intellect, not only enlarging the sphere of man's comfort and convenience; but bearing evidence to the wisdom, the power, and the glory of God, whom all the earth adores.

Mr. Drummond belonged to the second class of metaphysicians. With an inquiring mind, he analysed every question, until he denuded it of all adventitious circumstances, and held it up to view, naked and alone. We will make but two extracts from Mr. Drummond's "Objections to Phrenology," which will not only support the view we

have taken of his mind, as well as the rank he is entitled to hold, as a metaphysician, but they will also give us a pleasing evidence of his energetic and eloquent style of writing.

"I leave it however to Phrenologists to fill up the blank entirely as it suits themselves, their choice is but Scylla or Charybdis. If they affirm that one organ *only* can be excited at a time, I shall ask of them, whether this individual excitation can produce, by its own sovereign energy, ~~un-~~ subjected to any amendment or veto whatever, a positive act of the will? and also whether the remembrance of this is exclusively retained by the particular organ so excited?—and to these questions I shall expect a direct and explicit answer. If the reply be, that each organ *does* possess exclusively and independently, these powers and faculties, I shall proceed thus. If the human mind consists of thirty-five organs, each of which is entirely connected with, asks no advice from, and is as ignorant of the "sayings and doings" of its neighbours, as if they were all inhabitants of different skulls, how has the foolish pronoun *I* so cunningly, and yet so unnecessarily, obtruded itself into every human language, since the thirty-five organs are exactly so many identities, or in other words so many different beings; and, taken in the aggregate, are as logically and as royally entitled to the plural *We*, as any thirty-five kings that ever pestered the world? Gentlemen, this may savour of jesting, but I am in sound earnest. There is nothing so evident to the human mind as its own identity; which, although, not demonstrable by any process of ratiocination, must nevertheless, be assumed as a truth, anterior to the commencement of any other induction; and I challenge every Phrenologist on the globe, to reconcile the possibility of his own personal identity, or, in other words the consciousness he possesses of being, at all times, *himself*, to the hypothesis which declares he is an assemblage of thirty-five existences, each independently possessing the faculties of perception, volition and memory.

"Should the Phrenologists adopt a middle course, and say, that the various organs sometimes act the one way, and sometimes the other, this resort will not avail them much. I shall request to be informed how it happens that, when under a raging fit of jealousy, or any other violent passion, with the trusty steel grasped in my hand, and the object of my wrath entirely in my power,—I shall request to be informed, I say, how it happens that, when so situated, I am restrained from striking the deadly blow, by the dread of something that may follow it? It will not be nearly enough for me to be told that, at this critical moment,—when least it was to be expected, and certainly not at all desired, the organ of "*cautiousness*" should, so opportunely and instantaneously,—yet at the same time so imperintently,—not only intermeddle in the affairs of a neutral, and not even contiguous territory, but all at once swallow up the whole force of the fiercely armed despot of "*Destructiveness*!" I must know the medium and the method, whereby things so absolutely unconnected and adverse, are, nevertheless, so reciprocal and obedient?—I must have it explained to me, how it comes to pass, that the excitation of any organ whatever, can have the smallest influence, even on its *nearest* companion? And should I be told that they are all *wired* together, and that each of them, like puppets in Punch's opera, starts into activity exactly when it should *do* so, I shall not yet be satisfied. I will still insist in having it made evident how all this is *managed*. Every spring and pulley must be described; and unless the Phrenologists condescend to superadd *another* faculty to the thirty-five; making thereby even dozens of them—*ay*, and a very different one, too, in importance, from all its predecessors, I am afraid I shall have a long time to wait before I be made the wiser."

We cannot dismiss this part of our subject without making mention of a peculiar opinion of Mr. Drummond, on the subject of "Genius." In his creed, there was no such thing as genius. It was, according to his view, the creature of circumstances. He held it as his belief, that the difference, which is observable in the capacities of men, the diversity of talents to be found in the world, was owing entirely to the circumstances of a man's life. But this opinion appears to us, to be erroneous. We have not yet met with one follower of Helvetius, who has been able to explain to us, what he means by "circumstances." We have known many, who had maintained that genius was not one of the gifts of nature, but who have never been able to solve the problem of circumstances. It is a word, used with the utmost latitude of meaning, and yet it is inexplicable. It eludes the chains of an examination. Now to us, it appears, how minds, which are supposed to be originally the same, should be differently affected by the same circumstances. For to this strait, does this question ultimately reduce its advocates. They assume for the sake of illustration, two individuals, A. and B. who are made to live in the same ocean of circumstances, and to breathe the same atmosphere, and yet A. turns out an irreclaimable fool, while B. either fascinates by his wit, delights us by his correct and classic taste, or binds us with the spell of omnipotent genius. That such a change should take place, clearly argues a diversity in their intellects and their understandings. For example, a rod of silver will invariably be similarly affected by nitric acid, while a bar of copper, will, in the same acid, always exhibit the same appearances. Let the silver be alloyed with copper, and the same result will not be perceived. To what circumstance is this change to be attributed. The acid has not been changed, but the substance immersed in it, has. Precisely so with regard to the question, concerning genius. Circumstances continue the same always. The original diversities of the mind occasion the various aspects, under which the intellect of man, is seen.

Genius is innate. All Golconda's mines and Perus gold will not purchase it. Frankincense and myrrh, will not awaken it, in the altar of the human mind. It comes from God! This solution is simple, and should therefore be adopted. Of what avail is it, to entangle ourselves in the labyrinth of circumstances, when the way that leads to heaven is so clearly manifest. The disciple of Helvetius will ring his changes on circumstances, and if you remove him from their influence over the minds of men, at all times and seasons of their sojourn upon earth, they will make retreat into the womb of mothers, and gravely tell us, that the embryo—infant perhaps received there, that bent, that direction which it exhibited in infancy, developed in manhood, and brought to maturity in old age. It is passing foolishness to argue in this strain. The best and safest plan, is to lean on the bosom of God, and there look for the origin of all the gifts of our life, our intellect and our body.

It will not be amiss to notice here, the powers of Mr. Drummond as a debater. There are many now alive, who can bear witness to the talent he displayed in the arena of discussion. There was not a question proposed, the bearing of which he did not at once perceive ;

and no one more ably than he, could dissect a subject, and strip it of all extraneous matter. A debating society was his delight. He had, while in Scotland, enjoyed the good fortune of listening to the stirring debates, conducted publicly by Mr. Horner, Lord Jeffries, and Lord Brougham, with other men of distinguished abilities. And in consequence, no one was more in his element, in a literary debating society, than Mr. Drummond. The only fault observable in his character, was his impatience under contradiction. The members of the several debating societies, that flourished during the times, to which we are now adverting, were chiefly young men, who were once his pupils, or of other seminaries. He therefore spoke among them, "as one having authority," and required, that an instant submission was to be made to his decision. He considered himself to be an oracle, propounding all questions that were submitted for the opinion of each individual member. He reckoned his opinion as the verdict of the jury, which is beyond the control of the law, and the power of the judge. In truth he fancied himself infallible. This was the only fault which was to be seen in him, in a debating society. Elsewhere, his demeanour was highly becoming, and his kind and bland manner towards his pupils, won their esteem, and attached to himself their affections.

We must now ask our readers to turn their attention to the time of Mr. Drummond's retirement from his Academy. From this point, we digressed to the consideration of the Phrenological Society. After Mr. Drummond had been relieved from the cares and anxieties of his Institution, he proceeded to Singapore for the benefit of his health. This trip to woo Ilygeia, in the Bay of Bengal, and the climate of Singapore, afforded him no benefit. Soon after his return to Calcutta, he became for upwards of two years, an inmate of the General Hospital. But he had not lost his attachment to the muses. His love for literature had not waxed cold; and, in the unfavorable atmosphere of a public hospital, he strung his harp to sing a few songs, which the muses had kindled in his breast. After leaving the Hospital, in some measure relieved of his malady, he lived in town, with a friend. We are not certain whence Mr. Drummond drew his support; but there is presumptive evidence, that he derived a *modicum* for his maintenance, from his writings in the Newspapers of this city. We are assured in our own minds, that he would never have depended for support on any other arm than his own. He did not levy contributions on the resources of others; but he drew sustenance from his own resources, how small soever, these might have been. His frequent exhortation to every individual was "Be independent of friends and relatives." He would, we well know, have rejected the proffered aid of any of his friends, unless he could give an equivalent for it. He was, in this respect, like the great Dr. Johnson, who flung out of his window a pair of shoes which some College friend had placed at the door of his room, being afraid of offering it to him, and of which he, at that time, stood in particular need.

When his health was sufficiently re-established he was determined to do something for himself; and as literature was the study and pursuit next to his heart, he immediately issued a prospectus for estab-

lishing a paper, entitled the "*Weekly Examiner*." The public very generously supported him. We remember that more than five hundred names were on the list of his supporters. But "*the Englishman*," gave him a churlish welcome. Mr. Drummond's publication was a kind of "Opposition Coach," to use Mr. Stocqueler's own words, on being applied to by another party, to give a favorable notice of a monthly publication. Though dealt with so ungraciously, and having been sneered at without any provocation, Mr. Drummond neither sank in despondence nor gloom. He commenced the publication of his paper in the month of March 1840, and discontinued it, in consequence of increasing infirmities, in the month of July 1841.

Mr. Drummond never forgave "*the Englishman*." Heavy were the blows that fell upon it.* At length, the self-possession of Mr. Stocqueler was disturbed, in an article on the theatre, which Mr. Drummond ironically styled the temple of morality, and a great female actress as one possessing "crystalline purity,"—Mr. Stocqueler winced under the attack, and to punish Mr. Drummond for his insolence, he withdrew his subscription from the *Weekly Examiner*. After this triumph, Mr. Drummond became invincible, and he felt his power over the "*Englishman*." The contest ended with the extinction of the *Weekly Examiner*.

As the Editor of a Newspaper, Mr. Drummond was eminently successful. He was a kind-hearted man, and no one appeared to be annoyed or displeased with him. It once fell to our lot to visit Mr. Drummond in his capacity of Editor; he was at that time residing in a lower-roomed house, opposite to the Free School. It was in the month of August. The streets were indeed in a very dirty condition. They appeared to be suffering from a severe eruption; and the ceaseless little rain, increased the inconvenience. We waited by appointment on Mr. Drummond, at 10 o'clock in the morning. He had forgotten the engagement. We were obliged to wait for some time before the gate was opened. At length, an old woman, unfolded the doors, and we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Drummond.

Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore—

Pale and emaciated, Mr. Drummond was reclining in his sea-cot, clad, cap-a-pie, in flannel. He drew a chair for us.—We presented him with a book, and while he was poring over the contents of the volume, we enjoyed a little leisure to look about us, and survey all things. The house was a small one. Mr. Drummond occupied the hall, which was very damp. A large bathing tub was placed behind his sea-cot. Before him was a little table, strewn with papers, two slices of toast, and a small jug of milk. Opposite us, against the wall, was a glass-door Almirah, with a few books in it. It was evident that its repose had not been disturbed for some time; the spiders had weaved their webs upon it, and around it. We felt ourselves very low-spirited,—but soon after Mr. Drummond commenced his conversation. His blue eyes, sparkled as he proceeded. He wandered from subject to subject; until he alighted on Metaphysics.—This was his hobby. He spoke almost uninterruptedly. He rose superior to all depressing influence. It was 1 o'clock; and at taking leave of Mr. Drummond, he

could not help exclaiming, "Why, so early?"—He conferred on us a favor, which we shall always gratefully remember.

Soon after Mr. Drummond was obliged, from increasing indisposition, to suspend the publication of his periodical, until renewed health and strength, would enable him to continue his exertions in re-editing it. But his anticipations were never realized. His hopes were doomed to be disappointed. He lived in seclusion for many months. All, with the exception of a few of his friends, had forgotten him. He was almost blotted out from recollection. However, he suddenly made his appearance amongst us, in the Town Hall, on the last anniversary meeting of the Mechanic's Institute. So intently were all eyes fixed on Mr. Thompson, the great attraction of the evening; so occupied was every one with the business of the evening, that when Mr. Drummond rose and addressed the chair, surprise was seen on every countenance. A whisper ran round, "Who is he?" "What is his name?" Enfeebled by sickness and with a voice weak and tremulous with age, he was not heard by all. In fact, a new generation had arisen, "which knew not Joseph." The spell of his former eloquence was lost upon the new race. No ties, no associations connected Mr. Drummond with their better feelings. Supported by his stick, he addressed the meeting, and although many did not hear him that night, the public were afterwards put in possession of his sensible observations through the *Hurkaru* Newspaper.

This was his last appearance in public! That address was his farewell! Ten days before his melancholy close, a friend called to see him. He was cheerful and gay. He was engaged in writing for the *Hurkaru* the source from which he derived his support, and having occasion to mend his pen, he quietly remarked "My eyes are dim; I am not equal to the task. Poor—my good friend, always made my pens. How much I wish some ingenious mechanic would invent a pen which would retain the ink much longer than it does now. I am so often obliged to dip my pen into the inkstand that every time I do so, I find the current of my thoughts disturbed—the chain broken, and I feel my inability to supply the deficient links." No apprehensions were entertained of his approaching dissolution. But mortal eyes are weak and short-sighted. Inflammation had seized his bowels, and he was soon past all hopes of recovery. The day before his death, he was removed by his friend, and grateful and affectionate pupil, Mr. H. B. Gardener, to his house, where he breathed his last, calmly and serenely. The light clouds that pass over the face of the heavens do not move more silently, than did the spirit wing its flight, to the regions above.

Thus did he live. Thus did he die. This frail memorial of his life and his talents, is all that is now erected.—He left nothing behind him. During his stay on earth, he was much beloved. In every relation of his life, he endeared himself to all. He was a tender brother, as his affectionate bearing towards his family who came out to India, will abundantly prove. He was a kind and generous master; using severity, whenever he considered that severity was required, but never needlessly and spitefully using his authority and discharging his trust.

In the generality of instances, he was ready to hold out an indemnity for all offences, and tried every means to reclaim the offender from the "error of his ways." As a friend, he was warm and sincere, ready to succour the distressed, soothe the afflicted, and counsel the unwary. At all times and seasons, he was prepared to render assistance. Often has he deprived himself to relieve the necessity of a friend. As a man he was amiable and courteous—he knew he possessed a hasty temperament, and therefore on every occasion, repressed its ebullitions. This was his misfortune. But who is perfect? There was one trait peculiar to his character, which is an ornament to human nature. He was never known to slander any body. If he had not a good word to say for a man, he never said an evil one: but he remained silent.

We have lastly to regard Mr. Drummond as a Poet. He is not below mediocrity. On the banks of the silver Leven, he courted the Muses, and there are many Scottish songs, now in the mouths of people, which were of his composing. In a letter to his friend he makes some enquiry after the poems he had left to be forwarded to him, in London. While on his voyage, he attempted once or twice to tune his reed, but the harsh voice of a petty officer, or the rude language of an ignorant sailor, soon banished poetry from his brain, and awoke him from his fairy dream. In the days of his prosperity, he cultivated an acquaintance with the Muses, and transmitted a collection of his poems, by sea, to be printed in England. But the ship, with her precious freight, became the sport of the winds and the waves, and nothing more was heard of her. When Sir Charles Metcalfe, gave the Press of India, its liberty, the harp of Mr. Drummond sounded a peal to his magnanimity and liberality. The strain was not unnoticed by the good governor. His Aide-de-Camp waited on Mr. Smith, of the *Hurkaru* Press, and asked for the name of its author. The name was instantly given, and Sir Charles Metcalfe subscribed for 50 copies of Mr. Drummond's poems, which he intended, at that time, to publish. His intention was however, never carried into execution. It is not generally known, that the Fakcer of Jungherah, received emendations and additions from the Muse of Mr. Drummond. It was pleasant to hear the old man read those passages, which either had received a polish from his chisel, or which he had produced on his anvil. We select, from the papers left behind him, two specimens of Mr. Drummond's poetical powers. The one is his earliest attempt, when he landed in India,—the other was written to the Memory of Caledonia's fanciful and sweet Poet. They display the power of his mind, and will be read with interest by those who have breathed during their infancy, Scotia's air, and walked in Scotia's wilds.

ELEGY

Written in the Military Officer's burying ground, at the Cantonments of Berhampore, Bengal.

The raging sun, at length, has reached the west,
 And faintlier now his burning darts are hurl'd;
 But, proudly rolling to his cave of rest,
 His red brow threatens, as it leaves, the world!

Eager I gaze the dim horizon round—

Nor rock nor mountain gleams in golden light ;
One boundless plain, obscured with groves profound,
Encircles and subdues the aspiring sight.

I listen—but the sounds of evening lone,
Which erst, in other lands, so charmed mine ear,—
The black-bird's mellow note, the curfew's tone
Or moan of brook or fountain, rise not here.

Nor shepherd's pipe, nor plough-boy's weeper song,
Blends with the plaintive hum of cot and fold ;
No blooming maiden trips the sward along,
Gilding the scene with loveliness untold.

Yet the low landscape, field and forest, glows
In countless shades of rich, eternal green ;
Pomona's wealth from loftiest boughs o'erflows,
And Flora's gems profusely deck each scene.

Serenely beam the skies, the ripe earth tēems,
The waving plains rejoice in plenty's boast,
But living nature reft and sickly seems,
And man, the lord of all, neglected most !

The genuine muse, inured to wise control,
Heeds not the feeble frame, the dusky skin ;
But mourns the sad debility of soul—
The deeper shades that darken all within.

Sages afar ! who hallow Gunga's stream,
And hymn the praise of Brahma's mystic love,
Ah ! yield to sober truth the pleasing dream,
And trace with me the pale, polluted shore.

Come, and behold each hell-born art employed
To check the immortal energy of thought ;
Divine improvement's feeblest bud destroyed,
And man's debasement to perfection brought.

Grim superstition marches unopposed,
Fierce howling phrensy in the dismal van ;
Each gate of sweet society is closed,
And man immutably, estranged from man.

The bond of blessing love, the patriot flame,—
Heart-hallowing ties which knit the soul to life,—
The balm of knowledge or the blast of fame,
Charm not in peace, nor fire to noble strife.

Without softening sympathy to sway,
Without a generous wish to warm the heart,
The slaves of slavery vegetate away,
Craft all their science, crouching all their art !

How long, o'er these bright regions of the sun,
Shall reign the dreary midnight of the mind ?
How long her course shall pale delusion run,
And time-chained ignorance imbrute mankind ?

O ! would some pitying seraph deign to tell
 When heaven's own flag of light shall be unfurl'd,
 To glad the gaze of nations, and dispel
 The bigot blight which wraps the beautiful world ?

Ah ! when shall Nature's degradation end,
 And rousing Reason's sacred tones be heard ;
 O'r must this lovely land forever bend
 Neath every curse—from every hope debar'd ?

Hark ! a soft voice responds, in accents low,
 ' Though many an iron scourge has long oppress'd,—
 ' Though dread and drear has been their night of wo,
 ' Morn yet shall dawn, and India's pains be blest.

' Where the wild widow mounts the dreadful pile,
 Where sinless babes are hurl'd to monsters jaws,
 ' Where victims mad midst willing tortures smile,
 ' And fiend-like myriads yell their curst applause !

' Man shall behold a brother's face in man,
 ' And social order social love inspire ;
 ' Immortal truth the torch of freedom fan,
 ' And patriot valour guard the eternal fire !

' While lovely woman, now a soulless slave,
 ' Scorned and debased, endungeoned from the day,
 ' Shall be indeed, what the great Giver gave—,
 ' The hallowing charm of life's dull, rugged way.

' For, o'er yon western wave, a ray divine—
 ' Guerdon of God, to suffering nature given—
 ' Has burst, with blaze unquenchable, to shine
 ' Till chains and darkness from the earth be driven.

' And Albion's sons, improving to improve,
 ' Shall stretch her banner but to shield and save —
 ' O'er these wide realms expand a reign of love,
 ' 'Nor freedom's children laugh o'er freedom's grave.

I would not move—but now my wakened sight
 Turns to the domes of death that rise around ;
 And now soft Luna pours her pensive light,
 And all is stillness o'er the dreary ground.—

No kind gradation marks the tropic beam ;
 No lingering twilight mourns the death of day ;
 But, Sol descending, darts a dazzling gleam,
 And shades of night assume an instant sway.—

Sweet is this melancholy, dull domain !
 Genial to me the sacred influence spread ;
 Weaning from fitful folly's noisy train,
 To seek instruction from the silent dead.

But could I speak what rushes on the heart ,
 To think what Britons here forgotten lie ;—
 To think fond man each link of love should part,—
 Brave every blast, and come so far—to die !

The hour which tore them from their homes away,
In memory's faithful vision, is revealed ;—
I see the exile striving to be gay,—
Struggling to hide what cannot be concealed.

Kindred and friends appear, in solemn train,
Each glistening cheek evencing sorrow true ;
While grief-choaked utterance speaks the bosoms's pain,
Nor nature dares the dreadful word—adieu !

A dearer still—the heart's own chosen fair,
In fond affliction's last embrace is prest ;
Her eyes of love entranced in wild despair ;—
But soft, oh muse !—in mercy, veil the rest.

The cozier Hope, with expectations wild,
Fires the young heart, intoxicates the brain ;
While dreams of fortune, fame, and greatness, pil'd
In gorgeous forms, allure and urge amain.

Still, though she wafts the wanderer oceans o'er,
The record dear remains, of pleasure past ;
Each fond wish pointing to his native shore,
Where all his wanderings are to end at last.

Yes ! every solace of a heart from home
Blends with the bliss awaiting its return ;
And visions bright of rapture yet to come,
To life's last twilight exquisitely burn.—

But enter here ! where many a victim sleeps,
In cell of dawnless darkness ever closed ;
And, midst these towering tombs and humble heaps,
Behold and own, Hope's treacheries exposed !

Ah ! did they toil beneath the sickening sun,
So long, so far from all the heart held dear,
To gain, when life's faint, feverish day was done,
An humble, dark, and narrow portion here ?—

Was it for this fond youth's effectual fire,
And manhood's prime met premature decay ?
Was it for this each holy, pure desire—
Each yearning of the heart, was answered—nay ?

Ye British youth ! who mark, with envious gaze,
A great Nabob returned from India's strand :
And fancy wealth, profuse as Phebus' rays,
Spontaneous showers upon the favoured land.

Ah ! little reckon ye the bright, the brave—
Denied even fortune's humblest height to climb—
Who waned and wasted, press an early grave,
And sink, unheeded, in the rolls of time !—

No friend, of faith approved, their couch attends
When pangs of parting agony control ;
No soothing loved one o'er their bosom bends,
To seize the last sigh of the fleeting soul.

Strangers their hasty obsequies perform ;
 Unvail'd, unwept, their poor remains are laid ;
 The British heart regales the Indian worm ;
 And all is hushed in dark oblivion's shade !

Or, should a pompous monument proclaim
 What once it was that moulders now below,—
 Gilt marble blaze some wealthier victim's name,
 And art portray the zemblances of wo.

No real mourners there at evening lean.
 While memory, sadly pleased, the past renews ;
 No sacred sigh disturbs the silent scene,
 Nor hallowed tear the lonely grave bedews.—

But now my heaving heart forbids my lay ;
 With keen emotion every chord is wrung :
 Forebodings dire arise in dark array ;
 And thoughts, too deep for utterance, chain my tongue.—

The damps of night are on the drowsy plains ;
 All Nature's things soft sleep's oblivion woo ;
 Lone mound ! where dread, instructive silence reigns,
 Ye dreary graves, and gloomy walls, adieu !

Lines to the Memory of Robert Burns.

Poor luckless child ! to thee was given
 To prove the just behests of heaven ;
 For though in dark misfortune's gloom,
 On bleakest waste, 'twas thine to bloom,
 Bursting through every cloud of fate,
 Thou soar'dst above the pamper'd great
 And sprea'dst, amid their haughty ring,
 The sweetest note, the wildest wing.
 Yet though thy country hailed with pride,
 Thy swelling soul, and drank its tide,
 Imbued, with rapture, all the store
 Thy true and tender heart could pour,—
 Though “ quick to learn—and wise to know,”
 Thy only meed was want and woe !

But, though the shades of dread repose
 Thy “ narrow house” for ever close—
 Though mute for aye thy magic lyre ;
 And ever fled thy soul of fire—
 While freedom has a spark to warm,
 Or beauty has a beam to charm,
 And when the sons of wealth and pride,
 Who passed thee by with heedless stride,
 Are mouldered in oblivion's urns,
 Thy name shall live—neglected Burns,
 Thy darling lays, in every clime,
 Shall mock the power of wasting time,
 And Scotia's proudest banner wave
 Triumphant, o'er thy hallowed grave.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

I stood beside a cave of darkness seal'd ;
It was a sepulchre ; the throne of Death ;—
The ghastly Monarch of a shadowy realm,
Whose dim and dismal empire is the dark,
The sable still solemnity of shade ;
Where flit the form of things that now are not,
But shall one day arise in earthquake wide,
When Hell shall burst in vast volcano up,
And Nature into nothingness roll back—
Death's death entomb'd : in the unreal abyss,
On which Eternity her seal shall set,
Yet summon up as with enchantment's wand,
Abroad and beautiful creation new,
Floating in boundless bliss of beings bright,
To which our aspirations fond aspire,
Where come no visitations dark of death ;
Not the Elysium of a poet's dream,
But that Seraphic paradise of light,
And life, and bliss, and beauty—ev'n His rule
Whose Name's ' the RESURRECTION and the LIFE !'
' The Alpha and Omega '—' the I AM !'

I said I stood beside a sepulchre ;
It was an antre dark, and held a corse ;
And Evening, garb'd in her dusk mantle sad,
With sober steps came o'er the Dead Sea's lake,
And o'er the mountains flung her solemn veil.
The mourners had departed ; all but one,
And she stood there the shadow image of pale grief,
And look'd more like a gliding ghost, than one
Clad in the clay of this our being's life !
And ever and anon she wept salt tears,
And groan'd as if in bitterness of spirit ;
As if her soul were freighted on each sigh,
And on it fled from that its prison-house.
She smil'd at length ; and in that smile awoke
As 'twere her being : on her came a light,
The angel-visitation of her spirit,
The poetry of Heaven upon her fell ;
She bow'd and worship'd somewhat all unseen.
But quickly rose, and hasting from that tomb,
Gath'ring her oriental robes she sigh'd
' Yea,—I will seek him : ' straight she glided off .
Ev'n as a viewless spirit from my dream,
And faded as that solemn eve in night,
As dies the rainbow back into the ray,
As melts the star of morning into morn.
Was she the phantom of my spirit's thought,
Like some sole star left in a murky sky
When all were fled from Heav'n ?—What did she there ?

I was alone beside that sepulchre.
The winds sang on their long low harmonies
Nature's maternal dirge unto the dead.
Anon the melancholy Moon uprose,

The solemn sweet Enchantress of the night :
 And muffled in her dusky robe of clouds
 Walking the pathless heavens in silent grief,
 She gaz'd upon that solemn sepulchre,
 As holding deep communion with the dead.
 An Angel came to watch that dead man's dust,
 And sat upon that stone ; his robe was flame,
 And in his eye were lightnings, such as Earth
 Knows not, and would her's, all have blasted blind ;
 He sat as 'twere in glorious guardianship ;
 His count'nance bore Seraphic kindness,
 Yet clad it was in sorrow's solemn hue.
 Over my spirit came a mystic spell
 To do deep homage to that thing of light :
 That, though in veil'd magnificence, thus sat
 Eclipsing Glory into deepest shade,
 And making that dark sepulchre a shrine,
 And throne of most divine effulgency.
 For he was as these glorious things of old—
 (Glimps'd of Olympus beautiful and bright,
 Throwing their starry beings into clay,
 Tho' in the earthy yet ethereal flash
 Of their Elysian immortality ;
 And ravishing all hearts of worship fond,
 The rich wild deep delirium of the soul,
 Its Pythoness of Beauty Hell inspir'd,
 Yet rising on her as a Venus bright ;
 Like to that seven-hill'd Harlot with her cup
 The Sorceress of blasphemy and blood !)—
 But that his voice like sound of waters deep
 Thunder'd forbiddance, and his radiant arm
 Pointed the east ; where then the matin star
 Came like the herald lark of coming day ;
 Emblem of Him who came 'our Morning Star !'

I heard the roll of his departing words,
 I met the look of that angelic eye,
 And that look's lightning !—straight all things were past
 Into a mass of shadows huge and dark :
 I saw not,—felt not,—heard not—Earth reel'd round—
 Time, light, and life departed ;—there was nought
 Save wild and whirling darkness ; and a sense
 Of being gone, that would not wholly go,
 Yet did not stay. It was a chaos all ;
 Rayless and pathless, lifeless, deathless, dark,
 The desert of existence dusk with death ;
 There was no Heaven, no Earth, no Sun, no Star,
 No time, no life, no sense, no hope, no fear—
 The elements of all things were expir'd
 And Nature laps'd to nothingness was that,
 She was ere first creation leapt to life,
 And sang midst choral orbs her virgin hymn.

Light broke—my trance was gone—I woke to life ;
 A resurrection from unreal death—
 To that which is another kind of death,
 The living death of this our dying life.
 The sinking Sun was sloping his last rays

"Yes, may it please your highness," replied the man, "and that is the father," pointing out the Brahmin, who stood trembling in the presence of the assembly.

"Uncover her head, and let me see her," commanded the Nabob.

The order being immediately obeyed, there was now exhibited a face, on which every eye feasted with delight. The golden complexion of the widow-maid, the soft and beautiful expression of her countenance, and the sweet lovely eyes which glistened with tears, were sufficient to win the heart of all. The Mussulmans beheld this truly interesting object with admiration, and no doubt some hearts there were, whose sympathies were excited in behalf of the helpless creature, who now stood a picture, suffering under the most agonized feelings. The monster, who ruled with an iron sceptre, millions placed under his care, eyed her with inward gratification, and felt himself happy to add another victim to his inordinate passion. After having closely surveyed the young woman, he asked his favorite what he thought of her.

"May it please your highness," replied Golam Ally Khan, "these eyes have seldom met with a being possessed of such charms."

"You have spoken the truth!" observed the tyrant, "but what do *you* think of her," turning towards Noor Jehan.

"I likewise," replied Noor Jehan, "have not beheld a being of such incomparable beauty."

"Truly! truly!" echoed half a dozen voices from all around.

"Does this girl know why she has been brought here?" asked the Nabob of the man who had her conveyed to the palace.

"Your slave has spoken nothing to her on the subject," was the reply.

"She shall know it presently," remarked the Nabob. Then turning to one of his courtiers he bid him tell the Brahmin, that he would take his daughter from him, and that as a compensation make him a present of a hundred gold-mohurs.

The request was duly made known to the father, whose indignation was aroused to such a degree, that he could scarcely give himself utterance. At length he spoke, but all that he said, he took care should be temperate.

"May it please your highness," said the poor Brahmin, "I was born in this country, and have lived from my youth under the sway of the Mahommedans, but never did I suffer such indignities as your men have practised upon me. I have been dragged from my home like a criminal, and I am now brought before you to be insulted, in the presence of this assembly. Your slave is aware that your power is unlimited, and that life and death are in your hands; and yet he would make bold to say, that you have done much to oppress your subjects. From your grand-father, Nabob Ally Verdy Khan, I had received innumerable favors; and if you but knew the kindness with which he treated me, when business called me within these walls, you would grant me, my release with that of my daughter, and forbear speaking a language which must be revolting to the feelings of a Hindoo. You will pardon me for speaking thus in your presence—as a father, I cannot but regret the doom which fate has decreed to my daughter."

When the Brahmin had concluded his speech, every eye was fixed on the

As, to the smiter to its core, the palm
 Gives the life-giving draft tho' with her life!
 But who was He—that weeper o'er the dead,
 That thus stood by the rock seal'd house of death,
 Like Light near Chaos' empire—Life near Death?—
 Ask of those viewless ministers of air,
 Whose beings are to us a mystery,
 A beauty, and a wonder, and an awe;
 Who come and go beyond Creation's stars
 The boundless Heralds of Infinity;
 For they methought did come to worship Him.
 Or ask of Nature and her elements,
 For they had clad themselves in consciousness,
 As if upon unliving things there came
 A life reflected from that Living One.
 There was a listening stillness in the air—
 The Sun in wonder stay'd his ocean course
 And all his fervid wheels suspended hung—
 The very rocks seem'd gazing on him there—
 Silence herself stood breathless and in awe—
 Methought I was astounded into stone,
 Yet gaz'd entranc'd in deepest wonderment,
 Till on mine ear those words of wonder roll'd
 "Come forth!" and forthwith Earth shook as in pangs—
 Straight was a viewless rush of wings in air
 As of huge rout, and fearful sounds were heard
 Of shriek, and dire convulsion, and wild wail,
 And lightning from Heaven fell like glares of hell.
 'Come forth,—and Death dismay'd gave up his dead—
 The monstrous murky unsubstantial Shade
 The foul o'er-vanquish'd Victor, his clutch'd prey!
 Corruption horrible leapt forth to life!
 Destruction dazzled fell before the Light,
 Before the feet of Him that Mourner there!
 And dost thou ask who was HE?—is't not writ,
 As with Heaven's golden, burning, quenchless light,
 More vivid than the Babylonian's wall
 Tho' by th' Avenging Angel lightning lit—
 He was the RESURRECTION and the LIFE!
 The TREE of Eden's Immortality!
 The FOUNTAIN Infinite,—Essential,—Prime,—
 LIGHT'S LIGHT!—ev'n HE! whose cast-off rays are they,
 Whose starry beings make all populous Heaven
 The angelic poetry of living life.
 He was the Wand'rer from beyond the stars,—
 The Pilgrim of Eternity weed-garb'd—
 That, clad in mortal lineaments of flesh
 Did to His creature as a creature come,
 As 'twere ETERNITY eclips'd by Time!
 When yet, despite that veil, forth from Him came
 (As from the Holiest of Holies old
 Where dwelt the SHEKINAH in glory shrin'd)
 Those everlasting oracles of LIGHT—
 The dread developments of Mystery—
 Th' Apocalypsis of DIVINITY!
 * * *

(To be continued.)

THE MISER OUTWITTED.

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded from page 195.)

The family of the Brandons made a considerable figure among a portion of the Calcutta community, about the time within the compass of which our narrative is confined. Mr. Brandon, who had held a very respectable footing in society died, leaving, to his wife and two daughters, a fortune sufficient to enable them to move in the sphere of life to which they had been accustomed. The young ladies had every accomplishment suited to their station, and were both possessed of qualities which rendered them highly interesting. The younger in particular was a universal favourite. A stranger to all reserve, she opened her mind to every body without restraint. Light-hearted, and susceptible of being pleased with every thing, she laughed even on the slightest occasions. An awkward gait, an ill-made habit, or any other such dereliction from the common standard of taste and fashion threw her into convulsions. But notwithstanding this propensity, she was the most kind and generous creature that one could wish to behold; and it is no wonder then that all were desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of Lavinia Brandon,—a name which might be used as another term for an agreeable companion.

After this brief preface, which we found it necessary to prefix to our present chapter, we shall beg leave to turn to other matters, demanding our attention. There was a pleasant little tea-party at the house of the Brandons, a few evenings after the incidents which we have already detailed. A tea-party! and who is there that is not an advocate of a tea-party? One may easily forego an out-door dinner in this grilling, boiling and roasting climate; but a tea-party! O plague on the impudence of that man who would give his veto against such a treat. Handsome faces, interesting small talk, jests and pleasantries, delightful music and sweet voices, all form very powerful attractions, even to an ascetic not to pledge himself for his appearance at a tea-party. Again we have a little wooing and cooing, a little tete-a-tete; and one who is a keen observer of human nature might see at a glance, on such an occasion, who is the favoured one of all the admirers of a celebrated beauty.—In a ball-room, though much is seen, we are apt to form very wrong conclusions. A coquette there plays her part to such advantage that among the number who crowd around her, it is impossible to form any idea as to who is the most successful candidate for her affections; nor is it an easy task to know the real intentions of a beau who struts about the hall, conceited as a turkey cock, and addresses some dozen ladies, with a string of set phrases to show the intensity of his feelings. But at a tea-party, the case wears a different aspect:—the excitement and poetry of a ball-room take wing, and vanish away; and people sit down with sober calculating minds, looking both before and behind them, ere they give expression to a syllable that might be construed into a declaration of love and attachment; and if there be such a declaration, we may rest

assured that the party who makes it, sets seriously to business and is no-humbug. Here there is no Champagne to strengthen our imaginative powers, and raise us from earth to heaven, to revel in the sweet delights of fancy. Tea, though it comes from the Celestials makes us not the less *terrestrial* on that score. It does not elevate our minds an inch above its level; in fact it is calculated to dispel all poetry from our heads; it makes us more disposed to study the philosophy of Confucius, than luxuriate in the unrivalled imagery of Homer. Hence even in love matters, there is more earnestness, more sincerity among tea-drinkers, than in any other set of people in the whole world.

We began with saying that there was a tea-party at the house of the Brandons. It was as agreeable a little affair, as one could wish to be present at. The company was a very select one, being composed of a number of young ladies and some gentlemen, all of whom were intimately acquainted with the family. The party assembled at a very early part of the evening, and seemed to be agreeably engaged in the spacious drawing-room, in the upper apartments of the house. Miss Lavinia Brandon was seated on a sofa; her sister employed herself in arranging some music for the Piano; a few young ladies were around a marble table in the middle of the room, turning the pages of scrap-books, or listening to those who were in the proximity of the younger Miss Brandon. The young gentlemen were equally divided; some were near the Piano; others with the group near the sofa. Such were the occupations of the inmates of the room, for a considerable portion of time, when Miss Lavinia Brandon drew the attention of the party to a very agreeable news which she felt desirous to communicate. The ladies were all at her side in a moment, and showed by their anxiety how much their curiosity had been excited. "I have some good news to give you," repeated Miss Brandon with her usual hilarity.

"What may it be?" enquired some. "Do tell us?" asked others with some degree of importunity. Lavinia after having kept them in anxious suspense for full five minutes, said that she was to be married.

"Married!" cried one, and all with the greatest astonishment. "This is indeed very agreeable news, I must confess, Miss Brandon," said one of the group, "may I congratulate you on the approaching occasion."

"Thank you," returned the other, and then she laughed, with such a buoyancy of spirit, as if she had actually been in the place of a bride. While one or two misses were absorbed in thoughts profound, regarding the style of dress in which they were to appear on the wedding day, others tried to ascertain the name of the fortunate individual, who had gained the affections of one whom hundreds had sought to obtain in vain. "Who is the happy man, Livy?" enquired one of the young ladies. "Guess, my love," said Miss Brandon.

"Is he a member of the Civil Service?" interrogated the same party.

"No; he is not—try again;" said the affianced bride.

"A barrister?"—asked another.

"An officer?—perhaps a member of the faculty?"

"No—you are far from the truth," returned Miss Brandon.

"Pray do not keep them in suspense?" exclaimed the elder sister.
"I will tell you what he is; he is a merchant."

"That is good," observed a young lady; "but I hope, Lavinia, you will not take me to be impertinent were I to ask you his name."

"His name! O what a mystic charm is there in a name!—I must not utter it with my unhallowed lips, if I can avoid it. Could you not find it out yourself, my dear."

"You are disposed to be facetious, Livy," exclaimed one of the ladies; and forthwith they fell to naming a number of individuals who they thought could be the most likely to aspire at possessing Miss Brandon, with any probability of success. But it was all to no purpose. Till at length wearied out of all patience, they fairly gave up the point. Miss Brandon, finding that she had gained her object by exciting the curiosity of her companions, thought it no longer necessary to keep them anxious about the matter. "Well then," said she, with an arch smile, "since you cannot give me the name of my suitor, I must tell you who he is"—then after a pause she added, "he is Mr. Isaac Boniface."

"Isaac Boniface! Isaac Boniface!" muttered half a dozen ladies almost simultaneously. "Who is he, Lavinia," asked one of them, rather impatiently.

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown," was the reply.

"If I am not mistaken, observed a young gentleman, it is Isaac the Jew, you mean, Miss Brandon."

"He is not a Jew, Sir," returned the young lady with an assumed tone of displeasure.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brandon," apologized the young gentleman.—Believe me, I never intended to offend you—I only mentioned the name, as it is that by which Mr. Boniface is generally known."

"What, Livy! are you to wed the miser!"—cried one of the young ladies, with a look of marked disappointment.

"O conscience! what are you going to do with yourself, Miss Brandon?" exclaimed another.—"For shame, Livy! you are not surely going to give yourself away to that monster?"—expostulated a third with the privilege of a friend.

Then the young ladies continued for some time each offering something against the match; but Miss Brandon looked perfectly serious on the matter, and deigned not to offer a syllable in justification of her choice. Till at length finding that she had sufficiently played upon the credulity of her friends, she burst out in a fit of laughter, and thus betrayed herself. Laughing like yawning is very infectious, —and it was so in the present instance; for one and all seemed to take the opportunity of exercising their cachinnatory nerves. When the laugh had a little subsided, Miss Brandon exclaimed, "What! did you think I could make up my mind to marry Isaac, that apology for a man?—that heartless unfeeling miser?—why, he would see me consigned to my tomb in two days. But though he will never be my husband, you will see him here this evening in the character of a lover!"

"This is strange, Lavinia," observed one of the party.

"Positively, my dear, you will see the miser amongst us this evening."

"This is another hoax, I presume," returned the other.

"O no, I vouch for it, Livy is not deceiving you this time," observed the elder Miss Brandon.

"I am very glad of it—I shall see the miser after all—I have heard of Isaac the Jew, but never had I a glimpse of him."

"Why Miss Brandon," observed one of the ladies, "I think there is something brewing—pray inform us of the object of Isaac's visit."

"It is nothing less than to pay his addresses to me—he has been led to conclude that I am disposed to take him for 'better or for worse,' and bring him a large fortune; he is to be introduced to the family this evening, and does no doubt consider me as under an engagement to him."

"But who has been the medium of communication between you?"

"Mr. Caxton, was the reply."

"What Henry Caxton you mean?" asked a young gentleman.

"The very same," answered Miss Brandon.

"He is up to all manner of fun, and frolick, and I have not the least doubt of his having some design on Isaac."

"Yes, he is to give him the benefit of one of the most noble inventions of his genius," replied Miss Brandon.

"Pray what is it that you intend doing with the miser," enquired the gentleman.

"We must keep that a secret for the present," returned Miss Brandon; "but it will not be long before you are made fully acquainted with what is in store for our neighbour."

"Have you ever spoken to Isaac," enquired a young lady next to Miss Brandon.

"Never—but we carry on a kind of semaphoric correspondence with one another almost daily:—and it commenced rather strangely indeed. I was on the terrace, one evening," continued Miss Brandon, "and stood looking at the figure of Isaac, buried in the midst of old casks and broken glasses, when my handkerchief began moving by the wind—Isaac imagining no doubt this was purposely done to gain his acquaintance, made me a most gracious nod; and since that time we have exchanged salutations whenever our eyes met—I see the miser pace about his little compound every evening with an air of gentility, and endeavouring to appear as spruce and neat as possible, with his old coat buttoned up to his chin."

While Miss Brandon was still talking, Mr. Isaac Boniface was announced, who came in handed by Mr. Caxton. The appearance of the miser with his unique apparel had such an effect on the young ladies, that all set up a continued tittering, in so much that some were obliged to retire into the inner apartment, and give vent to their risible propensity without restraint. In the mean time Mr. Caxton introduced the stranger to Mrs. Brandon, who was seated in the hall, and then to all the inmates of the drawing-room, with a mock gravity which was highly amusing. Soon after this tea was announced and the

ladies and gentlemen adjourned to the hall, and took their seats, Mr. Caxton taking care to have Isaac located next to Miss Brandon.

It is unnecessary for us to relate all that transpired during the evening meal—sufficient it is for our purpose to record that Isaac paid every attention to Miss Brandon, whom, from the fulness of his heart, he helped to a whole muffin, and a piece of cheese that would have answered for a dozen; and he further manifested his regard for her, by obligingly sipping the tea before handing the cup to her, merely to ascertain if it had been sufficiently sweetened. It has also been said that he spilled the contents of his own cup on the table, and thus damaged the dresses of the ladies on both sides of him. But we shall pass over these little aberrations, no uncommon failings in great minds, and shall conduct our hero to the drawing-room again. Here one might have seen Isaac sitting on the sofa with Miss Brandon at his side. He did not however appear to enjoy his situation, for instead of talking to his companion, he set about minutely observing the furniture in the room. Marble tables, lustres and girandoles, seemed to absorb his mind completely. He was no doubt calculating the costs of the articles, and the amount of his share, should the union between himself and Miss Brandon take place. Immersed in these meditations, he had almost forgotten that there was a lady beside him; but casting his eyes around, he found that he had sat there as a professed suitor, with the full intent of unfolding his mind to the young lady. How the thought operated upon him, it is impossible for us to say, but this we know, that after a short pause, during which he stared Miss Brandon nearly out of countenance, he exclaimed:—

“Miss Brandon!”

“Yes, Mr. Boniface,” returned the lady.

“Hem—I have to ask you something very particular—Miss Brandon.”

“I shall be most happy to hear it, Mr. Boniface.”

“Hem—I hear your father was a rich man—a very rich man”—enquired the miser.

“So people say, Mr. Boniface.”

“But do you know the probable extent of the fortune he has left behind him.”

“That is more than I can tell you,” replied Miss Brandon.

“This house is your property I presume,” asked the wily miser.

“Not mine alone,—it belongs to the family,” returned the young lady.

“Certainly, certainly, I mean that—but you have other houses besides, if I am not mistaken.”

“Yes, Mr. Boniface.”

“You have a sister I am told, Miss Brandon?”

“You are perfectly correct—yes, I have a sister.”

“You have no other relations by blood I presume”—enquired Isaac.

“Besides my mother and sister, I have nobody in the world that I may call my own by blood as you say,” replied the lady.

“Good!” exclaimed Isaac—“Nothing like it—your fortune will never get out of the house in case of deaths, eh—is it not?”

"I hope not, Mr. Boniface," returned Miss Brandon, "that such a thing shall ever take place."

"Mistake me not, dear madam, I do not mean to say that deaths shall and must occur in the house; I speak of mere casualties—I say, supposing your mother dies, her share will be made over to her two children; and should your sister die likewise, why then her fortune will revert to you—I want nothing more than that. If you are the only survivor of the family, the whole estate will come in to our hands. Here lies the advantage—there is nothing like having few relations, or none at all."

"Miss Brandon gave Isaac a meaning stare, and could with difficulty restrain herself from laughter. After this a pause ensued, which was interrupted by Isaac who thus resumed the conversation:—"Now, madam," said he, "I was just going to say."——

"Go on Mr. Boniface, speak your mind out with perfect freedom."
"I was just going to say"——

"I anticipate you Mr. Boniface," remarked the lady, "you are going to offer me your hand, and—your heart too, I presume."

"The very thing, Madam; now what say you to it?"

"I do assure you, Mr. Boniface, I am proud of the offer."

"I am glad to hear it" said Isaac—"O adorable creature!—it is for you I have passed sleepless nights; for you have I sacrificed all my comforts; of you have I thought so often even in the depths of night when sleep had closed your eye-lids. How often have I stood in my compound gazing at you;—and oh, how happy am I to think that I have at last been able to gain your affections. You have been to me like water to the panting hart, or the thirsty hippopotamus; like the mirage in the desert—O Miss Brandon! with you and your fortune, I may travel over the world happy and contented—Yes, my dear Miss Brandon, I love you."

"Really, Mr. Boniface," said Miss Brandon,—“never did I think you were capable of such sentiments; you speak the language of feeling; it enters the very heart and makes it swell with emotions. Happy am I to have found one, in whom I have so much to appreciate.”

"Enough, Miss Brandon, I am satisfied"—then taking her hand the miser gave it a squeeze, intending it no doubt for a seal of his affection."

Soon after the company broke up, and Isaac taking his leave from Miss Brandon and the rest, retraced his steps homewards. He slept but little, and his waking hours he spent in conjuring up many a scene of future happiness, which he had reason to expect from a large accession to his immense fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

If the reader will picture to his mind a young man of a stately figure, with a fair complexion, expansive forehead, and a handsome cast of features, he will form some idea of the personal ap-

pearance of Mr. Henry Caxton, the gentleman who has taken so prominent a part among the *dramatis personæ* of this narrative. Mr. Caxton was born of European parents, and possessed all the advantages of a liberal education. Having a large fortune at command, he was placed above the world, and was able to maintain a respectable position in society. He was a young man fitted to shine in social circles, having first rate conversational powers, and a deportment which conciliated the esteem of all with whom he happened to come in contact. Possessed of an exuberance of animal spirits, and disposed to encourage cheerfulness and hilarity in all, he never permitted a frown to overshadow his brow. Mr. Caxton would have gone any length for a good joke, and never was he more pleased than when he had an opportunity of curing one of his excentricities. His friends acknowledged the skill with which he performed the character of a wag, and though they were often made the butts of his jokes, they loved and respected him, and never regretted any thing more than his absence from their company.

When or where Mr. Caxton became acquainted with Isaac Boniface is a question which we are not prepared to solve; but we are certain of this, that there subsisted a kind of intimacy between them, for a considerable period. Mr. Caxton, apparently, treated the miser with much deference, and often saw him at his own house; yet scarcely any two human beings were so diametrically opposite in disposition as these. Strange as this circumstance may appear, we may find a clue to unravel the mystery when we consider the mischievous propensity of Caxton. There can be no doubt, that he kept on with the miser with no other view than to make him the subject of his merriments. Be that as it may—it is a fact that they were old acquaintances, and that Caxton had called upon Isaac on a certain rainy night with the sole purpose of testing his cupidity; and that it was through him that the miser had got admission into the house of the Brandons. Having brought the history of these two individuals down to the latest period of our narrative, we shall now proceed to record what followed the memorable evening on which the miser was initiated as a lover.

Mr. Caxton, the day following, took the earliest opportunity of calling upon Isaac with the view of ascertaining the state of his mind in regard to his suit; as well as to suggest certain plans which he should adopt to ensure the hand of Miss Brandon. It was an early part of the evening when he arrived at the house, but before he entered he stood by the gate gratifying his ear with something like a song, which was chanted within. He listened for some time, and found that it was Isaac, who, with his cracked voice was making sundry attempts at singing “Auld lang Syne.” “Strange phenomenon this,” thought he to himself—“a miser singing—eh”—thus saying, he bestowed upon the gate a rap or two with his walking stick.

“Who are you, Sir?” cried Isaac from within, “a man cannot even sing in his own house in these degenerate times,” said he to himself. “Who are you, Sir, speak out or I will be the death of you.”

"Caxton, Caxton," was the reply.

"O Caxton, is it you, my friend?" so saying he hastily went to the gate, and unbarring the door, he welcomed the visitor with a hearty shake of the hand.

"How are you Caxton," said Isaac, when they had both taken their seats in the hall—"I am most delighted to see you."

"I hope I have not disturbed you, Isaac," said the other in an apologetic tone.

"Not at all, you are welcome to my dwelling at any time."

"I never knew, Isaac, that you could sing," observed Caxton—"Had I the slightest intimation of it, the ladies last night would have surely had the benefit of a little exercise of your vocal powers."

Upon this Isaac smiled most benignantly, to show that he was not averse to any such display; and then shrugging his shoulders, he said with a feeling of something like regret that he had not practised singing for the last twenty years.

"And what makes you take to singing now?" enquired Caxton, with a sly look. "Love, I presume—Miss Brandon seems to have a mighty influence over you—I will tell her that when I see her next."

Isaac smiled and blushed, and blushed and smiled alternately, for full five minutes. Then turning to Caxton he asked. "Well, what do they say of me?"

"Who—you mean the Brandons, Isaac?—why, my good fellow, they think you are the most desirable match for Miss Lavinia Brandon that she could ever obtain."

"But what is the opinion of Miss Brandon regarding me? I mean the younger sister"—asked Isaac.

"Why you must know that best," returned the other—"you have been proposing to her, have you not?"

"And did they tell you so?"

"But answer what I have asked you, my good friend, did you not make a declaration of love to her last night?"

"Yes, I did," was the reply.

"And what did the young lady say to it?"

"She had not the least possible objection—in fact she said she was proud of the offer."

"I have heard," remarked Caxton, "that you poured out your whole soul to her; having talked of nothing but of the "panting hart," "the thirsty hippopotamus," and the "mirage of the desert"—I see Isaac, you are grown sentimental and poetical all of a sudden."

"You may well say so," said Isaac—then turning to Caxton, he asked, how he stood in the affection of Miss Brandon—

"Very well, indeed, but I must beg leave to give you a piece of advice, my friend," said Caxton, "which I hope you will attend to—I do this merely that you may succeed in your wishes."

"Attend to your advice! by all means," exclaimed the miser, "with all my heart."

"My advice is nothing more than this," returned the other, "I would recommend your changing your mode of living."

"Change my mode of living!—what do you mean, Mr. Caxton? pray explain yourself."

"I mean this; in the first place, you must put away that old antediluvian coat of yours."

"Pray what is in it, may I ask?"

"It is so old—so shabby—I think you should burn it" said Caxton.

"The next thing you would tell me to do, Sir, would be to chop my head off, and make an end of the whole affair. Why, Sir," continued Isaac much incensed. "Why, Sir, what is in the coat that frightens you from your sense of propriety. Is Miss Brandon to marry me, or my coat, that is the question."

"Do not lose your temper, Isaac," said Caxton, in a conciliatory tone—"I say what I think will tend to your advantage."

"Advantage!—you speak of advantage when you ask me to burn my property! Our notions of things differ very widely, Mr. Caxton, I do assure you. But let me hear you out. Now tell me, if you please, what is the next thing you are going to propose."

Mr. Caxton without paying any attention to the ill-tempered remarks which fell from the miser, recommended him to change his residence, and hire a house of a respectable appearance. This was another point on which Isaac seemed to feel most sorely.

"And what is there in the house," said he, "of which you can complain."

"Why, my good friend," observed Mr. Caxton, "do you expect to induce a young lady who has lived in comfort all the days of her life, to come into this miserable hovel, which is scarcely fit for the reception of her horses."

"A hovel do you call it? why Mr Caxton, there are thousands in the country, who would think themselves fortunate if they could get themselves sheltered in this very hovel. Why sir, if I married a princess of the noble line of Brunswick, I could not think of making a change in my residence. What fault is there that you can find with the house. The windows are shattered, indeed, but they may be repaired; the doors are without hinges, but they may be replaced. What if the house be old! have I not lived in it for years?—a hovel do you call it? I wish there were a thousand such hovels, and I the possessor of every one of them!"

"I shall not argue the point with you, Isaac; but I must tell you this that Miss Bradon will never enter this dwelling."

"And pray, Sir, why not?"

"I have given you my reasons, Isaac; and if you do not chose to listen to advice, the consequence will be a total defeat of all your hopes and expectations,"

"You speak a strange language, Mr. Caxton."

"Yes, Isaac, it may appear so to you, but I can tell you this, that how strange soever it may be, it is the language of truth?"

The miser stared at Caxton for a while, and then asked him to explain himself.

"Why, may I ask you," said the other, "if you saw a gentleman at Mrs. Brandon's last evening who sat next to me."

"Yes, yes, and what of him pray."

"Why he is a cavalry officer, and is desirous of making advances to obtain the hand of Miss Brandon."

"And is he indeed!" exclaimed Isaac with much surprise.

"Now you know, my friend," observed Caxton, taking advantage of the effect which the bare announcement of a rival had produced upon the miser,—“now you know, a red coat does great execution among young ladies, and it is not improbable, that she, who is so favorably disposed towards you, may bestow her hand upon the officer, from the mere circumstance of your not being willing to contribute towards her comfort and happiness;” saying this Caxton rose to depart.

"I hope you are not leaving me," imploringly observed Isaac, holding him by the hand, and taking him back to his seat. "Now," continued he, "do let me know what course am I to pursue. Do you think Miss Brandon will object to coming here?"

"Object!" said Caxton—"object! undoubtedly—never indulge the thought that she will put her foot upon the threshold of this miserable dwelling. Pardon me, Isaac, for saying so; but you know my motives."

"No matter, no matter," said Isaac, "but tell me now, my dear friend, is it necessary that I should move into another house. I can do so in a moment, but the expense, Sir, expense!—there lies the mischief:" saying so the miser appeared absorbed in thought, occasionally casting his eyes upon the ceiling, as if appealing to the heavens to rescue him from the dilemma into which he had been thrown. While Isaac was thus contemplating the perplexities of his own situation Caxton enjoyed a treat which seldom falls to the lot of an individual;—and it was with difficulty that he could preserve his gravity. After a very long pause, Isaac recollecting, himself, asked with much earnestness if he should change his residence.

"You had better do so as quickly as possible," replied the other, "and with regard to your furniture, see that every thing is of a description suited to the house you are likely to occupy. I need say nothing further—your own sense will dictate to you, what you should do. But remember do not let this opportunity escape you, for if you do, you are not likely to get another, were you to live fifty years longer."

"Yes, yes," said the miser with a grin—I understand you—"I understand you, venture one and you get twenty—throw your bait and there is a fish for you. Well then I must take your advice; and here is my hand, my good friend as an apology for any rudeness on my part. I had no idea of the motives, which actuated you, and which should have long ere this made me keep up a kind of appearance. I see it now." Then giving a rap on his rickety table which shook in all its parts, he said,—“and will that officer have her, no, he shall not, so long as Isaac Boniface has a rupee to bless himself with."

Thus ended the colloquy between the miser and Mr. Caxton; after which the latter returned home, while the former threw himself into a train of reflections peculiarly adapted to the circumstances in which he was then placed.

CHAPTER V.

A week had scarcely elapsed after the last conference between Mr. Caxton and Isaac, when the latter bestirred himself to make considerable improvements in his domestic arrangements. He hired a spacious and lofty building, in the most salubrious part of the town, and having sent his traps to a public outcry, he incurred an immense deal of expense, in the purchase of articles of furniture of the prevailing fashion. Add to which, he threw off his old coat and indented upon a European establishment for a large supply of such articles of dress as he most needed; and moreover rolled in his carriage with the air and consequence of a great man. People who had known Isaac for years, began to look at this change in his appearance, with perfect astonishment; and in several families "Isaac the Jew," became the staple of conversation for many a day. Various were the conjectures made on this point. Some were of opinion, that Isaac had made a very large accession to his fortune, and that he was then doing what they themselves would have done under similar circumstances; while others thought he had turned a new leaf, and that he was heartily sick of the miserable life he had led for years. Amidst so many who busied themselves about Isaac's affairs, there was none that could hit upon the real motive which influenced his conduct. Days and weeks thus passed away, in anticipations of the happiness which Isaac had pictured to himself, when one day he received an invite to attend the Cathedral, "to witness the celebration of the nuptials between Mr. Henry Caxton and Miss Brandon." He read the invite over and over, smiled and laughed, and refolding it, put it into his pocket, "Ah" Caxton is a sly rogue," soliloquized Isaac, "he never told me anything about this; he will be my brother-in-law at last—eh. Plague on him—I thought the whole fortune would have reverted to me—but no matter, I shall yet out-do him:—I shall see that the old lady bequeaths her all to me and mine, at any rate—I never thought," continued Isaac, "that the fellow had any intention of marrying at all, though he paid a little attention to my will-be sister-in-law. But smooth water runs deep. Yet Boniface will give Caxton a rap on his knuckles, and make him repent for his presumption." So saying the miser paced about the hall, muttering to himself some unintelligible jargon, but indicating by his looks, that he did not quite approve of Caxton's approaching alliance with the family. How he next met Caxton is not known; perhaps not with that cordiality with which he had been wont to greet him. Be that as it may, Caxton's happy day at last arrived, and on the evening a very large number of friends of the parties, was congregated at the Church, to witness the ceremony. Mr. Isaac Boniface was likewise there, but he arrived at a very late hour, owing probably to his having paid a more than ordinary attention to his toilet. How be it, he stood amidst the assembly. The minister concluded, and the friends of the married couple were now advancing to offer their congratulations, on the happy occasion. Isaac at first made an attempt to skulk off, but seeing all eyes upon him, he did not wish to appear singular. Boldly therefore

did he move towards the happy pair ; but what was his consternation when he beheld Caxton handing Miss Lavinia Brandon instead of her sister. This must be a visual deception, thought he to himself ; he then looked again, and still found his betrothed by the side of his *quondam* friend. "What is this Caxton?" exclaimed the miser, in a towering rage—"this must either be a mistake or a gross deception—now tell me, Sir, what have you done?"

Caxton spoke not a word, but only smiled at the miser.

"Reverend, Sir, Reverend Sir," called out the miser to the minister, who was just about retiring. "You have given away this young lady who has been under engagement to me, to a gentleman who ought to have married her sister—it is a mistake, Sir, I do assure you."

"It is too late to remedy it"—replied the clergyman, and then walked away.

"O mercy ! mercy ! cried the miser, and ran out of the church with utter desperation just at the time when the married couple were driving off—"Caxton, Caxton !" exclaimed he—"you serpent, you deceiver."

"Good bye Isaac," said Caxton and then drove away, leaving the miser to pour down the most dreadful imprecations upon his head.

CHAPTER VI.

Who is that hideous being, tearing his hair in a paroxysm of rage, and lacerating his body in the madness of despair ? Reader, it is Isaac Boniface—yes, it is the hero of our tale, who disappointed in his project, was now wreaking his vengeance upon his own body, and making the walls of his house resound with loud lamentations. "Cursed be the day and the hour," said he "in which I first met that vile impostor. O fool, that I was to have listened to him. O woman ! continued he, "thy name is deceit ; if I had known thee better why should I have come to this pass ? This house—this furniture, what need had I of them. O foolish man that I was to have undergone this expence merely to invite my own ruin"—Thus he went on bemoaning his own sad condition, and inflicting upon his body all the cruelties, which his horror-stricken mind could suggest. Till at length, completely overpowered by his exertions, he lay exhausted upon his couch. Caxton in the meanwhile was congratulating himself at the successful issue of his scheme, and was pleased with the idea, that he had at last brought the miser to change his miserable course of life, and given him a relish of comforts, to which he had been an utter stranger. But he little thought what was brewing in Isaac's mind, who, within a short time resumed his old habits, and with numerous privations made amends for the little extravagance, which he had been led to commit. Though he lived years after this event and made considerable additions to his already immense fortune, yet he could never forgive Caxton ; as he could never banish from his mind, the manner in which he had been outwitted.

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MR. GEORGE THOMPSON'S LECTURES ON BRITISH INDIA.

There was a time, in the annals of the world's history, when conquests were made, without due consideration of the responsibilities which devolved upon the conquerors. Ancient Greece reduced the vanquished to the condition of Helots. Notwithstanding her boasted civilization, the brilliant halo which encircled her brow, and her progress in Philosophy; she yet did not learn one vital and important truth "that all men are free and equal in the sight of God." The greatest of her philosophers maintained it, as an axiom, that "barbarians should be slaves." Though Socrates is reputed to have brought Philosophy from Heaven, he yet did not put forth one single energy to meliorate the condition of those beneath him. Prometheus stole fire from the celestial regions, and animated a form of clay: Socrates brought the fire of mental illumination from the skies, but he failed to excite feelings worthy of man, in the breasts of the Athenians. The philosophy of Greece was as cold and lifeless, as a marble statue.

The eagles of Rome overshadowed the whole world, and conferred on the vanquished nations, only the right of citizenship. Wholesale slaughter; unblushing murder; and lawless rapine, were repaid by the privilege of becoming a Roman citizen. This compensation was poor indeed! But had Rome any other gifts to bestow? None whatever. Her intense selfishness swallowed every humane and generous consideration. Her prætors, her consuls, and her tribunes, forgot that the conquered people were possessed of feelings, and had hearts alive to the charms of goodness, and ready to leap at the faintest exhibition of generosity. Her treasury was inexhaustible. The blood of thousands was "coined into *drachmas*." Money was wrung from the "hard hands of peasants," and every action of Rome betrayed her cupidity. The good monarch who, when rebuked for burdening the people with taxes, took up a silver coin, and asked his son, Titus, whether it smelt of that offensive thing, from which it was derived, has transmitted to us the spirit, which animated the genius of Rome. No matter from what quarter the money came—with what tortures it was squeezed from poverty—what anguish stung the heart, as its little-all was ruthlessly plundered—these were kept out of consideration. "The one thing needful" was gold and silver.

Are times altered now? Have the dispositions of men changed? Alas, no! the old leaven still "leaveneth the whole lump." A partial, very partial reformation has taken place. But "the multitude still continue to do

evil." "The general cry that assails heaven," is misery from want of gold. Unquenchable is the thirst for gold. Man, variable, fickle, "more unsteady than the southern gale," is constant, fixed, immovable, in his desire for the white and yellow dust of the earth;—

"Quas reconderat, Stygiisque admovent umbras,
"Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum."

In this view the earth is a Pandemonium. Its golden thrones, its ivory sceptres, its silver maces, its coronets, and its ribands, all declare their origin to be from the burning wish of mortals to possess the wealth of Ophir and of Tarshish. And yet the unsatisfying nature of wealth, and the unsatisfied complaints of men, should teach an impressive lesson. The palaces of glittering gold and silver, and the *tumuli* of the cemetery, should convey a moral to the hearts of men. The festive pomp, and the gay cavalcade, often jostling against the long train of mourners and the dismal hearse, should not leave the heart unaffected. But these thoughts never so much as flit across the minds of the generality of men—much less do they take a lodgment in the breast. Like evening clouds they pass away—they come up like the grass, which the "sun scorcheth," and no man notices the "fate thereof." How much better, could we but ponder over these truths a little, and consider our accountability, while we are under our tents!

These reflections crossed our mind, after a perusal of the six admirable lectures which Mr. Thompson delivered at Manchester. Admirable they are, in their sentiments, their appeals, and their eloquence; but still, in some respects faulty. We will not be accused of partiality, if we speak of the one, and expose the other. Truth must be spoken. It is a jewel, which the more it is exposed, the brighter it grows; and hence, its value is, at every exhibition, increased. Every good and honest man loves the truth; and we therefore will not permit ourselves to continue silent, how feeble soever our voice may be.

British India is said to be the "brightest jewel in the crown of the youthful Queen of Great Britain." This expression is so hackneyed, that we would never have made use of it, if we did not intend to apply it in a more exalted and ennobling sense, than it has been usually done. British India is a jewel; but not one of traffic. It is not a jewel, from the sale of which we can obtain a good price. It is not a jewel, which we must make an object of plunder, and hide in the dark. In this sense has British India always been considered—always been appreciated. She is valued for her money's worth; for the amount of gold and silver, she can realize. We do not however look on British India in this sordid and degrading view. The light of Christianity now beams upon us; and its doctrines and its precepts have become household words. Looking at British India, by this light, and placing her, in the midst of its bright effulgence, we regard her, as the brightest jewel in the coronal of the British Queen, who enjoys the blessed opportunity of conferring a thousand vital and important benefits upon this ignorant and debased country. British India is a jewel, because it reminds the English people of their responsibility towards it. It is true it possesses boundless resources; its bosom teems with inexhaustible wealth; its mountains contain the most useful minerals; and its rivers irrigate every portion of its mighty tract. These are its principal features.

and if they are examined more closely, they will appear more attractive, and to contain veins of gold, which require the hands of the "purifier and refiner," to bring such wealth to the notice of man.

In ancient days, the spirit of commercial industry was not feebly manifested in India; and her manufactures awakened and excited the desire of all nations. While the continent of Europe was enveloped in the mists of ignorance; when not even a Charlemagne had encouraged a faint streak of light to beam upon the "blackness of darkness" that covered the land, when not even an Alfred encouraged learning, and learned men; and when not even an Haroun Al Raschid transfused the learning, and spirit, and genius, of the Greeks, into the minds of his hardy Arabs, those sons of the desert,—even beyond this period, India was great, opulent, and flourishing. Her science is, in some measure, the foundation of modern science. Her ingenuity in the arts have not been excelled, no! not so much as been equalled by the results of machinery. Her wealth was immense. Her architectural monuments; and her temples, hollowed in mountains, attest her greatness and her skill. She is a manufacturing, as well as an agricultural nation. Her productions are distributed over the world. Gold and silver are found embedded in her soil. Coal and other useful products are found in abundance. The palm and the cocoa-tree rise in her clime; and the banyan tree spreads its branches there. Hers are the spicy islands; and hers are the riches of a fruitful soil. Every variety of climate, and every species of fruit, are to be found within the parallels of her latitude. "Man is the only growth that dwindles here." Nature luxuriates in beauty, and fields are ever green. The natives of the soil, are the only objects, that do not flourish. Their minds are narrow; their hearts are cold; their feelings "are not dead," but "they sleep." They require encouragement, they seek assistance, they need support—shall man, Christianized man, be found so brutal, as to deny help when it is entreatingly demanded? Oh! No. Prejudices must, and will wear off; and man will yet live the friend and brother of man.

We have already remarked the light in which we consider British India to be a precious jewel. We are all accountable creatures; and have a deep debt of duty to pay to our fellow-men. Was British India placed under the control and power of England, merely that the Victor-land should exhaust the resources of the country. Was it that England should impoverish India? Was it, that it should become the land of patronage? Was it, that children of foreign lands should rule over the destinies of lowly India? God forbid! A mysterious Providence who constantly evolves good from evil, and converts into favored blessings, those scalding curses, which the malignity of the evil one, pours upon our heads—this mysterious Providence has placed British India under British Rule, for the sake of mental, moral, and spiritual illumination. England is the guardian, and India her ward. Albion's favored Queen is the trustee of God's bounties, and India, the orphan, exposed to the pitiless storm and fury of every lawless plunderer, and every bold gold-thirsty adventurer.

People needlessly talk of India's wealth and immense resources. We do not deny their statements. But let us turn our eyes to that "weary waste expanding to the skies," and there look at that poor half naked being, driving his cattle homewards, while the slanting beams of the declining

sun, rest for a while upon his miserable cottage and his squalid hearth. On this side, behold the laborers returning to their homes, long after the sun has set, almost clad in filth, and relishing their coarse-food, after a day's exposure to the burning sun. By the light of a dim, miserable light, the goldsmith is hammering on his anvil, and he will not cease from his labor before midnight. Other artisans are plying their homely trade and working hard to earn a scanty pittance. Long before dawn, one is awakened with the creaking, monotonous sound of the hand-mill, grinding wheat for the baker's oven. Early rising to commence their labor, and resting late from it, are the principal traits in an Indian laborer's life, and the bowels of compassion melt with pity for his hard condition. Poor, ignorant, and uncultivated, he walks over fertile grounds, mines of gold and silver, deep pits of coal, useful minerals, and all the bounties of a gracious Providence, which are placed under the custody of the terrestrial world.

Herein lies the priceless value of British India. Here is a wide field for the exertions of philanthropy and religious benevolence. Here has Providence bestowed upon England golden opportunities to do good, to raise the fallen, to support the weak, to soothe the distressed, to comfort the mourner, to cheer the orphan, and to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. Here is a vantage-ground, to scatter the seeds of a sound moral and intellectual education; and to extend the blessings of vital Christianity. Here is a vast theatre, for the display of art, and the wonders of science. Oh! how fruitful could England be, if she wished, in good works. Is not understanding better than gold; wisdom, more precious than rubies; and an upright heart, "and one that escheweth evil, above all price?" Yes! But we long for the time, that blessed time, when England throwing down from her heart the altar of cupidity, effacing from it, the deformed image of Mammon, and putting on the breast-plate of a pure and holy religion, will regard India with Christian feelings, and her affections towards it will burn with Christian love.

The secret source of all India's misery is to be found in the pernicious Zemindaree system, instituted by Lord Cornwallis. Individuals may prelect on the constitution of the Honorable East India Company, and may cite its mercantile character as pregnant with injury to the interests of this country. Others may energetically complain of the vicious nature of the Mofussil Police, and to it, attribute, a great portion of India's wrongs and miseries. But to us, it appears, that in order to regenerate India, the "axe must be laid" at the root of the Zemindaree system. From that time, the condition of the Ryuts will be improved, the produce of their labor protected, the tax on land perpetually settled; from that time will be reckoned the era of India's civilization and advancement in wealth and prosperity. So soon as the Ryuts feel that they are no longer under the power and exaction of the Zemindars, that they are permitted to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and that they are placed in a situation to amass wealth; they will immediately proceed to improve their own condition; schools will be established and encouraged; knowledge will raise them to their level, as men in Society; the administration of justice will be jealously examined; and the proceedings of Mofussil Courts will be cleansed of all their impurities. Individual exertion will not avail much. The arms of one or

two men will not cleanse the Augean stables of Mofussil Police of all the filth and corruption, that have been accumulating there, for a series of years, even from the period of the Mahomedan invasion. Benevolent Societies will not alter the sad and degraded condition of India. But all efforts must be directed to the abolition of the Zemindaree system. A movement must be made in this quarter—and should the victory be complete, it will not be long before the nation will taste its fruits, and be animated to fresh exertions to remove all the evils, under which it labors.

An individual cannot form an accurate conception of the evils of the Zemindaree system, without observation; speculation will soon exhaust itself in tracing the several ramifications, into which the vices of this system run. We will endeavour to present our readers with a sketch. It is at least but a bird's eye view. The native aristocracy, whom Lord Cornwallis, in a moment, called into existence, found the task of collecting the revenue, to be too troublesome. The Hindoo aristocrat did not wish to perform annual tours, to collect the rents from his farmers. He found it too harassing; too despicable an employment. There were not men wanting around him, who would gladly undertake the task, which he despised, and make him an allowance, suitable to the nature and extent of the soil. The lands of the Zemindar has perhaps been assessed at 20,000 Rs. per annum. The person who will undertake to collect this amount must pay the Zemindar, exclusive of the rent, say Rs. 5,000. This agent will farm the land to certain other parties, at an annual income suppose of Rs. 30,000; as he must require something for his own support. Now, the first question, and the most important one, is, on whom does the payment of this increasing sum of money fall? Ultimately on the Ryuts, who have now to pay an exorbitant rent for the lands, the cultivation of which they have undertaken. The profits of these poor men's labors, feed idle and luxurious Zemindars, while nothing, but the coarsest food is left them. To such a low condition are they reduced, that it is not too much to say, that while the Zemindars live on the fat of the land, the Ryuts are glad to eat of the *husks*, which are given to inferior animals.

But the evil does not terminate heré. The Ryuts engage to sow Indigo, or any other material of commercial industry. They have no capital wherewith to purchase the seed. They seek an advance from the factor of the village. The money is lent on an exorbitant rate of usury. The Ryut is well aware that all his labors and profits will be absorbed by the demands of the Zemindars, and the usurious factor. He neglects his field. He omits the exercise of a vigilant survey over his ground. His cotton is suffered to be destroyed by the rain, and to be soiled by the *mud*. What of this? It is true, that the value of his cotton is deteriorated, but he knows, and that is all he wants, its weight is increased. He gives the factor the stipulated quantity, but he is regardless of the quality of his agricultural and commercial produce.

On the other hand, should he fail to pay his rent, or fulfil the terms of his engagement with the factor, he is despoiled of all his goods; and he himself becomes the inmate of a prison. Penury and starvation are the portion of his children, and after an imprisonment of months, he obtains his liberation, without the power of laboring for himself, as nobody will come forward to assist him.

These sufferings never reach the ears of the mercantile governors of the land. Their incessant cry is gold. Nearly two millions worth of useful produce are taken from the land, and no equivalent given in return. This immense amount pays the dividends of the shareholders of the East India Company's Stock. The collectors of revenue have their attention occupied only with the payment of rents and the arrears of revenue. The thanks of the government are awarded to those servants of the Company, who have recovered the largest amount of revenue. Alas! This government is not aware of the sufferings of the poor Ryuts from whom money is extorted. It does not hear the cries of the poor and the oppressed, and the miseries to which they are subjected, merely to fill its exhausted coffers.

Should the Zemindaree system be but abolished, and a perpetual settlement made with the Ryuts, who are the real holders of the land, the aspect of the country would be, in a little time, altered. The Ryuts would feel it to be their interest to improve their soils, conscious that after the payment of their rents they would be the sole possessors of the remainder, and that they could devote it, towards their own improvement, and the securing of their own comforts. As they began to accumulate capital, they would extend the sphere of their labors, and in order to realize handsome profits, they would improve the quality of commercial products. This improvement would open a better market for the produce of India, and no country under the sun could sow and reap, and sell, at a cheaper rate, than the people of this country. India within the degrees of her latitude, includes every variety of soil and climate. It is the *emporium* of the world. The flowers and fruits of every soil are found here. Beasts of burden, patient, capable of enduring fatigue, strong and hardy, stalk the plains of this country. There is no country that can compete with India. Her sons are active and imitating; and when knowledge will awaken the powers of their intellects, they will be remarkable for their invention too—and when this change will take place, will its influence be unfelt among other nations? No! Indian produce, for its cheapness and excellence, will push American slave produce from the market. When profits will not any longer flow into the channels of American commerce; such unprofitable trades will be abandoned by them. Will this comparative evil, be counteracted by no good results? Indeed it will! America will not find it her interest to continue the Slave Trade. No more will men, forced from their homes, their families and their father-land, work in a foreign soil, exposed to all the cruelties of arbitrary, irresponsible power; eating the bitter bread of slavery; “waking each joyless morn,” to a dull, monotonous, and painful repetition of misery and reluctant toil, and sinking at last into the grave, unpitied and unwept. No more will America then suffer the reproaches of any good and honest mind. Freedom will then be written on every brow, and freedom will be the Magna Charta of every man.

Africa too will be benefitted. The tears of the wife and the parent will be dried up. No sighs of bitterness will escape the lips of mourning families. No curses will taint the air. The slave will be for ever emancipated. The native dignity of the man will return. Christianized knowledge will remove all the asperities of barbarian manners and barbarian features.

Africa will be blessed. The descendants of Ham will know their God, and drink deep of the fountains of grace, which Christ has opened for his true and sincere followers.

Such are the benefits—so important and transcendent the results, that will flow to the world from the civilization, and free and equal Government of India. This view has also been insisted upon by Mr. Thompson; and we have noticed it prominently, as it is a view fraught with vital consequences to India, and to the world. Before we close, we feel it to be our duty to express our candid opinion, as to the character of the natives of this country, whom Mr. Thompson considers to be immaculate, and free from all those darkening shades, which cover the characters of the people of other lands. No single individual has yet been found, who has gauged the depths of the Hindoo character. Born and educated in this country, we are free to acknowledge that we do not know it sufficiently. The opinion of a few persons will not outweigh the opinion of the numbers who are of a contrary opinion, and who know the Hindoo character to be low indeed. The meanest faults and most venial vices compose that character. Are we wrong? Then we ask, if ignorance the most degrading, superstition the most gloomy and debasing, and poverty the most subduing and grinding, will cast the character in a mould, at once lovely to behold and worthy of imitation? But we are persuaded our remarks will not affect Mr. Thompson's conclusions. He has made them, and as he himself has declared, he will not be moved from them. At a distance of fourteen thousand miles, with the help of books Mr. Thompson has learned the native character, and he firmly believes he is in the right. All others are wrong. The intelligent people of India are wrong. Europeans who have lived for many years, and profitted by their experience, are wrong. Mr. Thompson thinks he alone is right. We will make no comments on this phase of his conduct. He will no doubt detect his own error, and will lament that he should have leaned for support, upon a "broken reed."

A DREAM OF DEATH.

(Concluded from our last.)

My dream departed; all was faded—fled
Into thin air. Anon again it came
Like a beclouded disappearing Moon,
The pallid Priestess of Night's sable shrine;
Mutt'ring her midnight incantations dire,
But with a deeper hue and darker shade.
I stood beside another sepulchre
Seal'd with a monstrous rock: the guards slept round,
(If Sleep it were that held them in her spell:)
The night was dismal; and the moon in 'clipse;
The stars shone not, and Nature struck with woe
(Like fear upon a maniac's moody mind
Or a demoniac poring o'er a tomb)
Hung her tremendous drap'ry o'er the scene.
There was unnatural silence; and a still,
Deep, dread, and horrible uncertainty,
That hung and pall'd all things as 'twere in curse;
And naught was heard, save birds of darkness croak'd.

The pulse of being fail'd: some end was come.
 It was huge Death!—as if the Monster dread,
 Thron'd on that sepulchre, held here his court
 And sway'd the rayless sceptre of his realms!
 It was as if Annihilation yawn'd,
 And in her monstrous maw engulf would all;
 And had her shadow Darkness 'fore her sent,
 The herald of her coming and her curse!
 There was a voiceless trouble in the sky;—
 A dull and desolate horror shadow'd all,
 Like Havoc's banners waving over Hell.—
 There was no Sun—no Moon;—the stars were gone,—
 The winds were dead,—the elements expired;—
 The very air was motionless with death;
 All hope of life was gone:—and I the lone
 And living thing left there; save that there came,
 And flitting to and fro their horrid glides
 With most unearthly aspects, and wild shapes,
 And ever and anon with wilder shriek,
 That shot across the midnight of the dark,
 Making its horrors yet more horrible,
 The pale and shrouded dead from out their graves;
 Quaking, and gibbering with their gumless jaws
 As star'd they up into that desolate sky,
 For look they could not with those eyeless holes,
 And some did curse the while, and some did smile;
 But smil'd in that wild dismal ghastly kind
 As not of Earth, but of a desolate sense,
 A dim and horrible expectancy
 Of present ill, yet of more ill to come,—
 Of Darkness dark'ning more her murky folds;
 Like lightning ere the lab'ring tempest burst,
 The trumpet, ere the vial be out-poured.
 Methought amid all this alone I stood;
 When lo the huge and solid Earth did rock,
 There was a sudden gleam from out the heavens,
 And flashes more than of the lightning flung
 From off the countenance of one that came
 With an eclipsed glory in his looks,
 And an unquiet sorrow of the soul,
 Clouding th' immortal glory of his brow,
 O'er which a star did burn as 'twere a crown;
 He roll'd the rock away, and o'er it bent
 Till came his fellow: and they twain did bow,
 In the Seraphic homage of their awe;
 In the immortal grandeur of their grief:
 Each did his crown cast from him, and his face
 Veil with what seemed celestial starry wings;
 Whilst from their eyes celestial sorrow fell
 In showers of pearl at sight of a pale corse,
 At whose blest feet they leant in statued woe.
 Whose was that corse?—that Name was all untold,
 But 'twas the Quick'ner of the dead lay dead,
 From whose dread word Death his death-wound received.
 If thou that Name wouldst know;—go ask in Heaven;
 If ev'n all Heav'n may utter all that Name!

I said I felt the solid Earth to rock
As if all nature groan'd its last great groan :
When lo ! the star of morning burning rose,
Light woke, and Nature through her works reviv'd ;
Earth to her centre trembled as in joy ;
The rocks—the everlasting hills remov'd ;
The black and monstrous sepulchre out-yawn'd
Its awful burthen ;—Night's dim spectres fled ;
Day struggled to be born before his hour :
A thousand sparkling stars blaz'd sudden out :
In new and wondrous radiance came the moon ;
And casting far the shroud of her eclipse
With her etherial beauty's sweetest glance
Flung over all the silver of her smile.
It was a night of more than beauty beam'd ;
A night such as could Eden bring again
To start once more to life and loveliness ;
As came she first in primal beauty dight,
And resied with Creation's freshest dawn.
The rose array'd in virgin lovelines,
And every star gaz'd on this sweetest star ;
And Seraphs came to breathe her fragrant balm,
And Angel wings fan'd Earth with airs of Heaven.
Methought I heard angelic music float
Seraphic sweetest symphonies—and notes
Immortal ; for their echoes never die
But waft and wander through Eternity.)
The heavenly dulcet of whose softest-strains
Could Death's ear touch, and fiercest furies take
With fondest ravishment, and soft beguile
Their evil of its ill, and Hell enchant
Tho' in th' abhor'd abyss of her deep doom.
Myriads of flaming wings fill'd all the air,
Myriads on myriads countless throng'd that tomb
As in huge conflict of tumultuous bliss ;
Casting their sparkling sceptres to the ground—
Millions of flaming coronets in 'dust :
They gaz'd in deep and heavenly homage there.
The etherial blaze streamed onward from high Heaven
An avalanche of dreadful glory broad :
The vault of Night became one living light—
The DEAD uprose !—HE burst the bars of Death !
The cerements of mortality off-shook !—
Whose was that corse ?—ask now the monster pale—
The unsubstantial Goblin of the dark—
That dim unreal spectral Shade awe struck
Who had him—Him usurp'd his human prey,
Ev'n Him who call'd the dead !—The LORD of Life,—
The Sampson of Eternity up-burst,
The Conqueror of Hell in thunder rose !
And shook the empire of the damn'd and dead
With the resistless rising of His might,
Filling Eternity with boundless bliss !
Hell groan'd a dismal groan thro' all the depths
Of her unbottomable huge abyss :
I heard that vast unmeasurable groan

Bound on,—and on,—and on ; till o'er it rose
 The grand enormous jubilee of joy ;
 As rolls the tempest over bottles dim—
 As o'er the burst of a volcano's flame
 Bursts in meridian blaze the golden Sun,
 In the imperial glory of its glance
 The universal thunder shook all Heaven,
 And with its very echos all Earth shook
 As on th' eternal hallelujahs roll'd !

Methought it was Eternity unveil'd !
 Was it her own perpetual crystal gates
 For everlasting golden glories burst ?
 No !—'twas th' unutterable Vision soar'd
 In majesty unspeakable of light ;
 And with the excess of glory and of bliss
 O'erpower'd—o'er-bless'd—not blasted, all my being
 Shrank to its mortal nothingness of clay,
 Tho' with a rapture yet unsyllabled ;
 Which hath in mortal tongue or thought no place.

I heard a voice from out the vast abyss—
 " I am the RESURRECTION and the LIFE !"
 Through the dim empire of the dead it roll'd ;
 And forthwith from that mystic world there came
 An answer and an echo,—“ yea, Amen !”
 Hell groan'd another groan :—the seal was set !
 And universal silence slept on aH.

The drama of my solemn dream was done ;—
 Even as a phantom of the past it pass'd :
 But not its mystic shadows from my mind,
 Nor its most blessed recollections dread.
 I woke awaken'd into newer life,
 To learn that this our mortal life's a dream—
 A fitting shadow—till the curtain falls,
 Till the dread full reality forth bursts ;
 And then !—what then ?—may even Angels tell !—
 But it is more than Angel writ !—read thou.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Blessing be with them, and eternal praise
 Who gave us nobler hopes, and nobler cares,
 The *poets* : who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight, in endless lays.

Wordsworth.

How rarely do the passing events of one country, awaken the attention of the inhabitants of another ! Men appear to live only for themselves. Their passions, their feelings, and their sympathies, do not stretch beyond their territorial boundaries. The people of one country bestow not a thought upon their neighbours. Events which disturb the tranquillity of a nation, are unnoticed by men of another clime. Natural divisions seem to separate men from each other. But there are times, when the hearts of all are touched with sympathetic joy or woe. There are certain seasons, when the chords of men's feelings vibrate in unison and emit the

same tones. At such times and seasons, "few and far between" though they be—we feel that all men are of "one blood," and that the electric chain of feeling, with which we are "darkly bound," requires but to be struck, to make us sensible of the truth, that we are a kindred people, and that our hearts and souls are cast in the same mould. The death of a man of genius affords such an occasion. People and countries speaking the same language, and knit together by a similarity in manners and religion, are affected by so melancholy an event, as the departure of a gifted spirit to the Heavens above. Men of genius will yet unite the world by the productions of their minds, into one holy brotherhood. The heart requires to be properly attuned and the feelings to beat in harmony, and then will men of different climes be bound together by the ties of mutual love. The obscuration of a master mind, by the relentless hand of death, is an event which will always be lamented. The harp that once gladdened us has lost its music, the soul has fled for ever. The intellect which arrested our conviction, by the beauty, and truth, and force of its productions, has left its abode. One tried and valued friend has been taken from us. The sum of our enjoyments has suffered a diminution, and our sorrows have been more embittered.

So great must be the loss of a man of genius to his country and to the world. We have never felt our sympathy for England's literary glory, for a moment, wax cold in our hearts. We have always entertained a lively interest for her literary fame, and it is in consequence, we sorrow for the death of any of her gifted children. A hollow sepulchral voice has come over the Atlantic, telling us that Southey is no more. It is true, he was in a sense, dead to the world for the last two or three years. Physical power, and speech, and memory had failed; still he lived. His sad condition reminded one of the "dead in life." He is now dead, and his place is among the tombs.

Such men as Southey, deserve a passing recollection. We have not the least doubt, but that his works will rear for him a nobler monument, than art can command.

The beings of the mind are not of clay
Essentially immortal—they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence.

Byron.

Every author of note and celebrity requires the tribute of an individual's admiration and esteem. There are some men of cold hearts and darkened understandings, who consider literature to be of subordinate importance and utility to the productions of science and art. We think otherwise. Polite literature has a tendency to render man less selfish, by awakening the sympathies of his better nature, and making him feel for the situation, and woes, and miseries of imaginary beings. That pursuit cannot be considered to be below the attention of man, which makes us feel that we are beings, possessed of feelings and capable of compassion. Steam engines may conduce to our comfort; spinning jennies may multiply our commercial products, and aerial steam-carriages may transport us from one country to another, with the lightning's speed; but it must be known, that man has a body and a soul, and that those means, which

are instrumental in securing the enjoyments of the former, do not in any way satisfy the yearnings of the latter. The same food will not promote the health of both. Those men, therefore, who think art to be every thing and literature nothing, should recollect that there are certain intellectual delights, which if indulged in, will make men better citizens, husbands, and fathers, and wean them from grovelling pursuits. If one feeling, one sentiment, leaning on truth and virtue, be awakened in the mind, that man who is the cause of it, is one of the greatest benefactors of the human family. This feeling, this sentiment will never be lost. It will rather increase. Our children's children will feel and learn it. The circle of sentient beings will be continually enlarged, until this feeling and this sentiment pervade the breast of every man.

It is not our intention to enter into a review of Southey's merits as a poet or a prose writer. This field has already been so fully and ably occupied by others, that we should be but indulging in profitless repetition, were we to attempt a similar delineation. By Southey's own confession, he has been reviewed no less than seventy times; and we should indeed be running great hazards, were we to increase that vast amount of criticism by unity. We purpose to consider Southey, relative to the age in which he wrote, and the influence his writings exercised on the literature of his country. He was born at a memorable period. The American war, and the French revolution, had just commenced the first series of their consequences. It is at all times a glorious spectacle to behold one nation throwing off its neck the yoke of heavy bondage, and asserting its own independence; and another nation, refusing submission to arbitrary power, and building by its own exertions, a republic, in which the rights of all were to be recognized; their privileges secured, and their happiness promoted—these spectacles could not pass away, without making deep impressions on the minds of the youth of that age. The strong masculine eloquence of Fox, and the glittering speeches of Sheridan, with a host of men of various talents, fired the enthusiasm of the people, and made them mad with the delightful prospects of equality. In this "shaking of nations," the voice of the sober, and the counsels of the sagacious, were disregarded. In vain did Burke, the "Vates Cassandra" of his age, endeavour to wake the nation from its dream of happiness and glory, to a true sense of its own condition and resources, and the crooked and evil policy of Revolutionized France.

Is it a wonder if a mind, like that of Southey's, could not remain silent? It partook of the universal joy. The firm and nervous hand of Pitt saved England from the horrors and crimes of a revolution. The aspirations of ardent youth were disappointed; and Southey, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lovel, proposed to embark for America, that El Dorado of their youthful imaginations, and buried in the recesses of America's woods and wilds, there found a society, the significant type of their own thoughts. This triumvirate might have lived quietly and comfortably among themselves; but no sooner would they have introduced spirits, not gifted like theirs, nor burning with their hopes; than they would find that their Pantisocracy was destroyed—their free and equal government overturned.

Who does not see the poet of *Thalaba*, in this wild and colossal speculation. His imagination, no doubt, revelled in the gorgeous beauty and

luxury of America's landscapes—cataracts and forests, streams and rivers, mountains and dells, the green earth and the blue sky. But after all he could realize nothing definite and palpable. His feverish brain dreamt of schemes of moral and political regeneration, which he himself could not explain to the level of human capacity. They were unquestionably grand, beautiful, and fringed with the richest hues of fancy; but they were like the western clouds, with the sun reposing on them,—mere vapours, which quickly disappear. Like his Madoc, with his little band of followers paddling his canoe in the waste of waters, he traversed the ends of the world, in his own imagination, and found no sure resting place for himself. To have a true picture of Southey's mind, to form an accurate judgment of his thoughts, and to measure the dimensions of his social and political views, we present our readers with the following extract from his first published Epic, "Joan of Arc."—

"They enter'd then a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides, a dim, drear light,
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the *murderers of mankind*.
Monarchs the great! the glorious! the august
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter, and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned, accursed libticide;
And he who murder'd Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath lymned his praise, though Maro sang to him.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He the delight of human kind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of glory, reaping now
The meed they merited."

Mr. Southey was one of the three poets, who were not unaptly denominated *The Lake Poets*. He may be considered, as the connecting link, between the two extremes, Coleridge and Wordsworth. He does not possess the unintelligibility of the one, nor the bald and prosaic poetry of the other. We do not however mean to assert, that neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth, wrote any thing worthy the attention and admiration of their age. Some of the compositions of Coleridge bear ample testimony to his poetic mind; and there are some passages in "The Excursion" of the other gifted mind, which entitle him to the first rank of English poets. Small however is the stock of Coleridge's feeling and intelligible poetry, and few indeed are the immortal productions of Wordsworth. In the poetry of Southey, we find views, bordering on the regions of deep metaphysics, which no understanding can fathom; and passages of poetry which have no other title to poetry, but its mere rythm. The poems of Southey leave a vacant surprise on the mind of the readers. You have been you think walking in some beautiful spot, or losing yourself in some wild scenery of "Araby the blest," but you can form no conception of the whole. You then fancy yourself in the enchanted garden of the Arabian Nights, and feel there is something required to make the objects take the hue and appearance of nature and reality. At the same time some of his poetical productions, are so cold, so

dull, and unimaginative, that one is led to suppose, that he had actually sunk to the level of "low and vulgar life," and implicitly followed the new and half-true theory of Wordsworth.

Southey wrote to live. His desire to be the patron of little poets, led him to edit the works of authors, who were candidly speaking, beneath the notice of the Parnassian Muse. From this general censure, we would exclude his "*Life of Kirkewhite*," because there is something very touching in the career and gloomy death of that gifted young man.

It is not wonderful to find, that Southey, the hot republican and the free churchman, should have sunk down to be a thorough Tory and supporter of episcopacy. In the vivacity of his youth, he embraced without due consideration, certain chimæras of his heated brain, which he pronounced to be the principles, the *axioms*, of a good Government and a peaceful Society. Anxious solicitude and severe toil, the friendship of great men, and the inadequate meed of praise, which he received, soon caused him to change his opinions. The pursuits of Literature, were the sources of his income, and the "*res angustæ domi*," soon evaporated the fumes of a distempered imagination, and pushed Southey to the opposite pole of his opinions.

Although a writer of extraordinary power and great beauty, the influence of his writings is small. A frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, his essays on Church and State, and defences of old existing abuses, written in elegant prose, gained him no proselytes. The people were looking forward for changes. The inequality of society, and the burden of oppressive taxes, inclined them more to *pull down* than *prop up* old institutions. The nation had begun to read, and exercise its thoughts. The people saw into overgrown abuses, and fondly hoped, if they could not effect their removal, they would at least diminish their size, and reduce their amount. The present age has gone far beyond the reasonings of men, who would hold up the existing state of things, as containing in them, the seeds of every good under the earth. There is now an endeavour to introduce the most wholesome reforms, and to enquire into the real state of every establishment. There is a strong under-current which is carrying away the philosophy of olden times, and substituting a rational mode of investigation. A new generation is rising, and if we mistake not, the writings of Mr. Southey will not attract even that regard from our offspring, which they have received from us.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH MR. SCRIBBLER RECEIVES A VISIT FROM CERTAIN GENTLEMEN
WITH WHOM HE HAD NO PREVIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

Having some knowledge of the routine of business in a collectorship, I was soon familiarized with my duties, and was glad to find that Mr. Littlebig, who made frequent enquiries respecting me, was satisfied with my exertions. I liked the office very well, and was much pleased with my fellow-assistants, between whom and myself there sprung up a very interesting

acquaintance. Mr. Darlington, the second clerk, was decidedly a very clever person according to his own estimation of his abilities; but unfortunately his studies had been ever directed to science and literature of so sublime a character, that they unfitted him for the miserable occupation to which his unpropitious fate had destined him. Thus whenever a letter of ambiguous signification came into his hand, he was puzzled to comprehend the subject matter, and in such a dilemma he used generally to summon me from my desk, and handing me the communication would say. "Mr. Scribbler, can you decipher the meaning of this epistle? By Jingo! it is such a strangely worded affair, that I'll be hanged if I can discover the object of the writer." Hereupon I would explain to the worthy scribe the contents of the letter, and after he had thoroughly digested the subject he would exclaim: "Well I'll be hanged, if that is not precisely my own view of the question; but I did not wish to divulge it until I had known your opinion."

Mr. Darlington was a very prudent gentleman, and never was he known to admit his ignorance on any matter, from the abstruse science of astronomy, to the more comprehensible one of gastronomy. If the conversation diverged to a point beyond his powers, he would assume a profound look, and sagaciously keep nodding away, and never was he guilty of the folly of entering upon a controversy which he could not maintain. In a word, Mr. Darlington was a pure original, and I was quite delighted with him. I subsequently discovered that his prefatory address to me was by no means an extemporaneous piece of rhetoric, but a set speech which he had concocted after a vast deal of labor, and studious research into a variety of lexicons.

A short time after my sojourn in my lovely habitation, an incident occurred which caused me to remove from a place whose solitariness afforded an excellent opportunity for the attainment of the felonious designs of nocturnal visitants. The night in question was intensely dark; it was during the prevalence of the monsoons, and huge masses of sable clouds were floating through the firmament, while an occasional flash of lightning accompanied with a terrific peal of "heaven's artillery," at once vivified the gloom into a transient blaze. It may here be as well to state that the bedstead on which I slept stood opposite a wide entrance without a door; to remedy this inconvenience as well as to obviate predatory intrusion, I barricaded it with a *jaffry* or framework of bamboo, which fitted into the opening, and was made firm by stout ropes, and a chain, which latter was attached to the bedstead. It was about midnight, as near as I could guess, when I felt the cot stirred under me: I immediately awoke, and apprehending the motion to have been caused by an earthquake, my first impulse was to run out of the house, as I had no idea of suffering it to tumble over me; I was however speedily disabused of this notion, by hearing a noise as of a sharp instrument, rasping against the bamboos of the frame above alluded to: it suddenly occurred to me, that thieves were lurking about the place, and though under great alarm, I determined to proceed cautiously in the matter, and let them know that the inmates were awake. With this view I called to a servant that slept in an adjoining room, and ordered him to strike a light; as soon as it was procured, I inspected the *jaffry* and found the tyings cut in several places; but not perceiving any person outside, I concluded that the

depredators had slunk away. While I was deliberating whether to arouse my people, and make them keep watch for the remainder of the night, I heard the cry of the policemen, who were going their nocturnal rounds. Rejoiced at this fortunate circumstance, I hastily huddled on my apparel, and went out accompanied by a domestic with a lantern. The men were standing beside the empty *Kote* or Bell of Arms, fronting the house, where a number of sparrows were fluttering, as if disturbed in their resting place. This was regarded as a very suspicious circumstance, and as I had opportunely come out with a light, the *jemadar* directed a couple of his peons to make a search in the building; as he thought it not improbable that the ruffians who had essayed an entrance into my poor domicile, might have concealed themselves in the receptacle of arms. It appeared however that such was not the case, for they looked into every corner in vain, and if the robbers had been as minute as mice, they would assuredly have been discovered. The peons were just on the point of giving up the search, when one of them happened casually to direct his eyes towards the ceiling, where, sure enough, he espied three fellows crouching to the rafters, and evidently feeling rather uncomfortable at being detected in their novel position. To the Police Officer's request that they would be so good as to descend from their lofty sphere, and enlighten him with some particulars relative to their occupation of such a dismal habitation, they replied that they were poor houseless laborers, who, returning late from their work, had been overtaken by the storm, which induced them to take shelter in the *kote*. This answer was not altogether satisfactory to the interlocutor, who invited them so pressingly to come down, that finding it impossible to resist, they thought it best to comply, and accordingly alighted. The *Jemadar* having forthwith subjected their persons to a rigid examination, a large ivory-handled table-knife was found on one who had a very villainous countenance, which could not possibly have belonged to any other than a rogue. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the guilty triumvirate were taken into custody, and in due course imprisoned for three years. The Magistrate behaved very kindly for rather than they should remain idle all that time, he inserted a clause in the sentence, to the effect that they should assist in making roads for a few hours every day, (Sundays excepted.) By this means they had not only the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the art of road-making, whereby they might gain employment hereafter, but their bodies were kept in healthful exercise. I was however much grieved to learn that they were not grateful for these advantages, but that, on the contrary, they reviled the Magistrate, and heartily execrated the policemen for capturing them, and me for being the original cause of their capture.

The following day I rented a small *Kotee*, in the vicinity of the *Cutcherry* for twenty rupees a month; and employed a *chokeydar*. Although this class of people are proverbially the friends and accomplices of burglars, and very little reliance is to be placed in their fidelity, yet I must confess that the man whose services I was fortunate enough to secure, proved a faithful and upright servant, and was much attached to me. He had been a trooper in the Company's Cavalry, and though he was on the pension establishment, he possessed such a sturdy constitution, that he might have continued in the service for a dozen years longer.

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH CONTAINS MATTER NOT YET KNOWN TO THE READER.

Having provided myself with a house, my first care was to make it comfortable; that is by filling it with a variety of (to me) useless articles of furniture; and having before me the example of Mr. Dashaway, I lost no time in furnishing my domicile with several costly articles, more adapted for ornaments than any purposes of utility. This was certainly a very foolish way of spending money on my part, for what had a poor wifeless scribe to do with embellishing his lonely rooms? But I did not then view my conduct in the light of folly, and merely considered myself to be following in the track of fashion; for every person that had any pretensions to respectability was possessed of what, in common parlance, is styled a "well furnished house." I have since remarked, that the ignorant and aspiring think this an unmistakeable criterion of gentility; and to acquire an advantage which will entitle them to the countenance of those whose rank in life may be a step above them, they will thoughtlessly plunge themselves into serious pecuniary involvements; and it may be taken as an infallible rule, that in nine cases out of ten the possessor of an elegantly furnished house has some connexion with certain party or parties who are designated as his "creditors." In this respect, the prudential line of conduct adopted by our sable aboriginal brethren is admirable; though it must be confessed, that they frequently carry their cause of economy to so great an extreme that it verges on niggardliness. I have known a native bent, almost double with age, walking for miles every day from place to place in the pursuit of his speculative avocation, denying himself the comfort of a palkee, although he had neither "chick nor child," as the saying is to inherit his vast wealth; part of which was invested in Government Securities, and the remainder laid out in loans and promising speculations. This man had felt the bitter pangs of privation in the early period of his existence, the recollection of which stimulated him to the most strenuous exertions, and bore him up amidst all difficulties in the accumulation of riches; and when in the decline of life the fruits of his good fortune and untiring industry manifested themselves in his golden hoards, he felt rejoiced that he had a talisman at command, which would preserve his old age from the poignant adversity that had assailed his younger years. His mode of life had however so habituated him to self denial, that he would not indulge himself in the commonest luxuries, but continued his abstinent course of living and pecuniary dealings to the very last, though with the certain prospect before him, that his hard-earned treasure would fall to the lot of distant and neglectful relatives, who had embittered by their scorn his season of that worst of miseries, which the want of money occasions.

As the act of embellishing my house was not one which could be effected by any magical process, it of course caused me to exceed the boundary of my income; but this was of no material consequence, for the treasurer of the collectorate was a very accommodating person, when he was made acquainted with my pecuniary expectations, he very handsomely advanced me at one time, the enormous sum of 200 rupees, on the simple condition of deducting twenty from my pay for the inconsiderable period

of one year. I thought this a very easy method of obtaining money, and was very thankful to Mr. Dashaway, who possessed great experience in these matters, for putting me in the way. I may here remark that the treasurer of a revenue office may be said to bear the same relation to a poor scribe rather "hard up for tin," as an "Uncle" does to a needy gentleman in the country of our fathers; with this exception, that the latter will receive *anything* as a guarantee for his money, whereas the former will be content with nothing less than a "promissory note of hand," or which is the same thing, a documental permission to deduct the stipulated instalment from the borrower's salary.

As I had completed my household arrangements greatly to my satisfaction, by coloring and ornamenting my scanty rooms, and crowding them with unnecessary furniture, I thought I might now venture to form some acquaintance, for I had hitherto kept myself quite secluded, and resisted Mr. Dashaway's oft-expressed desire of introducing me to his friends. One evening, while taking a dish of tea at the Head Clerk's, his sister addressed me as follows:

"Do you know, Mr. Scribbler, that Mrs. Sesselby gives a ball next Monday night, at which all the *élite* of our class will be present?"

"I was not aware of it," I replied.

"Indeed, how is that? Whenever the Sesselbies contemplate anything of the kind, their intention is by no means kept so profound a secret, but that one half of the station know all about it, at least a fortnight prior to the event."

"My almost hermitical retirement," I rejoined, "prevents my being acquainted with the fashionable doings of the station, but I am most anxious to become a participant in its gaieties; for solitude is not congenial to me."

"Well then," replied Miss Margery, "the approaching ball will afford an excellent opportunity for you to make the acquaintance of several fashionable people."

"Yes; but I would not like to go uninvited."

"O, I don't mean that you should," rejoined Miss D. "we can easily manage to present you. If you will come over to-morrow evening I will invite the Sesselbies to tea; they are a good natured set, and it as well to be on friendly terms with them: indeed the chief barrier of the first introduction having been got over, I am sure you will visit them often enough, for let me tell you there are powerful attractions in the family, in the persons of the two daughters. The elder is named Aminta, and is full of affectation: the bachelors call her handsome, but I cannot see what claims she has to be thought so, for I think her rather ordinary than otherwise. But Helen, the younger sister, I like very well; she is a modest, unpretending girl with very pleasing manners."

Of course I thanked her with very pleasing manners.

I had already agreed to the proposal. "Pray come a little earlier than the usual time," continued my fair dialogist, as I wished to show you a new book that I have just received; there is a great deal in it about disembodied spirits, and it is related with such an appearance of truth, that I can hardly disbelieve it. I would like to consult you on the subject."

"I shall come with much pleasure" I answered, "but with regard to your incertitude respecting the belief in ærial beings, I must confess that I am very incompetent to form any opinion on the matter. Some say it is an idle superstition, while others contend that such things are in existence, and that they are permitted to visit the earth: much has been said on both sides of the question, but I believe the prevailing opinion pronounces it to be an absurdity, and such for my own part I have no doubt that it is."

"Well, I don't think so," resumed the lady, "for what I have read on the subject has left an impression on my mind inclining to a firm belief in it, however unreasonable it may appear. It was only a few days ago, that I saw an article giving an account of a spectre that appeared to a servant maid; it announced itself as the wrath of her brother, and stated its errand to be the adjustment of some unliquidated debts owed by him, and strange to say, upon enquiry the phantom's statement proved to be strictly true: this fact was authenticated by the testimony of several credible people. And again do you doubt that in former times there were such things as Fairies and Dragons? Don't we read of the first mentioned in a little book called 'Fairy Tales,' all about Leander, the Invisible Prince, Fortunatus and others; and what a great deal is said about Dragons in Persey's Ancient Ballads. As for the Arabian Night's Entertainments, they are replete with the histories of genii, and in the face of such authorities, I am surprised that any person can reasonably assert his disbelief in such matters; he might as well doubt that there are seven planets or such things as eclipses and comets! I declare this is a very incredulous generation."

As I perceived that the fair controversialist was in that peculiar mood, when all the arguments in the world would fail to divest her of her preconceived notions, respecting supernatural beings, I thought it best to avoid any further discussion on the matter, and therefore took my leave.

I did not neglect my appointment the following evening when I was duly introduced to Mr. Sesselby, Mrs. ditto and the Misses Aminta and Helen. I must say that having not long ago emerged from the obscurity of an insignificant station, where feminine beauty was not to be found, I felt particularly awkward in the company of two bright meteors of the *ton* of Mughrubpoor, whose brilliancy completely dazzled me for a while; but Miss Aminta's manners were so frank and pleasing, and she possessed such an inexhaustible source of conversational powers, that I was charmed with her agreeable vivacity; and before I had been any length of time in its influence, I imbibed somewhat of confidence, and my *mauvaise honte* left me altogether.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you Mr. Scribber," commenced the sprightly girl, addressing herself to me, "although I had heard sometime ago of your being in the station; but perhaps you are fond of a hermit's life?"

"Oh, not at all," I replied, "there is nothing I abominate so cordially but I was not aware that Mughrubpoor contained such a divine magnet, as Miss Sesselby, or I should certainly have been impelled by its attraction to make my devoirs at her shrine."

I thought this a splendid speech at the time, and was much satisfied with my effort.

"You are very flattering, Mr. Scribbler, and perhaps it is as well that you devote yourself to seclusion, since otherwise you might be guilty of the horrid crime of stealing the hearts of young ladies."

"Pardon me ;" I rejoined, "I have determined no longer to deny myself the happiness of living among the dazzling graces of the station, and if their smiles are irresistible, I must only yield to their power."

"I am glad to find you are not the recluse I supposed you to be," rejoined the vivacious Aminta, "and since you have made up your mind to mingle in our gaieties, allow me the pleasure of presenting some of my friends to you at my ball on Monday evening."

My answer was, "I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the condescending kindness of Miss Sesselby, of which I shall be but too happy to avail myself."

THE SUTTEE.

Her last fond wishes breathed, a farewell smile
Is lingering on the calm unclouded brow
Of yon deluded victim. Firmly now
She mounts, with dauntless mien, the funeral pile
Where lies her earthly lord.

D. L. R.

When I was at Burdwan towards the close of the year 18—, a scene was presented to me, which is still vivid in my mind, and which will ever be remembered by me with painful feelings. I shall endeavour to delineate what I had witnessed on the occasion, though I am certain my description will fall considerably short of the reality. In order to infuse some degree of interest into the account, it will be necessary for me to enter into a detail of the particulars.

Raj Chunder Batacharjeah was a bramin, who lived in the vicinity of the Palace of the Rajah of Burdwan, and was reputed to be a man of very respectable attainments, in all departments of the literature of the country. He was a professor of Sanscrit, and laid some claim to an acquaintance with the occult sciences. Having, besides, a perfect knowledge of the principles of Hindoo jurisprudence, he was invested with the character of a man of wisdom, and regarded as an oracle among his neighbours. Raj Chunder was consulted on all occasions, and the most intricate questions, involving principles of the Hindoo shastras, or Civil Law were usually submitted to him for solution. He was in regular communication with the learned pundits at Benares, and his fame for learning and talents spread far and wide throughout the district. Being descended from a wealthy family, he was possessed of considerable property, which relieved him from the necessity of working for his livelihood. He lived in a kind of luxurious ease, amidst a host of obsequious dependants, who were assiduous in promoting his comfort ; but what the Bramin most delighted in was the company of a few learned men, who spent hours with him either in expounding the shastras, or maintaining discussions on points connected with the science of Metaphysics. When the sun sank below the horizon, Raj Chunder was usually seen sitting among a group, on the

margin of a tank, or beneath an umbrageous tree, engaged in conversation, while enjoying the cool breeze of the evening. This was the mode of life he pursued, a mode for which the natives in general have a great predilection.

Raj Chunder was married in early life, and availing himself of the privilege enjoyed by the bramins of the Coolin order, he had two wives, the first of whom was called Radika and the second Seeta. Radika was a woman of a very jealous disposition, and resented to a culpable degree, any indifference with which she imagined she had been treated by her husband. The least attention paid to her rival by Raj Chunder, frequently became a subject of much bickering; and often did Seeta suffer her taunts and reproaches without the possibility of having redress. She felt her situation most poignantly, and as she was of a poor family, she had not the remotest prospect of being relieved from her miseries. Often was she seen bathed in tears, but she never for a moment complained to her husband of the indignities she had to endure. At length the violence of Radika's temper overstepped all bounds, and thus she exhibited what Seeta would have fain concealed. She began to shew her hatred to her rival in the presence of their common husband, and often did she proceed to such extremes, as to induce Raj Chunder to interpose his authority to prevent any unhappy consequences from the effects of her malignity. Days and years thus passed away, until the bramin finding a reconciliation impossible, was constrained to send Seeta to her father's, with a view to put an end to the discord, which had so long disturbed his domestic peace and tranquillity. For Radika he had formed a strong attachment, and with her he could not part under any consideration. Seeta left her husband's house with her little child, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow: she was desirous of re-visiting the home of her childhood; while she felt reluctant to leave her husband, whom her tender heart loved too fondly. A sweet smile mantled her beautiful countenance, and the tear of affection trickled down her cheek alternately, as she was conveyed in her litter from the house of her husband, whom perhaps, she thought, she should see no more. Her bosom heaved with contending emotions; and if there was any thing on earth that could prove a solace to her in her distress, it was the gentle look of that being, who now clang to her with all the endearments of helpless infancy.

Seeta arrived at her parents', and lived in peace and comfort. Her whole attention was directed to the rearing of her child, a boy, on whom she lavished all the affection of a fond mother. Years thus rolled away. Meanwhile Raj Chunder suffered from a severe chronic disorder, which preyed upon his vitals, and completely undermined his constitution, till at length he was brought to the verge of death. The most renowned native physicians were consulted, but their skill was of no avail. He eventually fell a victim to the malady, regretted by all who had known him, and appreciated his worth. A short time before this melancholy event, Radika appeared quite disconsolate. She had taken off her jewels and trinkets, with which she had been in the habit of adorning her person, and intimated to her friends and relatives her desire to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. This being bruited abroad, all within the circle of her acquaintance hastened to see her, and congratulate her on her laudable resolution. Presents of cloth, sweetmeats, and all kinds of

delicacies in vogue among the natives, were sent to Radika from every house in the neighbourhood, to give her, as it were, a surfeit of all worldly enjoyments. Bramins flocked to her to strengthen her mind, by expatiating in unmeasured terms, on the happiness which awaited her in the abode of the gods. This scene continued for several weeks in succession. Raj Chunder at length breathed his last, on the banks of the Damooda, where he had been conveyed a few hours before his death. This happened at night, but before the morning dawned, the friends of the deceased were assembled on the spot, and, in fact, the whole of the population of the station, consisting of men, women, and children, poured in torrents from all quarters. There were dense crowds on each side of the river, occasioned no doubt by the report which had been spread regarding the burning of a Suttee. The Damooda, it must be observed, is an exceedingly narrow river, and towards the part, in which the corpse was laid, the distance between the opposite banks is so inconsiderable, that people on one side might recognize those on the other without mistake. Those therefore who were on the opposite bank, seeing the possibility of witnessing the whole ceremony without crossing the river, thought proper to remain where they had planted themselves. Some stood under the shade of trees, while others sat upon the boughs, and were thus able to bring every little movement to view. Meanwhile preparations were in progress for the approaching ceremony. Piles of wood were raised, and all kinds of unguous substances were in readiness. The corpse after being properly washed and dressed, was laid on the pyre, and thousands of men were intently looking out for the Suttee, who was to be the victim of that awful rite of con cremation. Hours thus passed away, and the sun was approaching his meridian, and yet there was no indication of the person, on whose account alone such an immense crowd had congregated. People were constantly going backwards and forwards, to enquire into the reason of this delay, but still nobody could guess the cause. After a considerable lapse of time news arrived that the Suttee was not to come. Nothing could have been a source of greater disappointment to the populace than such an intimation ; one and all seemed highly incensed at this, especially as some had come from the distance of several miles to gratify their curiosity. A spirit of dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the spectators, and there was such a grumbling and hissing that one might have imagined himself in a theatre, when after all the professions that had been made of the appearance of a first-rate performer, the audience is informed, while in the zenith of their expectation, that the services of the actor, the only attraction of the evening, could not be availed of ! What confusion does such an intimation create ! Similar was the spectacle on the bank of the Damooda, on the morning I am speaking of. Every one began to proclaim aloud against the dastardly conduct of the woman, who could, from too great an attachment for life, violate a precept which their religion so strictly enjoined ! What others might have said on the occasion, the bramins were the loudest in their fulminations against the would-be Suttee. An old man amongst these, who appeared to be on terms of intimacy with the family, at length arose, and assured the by-standers, that he would persuade the woman to fulfill her engagement, happen what might. With this determination he departed, taking with him a number of his friends, and re-

paired to the house which was about the distance of a quarter of a mile from the river. When the company arrived, the widow was seen seated at the threshold of the *zenana*, examining some trinkets, which she had in her hand. As soon as she observed these men, she made a move to withdraw, but she was bid to stand by the spokesman of the gang. "Stop," said he, "I have something to communicate to you." The woman stood with folded arms, and the bramin informed her that every thing was ready for the performance of the last rite for her husband.

"You may burn the body," said the woman without concern.

"But we are all waiting for you," returned the bramin, "are you not aware that you are to sacrifice yourself with your husband?"

"I am not going," said the woman, without a blush.

"You astonish me," replied the bramin, "do you forget your pledge? are you so blind to your own interest? to your eternal welfare, to abandon an opportunity by which you might secure to yourself an uninterrupted happiness, for a hundred thousand of years, in the abodes of the blessed?"

The woman spoke not a word, but remained mute and motionless as a statue.

"Besides you know," continued the bramin, "the evils which you will entail upon yourself by your obstinacy. You will be sent here again after your death, and your soul will take up its abode in the body of some vile reptile, which is spurned and loathed by all; and thus you will have to suffer for thousands and thousands of years."

"I care not," said the woman, and with these words she withdrew into her apartment, leaving the bramins to chew the cud of their own cogitations. These having no other alternative, left the house, not without some severe reflections on the impiety of the woman who could dare violate a pledge held so sacred among the Hindoos. With sentiments like these, they retraced their steps to the ghât, and could scarcely offer a syllable in apology for their failure. They seemed completely crest-fallen, and could do nothing more than proceed to the work they were then engaged in, in perfect silence. Oil, ghee, and rosin, were thrown in abundance upon the pyre, and the lighted torches were about to be applied to the combustibles, when a voice was heard from the opposite bank desiring them to stop all proceedings.—"Stop, stop," cried the multitude, and "stop, stop," repeated a thousand voices around the pile. All looked at one another in mute astonishment, and though they joined in the universal shout, they knew not the reason why they did so. All eyes were directed towards the opposite bank, where the people stood gazing at a figure that moved towards them in great haste. The figure approached nearer, till at length it appeared to be that of a woman, followed at a little distance by a child. The stranger arrived, waded across the river, which at that time was fordable, and presented herself to the astonished multitude. It was Seeta. She had heard of her husband's death, and could remain no longer within her father's domicile. She was a perfect model of Hindoo beauty. She had a brunette complexion and a pair of bright eyes, with fine glossy black hair, which was negligently tied behind. The poor creature was quite exhausted when she reached the spot, and sat down for awhile on the ground near the pile. After she had recovered herself, she went close to the corpse and looked at it most intensely, and inti-

mated to the relatives of the deceased, that she had come with the intention of dying with her husband. Seeta then bathed in the river, after which she took her seat under a tree, where several women collected round her, to each of whom she presented something or other that she could get hold of. To all she spoke in the kindest terms. I afterwards learned that these presents were received by the women as pledges, that they were to act the same part should it come to be their turn. Seeta then took her child, who was now about eight years old, and caressed him with much fondness. She spoke to the spectators with much feeling, and appealed to the sympathies of all present on his behalf. "I will die," said she, "but my child will be left an orphan, and perhaps a beggar—my aged father is not long for the world to be his protector; you who see me this day, will not, I hope, spurn the boy from your door, where he might repair for a mouthful to satisfy his hunger." So saying she drew the child to her bosom, and the scene that followed was truly heart-rending. The mother on the one hand was writhing under the most painful emotions; she was now to part with one on whom she had doated so fondly; and the child on the other was bathed in tears, and rent the air and the hearts of all with his loud lamentations. Seeta kissed her son, cast upon him her last affectionate look, and then tore herself away from him. She ascended the pile, and lying beside her lifeless husband, ordered the work of destruction to commence. The torches were re-lighted and applied to the faggots on the pile; the tom-toms began to be beaten, and in the course of half an hour there was not a single vestige remaining of either the husband or wife!—The multitude dispersed gradually, and the child went away sobbing led by some kind friend, whose humanity prompted him to take charge of the orphan.

A.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

THE JOGHE.—NO. I.

Alas! in fairest seeming souls
 The tide of guilt all blackly rolls;
 And then they steal religion's ray
 Upon its surface but to play;
 Or o'er the darkest sea, a gleam
 Of brightest sunshine, oft may beam,
 Gilding the wave, while dark beneath,
 Are lurking danger, woe, and death.

Derozio's Fakcer of Jungheerah.

Bootan, as represented by modern geographers, now comprehends all those countries, that lie on the south of the lofty Himalayas. Its extent was formerly much greater; and by some travellers it was supposed to include Thibet. There is no country in India, so diversified by mountains, forests, and rivers, as Bootan. Nature has showered her gifts upon it in lavish profusion. On directing your view to the north of it, you see mountains covered with eternal snow, and huge cliffs entirely destitute of vegetation. They appear to be the residences of the genius of Hindoo superstition. One vast expanse of snow, piercing the clouds, neither gilded by the sun in his morning and evening course, nor relieved by the green mantle of

Nature's covering—barren and cold, chills the beholder, ~~as~~ he gazes upon it. To reach the summit is impossible; to attempt it, the aspect is discouraging, and the toil must be superhuman. Beneath these snow-capped summits, are emerald hills covered with the bloom and flowers of vegetation, through which living streams leap in gladness and bound along, in all the glow and health of youth. A border of fruitful land separates Bootan from Bengal. Here the rains neither fall in torrents, nor the rivers tear their banks, as in many places. The heat of the summer, in this border-land is excessive, and from the consequent fusion of the snow, the soil is never dry. This plain is twenty miles in breadth, and presents the scene of a wilderness, produced by an excessive vegetation. The trees upon it are lofty, and afford shelter to the Rhinoceros and the Elephant.

It was at the approach of evening, that the Joghe was conveyed in a litter to a little village that stood in the southern skirts of Bootan, sacred to him, as the place of his nativity. Twilight was gradually deepening into night, and silence slept on all around. The birds were seeking their roosts—the peasant was returning from the labor of the field—oxen and cattle were being penned in their folds—and savage animals were peeping from their dens and their retreats, to walk out and begin their work of slaughter and cruelty. Nothing causes the mind to be weighed down so much by melancholy, as the gathering of the shades of eve. Extensive plains are hid from view—trees appear to melt in the shade,—and the vegetation of the hills looks like a funereal pall.

Notwithstanding the depressing influence of the evening, the Joghe appeared to revive as he came to the spot of his childhood. The friends of his youth had departed for ever; and their descendants were now pursuing the same course of honest industry, which they had caught from the example of their fathers. One building alone had gone to decay—time had touched it severely, and its walls re-echoed to the voice of strangers. The Joghe, at his own request, was taken thither, and the inmates of that house very gladly accommodated, this man of God! in one of the out-offices. The influence of superstition secured him care and attention, and to all appearances he was recovering from his illness.

Of the females, who watched over him and ministered to his wants, there was *one* alone, to whom he always preferred his requests. Three months were imperceptibly numbered in the chronicles of the past, and the interesting young woman was still as assiduous in her attention to the Joghe, as on the first day of his arrival at the house. Hinda's heart was naturally affected by his protracted indisposition, and she thought, she was fulfilling the dictates of her religion, by acquiring all the information, she could from the observation and experience of this "servant of Brahma." An interchange of good and kind offices on the one hand, and bland and sweet expressions of gratitude on the other, soon inspired Hinda with confidence, to ask "the Joghe" to relate the events of his pilgrimage in this world. For some time he refused, until one day, finding himself weaker and his malady worse, he promised to gratify her wishes, provided that he felt himself stronger the next day. The day came—for come it will, and Hinda was all attention to follow the Joghe through the chequered scenes of his life. Before he commenced the narration of his

biography; he asked her a few questions concerning her parents. Alas! for Hinda. Providence in his good pleasure had left her an orphan—the volume of whose life is a perfect blank—and she was living on the bounty of some who at one time styled themselves to be her relations, at another denied the ties of affinity, and *called* her a foundling.

“Thou livest in my heart, through distance—time,
 “Midst fickle friendship and fantastic joys,
 “Alone a Truth”—

In this little village, I saw the light of heaven, and in this house I passed seventeen years of my early life. My years have now spanned half a century; and the sight of my infant house has served to awaken the tenderest recollections that beat in the bosom of man. My father was a wealthy Zemindar, and was beloved and respected by all his neighbours. In seasons of emergency, he could bring a thousand men into the field, and on one occasion assisted our late King with a considerable sum of money. This act of favor was repaid by the blackest ingratitude. My poor father was torn from his family, and put to the torture to resign all his wealth. He died in silence. His children were removed from his house, and every part of it was dug to discover the concealed treasure. The search of these rapacious cormorants was without success. I had secreted all the gold and silver in a neighbouring field, under a large banyan tree, in the deep silence of midnight. Although but ten years of age, I had the sagacity to know the intention of my father's murderer; and the consequent ruin and poverty, the loss of our patrimony would entail upon us. My infantine years saved me from their cruelty, and my brother after many threats and stripes was liberated. Poor boy! He had no idea of what had become of my father's riches. Were my dear father alive, and his body lacerated and himself in prison, I would have given up all the riches, to ransom him from the cruelties of his oppressor. But he had sunk under all his sufferings. His frame could ill support such tortures and refinements of punishment. Nursed in the lap of wealth and cradled in luxury, a few short days of hardship broke his heart, and the soul separated from its earthly companion, sought the heavens above. The intelligence of his death reached me in time; and before the myrmidons of his assassin^d could arrive to begin their work of plunder, I had conveyed, beyond the reach of their cupidity, the “yellow dirt” that had occasioned my father's death. His corpse was given to us that we might perform the rites of sepulture on it; and my aged mother cheerfully ascended the funeral pile, and was consumed with the remains of her beloved partner. One little day deprived me of both my parents, and I looked up to my elder brother, who was sixteen years old, as my staff and support, the remaining joy and solace of my life.

A few months after my father's death, my brother and I were walking in the outskirts of the village; the moon was shining brightly over us. Our conversation turned on our domestic circumstances, and my brother expressed his uneasiness of mind on account of his dependence on my mother's family. With feelings of fraternal pride and affection, I led him by the hand, under that banyan tree which was the guardian of the riches, I had deposited under its root; and begging of him to assist me in turning over the earth with his dagger, to my inexpressible delight and his

evident surprise, the rays of the beautiful moon fell upon the gold and silver. "Here are my father's riches," said I, my brother! take them; they are yours. I concealed them just after my father's death, that they might escape the rapacity of the ungrateful prince, until I could safely restore them to their rightful owner." My brother embraced me with joy and affection. He thanked me a thousand times, and begged of me to take half of the treasure. I declined the offer, telling him that my wants were few, and my sole object was to follow the life of a scholar at home, and a soldier abroad.

Oh! "there is a luxury in doing good"; and never, until this moment, did I feel, how much pleasure there was in making the heart of another, "sing for joy"! I felt myself a superior being, capable of dispensing gladness and comfort to him, that was depressed in heart. The monarch upon his throne, or the peasant at his frugal meal, could never have enjoyed peace of mind, to a greater degree, than I did. Alas! this is the only spot, in memory's waste, to which I recur with evident satisfaction. Since that period, my life may appropriately be likened to "an arid waste, expanding to the skies."

Six years of my existence passed quickly away! I pursued knowledge with great avidity, and was looked upon as one of the learned professors of my little village. The exercise of arms was not neglected; and I was an expert swordsman. This hand of mine has wielded the blade in a manner, that few have attempted to do. A little pot thrown in my path would be broken to pieces, by my lance, as I rode, full-speed by it—a mark on the tree, of the size of a rupee, would very often be perforated by my pistol shot, and I can awaken the exultation of my heart, when I returned from the successful achievement of some feats of this nature.

On arriving at my seventeenth year, I chanced in one of my shooting excursions, to meet with a little straw-built house, from which at irregular intervals, proceeded painful groans. My tender disposition could not suffer me to pass by it unheeded. I hastened to the spot, and offered assistance. It was readily accepted. I found the house to be of the poorest description. It consisted only of one room. At one end of it, I found a cow chewing the cud, and evidently resting from a hard day's labor. At the other end, on some wretched straw, with a smouldering fire, in a corner, was the emaciated figure of an old woman, about bidding adieu to this world. She could scarcely speak, when I approached her and asked her the cause of her serious indisposition. She shook her head, and then shewing me her parched tongue, tacitly demanded water. The draught revived her and she looked around evidently for something. I followed her eyes, and on perceiving this, she beckoned me to sit beside her. "Mother, said I, what is it you want?" "Son," replied she, "you are sent by God to my relief. You are a stranger, but I know you are a man, and will listen to a dying woman's request."

I asked her to proceed, and with a faltering voice, she narrated a brief history of her life. She was the daughter of a poor husbandman, and had the misfortune to lose her parents, at a time, that she most needed their kindness and assistance. She was brought up under the roof of a distant relation, and her situation was rendered extremely painful and uncomfortable by unmerited reproaches and insults. At the usual age she married, and lost her husband after having lived happily

with him, for a space of ten years. A boy and a girl were the fruits of this union ; and after her husband's death, she had by the labor of her hands and the assistance of her children, derived her small maintenance. The boy was a wayward youth, and more inclined to lead a martial life, than the peaceful occupation of a husbandman. The girl was very kind and affectionate, and during the protracted indisposition of her mother, had attended the bed of sickness, with unwearied kindness and enduring patience. The poor child would after the death of the mother be left friendless, a prey to lawless passions ; and the dying woman conjured me most solemnly, and at intervals intreated me most importunately, to take the child under my care. She was acquainted with the fame of my learning, and the great respect which all the village paid me, and induced by these considerations, she besought me to take charge of her little lamb, and be a friend to her, when she was gone.

The peculiar circumstances under which I was placed—the poor woman, with the dews of death upon her forehead—the wretched dwelling—and the affecting condition of the family, made me tear off all reserve, and promise a ready compliance with the wishes of the old woman. On receiving my reply, she sent for the daughter, and holding her by the hand, consigned her to my care and guardianship. For two days did I attend upon this poor woman, at the expiration of which she breathed her last, and we buried her with all the decency we could command.

I did not think it prudent to take my ward to my brother's, so after having procured a comfortable dwelling, I placed her and her brother there, and promised them all the assistance I was able to render them. For some time, every thing moved on tranquilly, and we felt ourselves as happy as our circumstances admitted us to be. After a space of three years, my little ward now my wife, gave birth to a daughter, the image of herself, and I felt all the tender susceptibilities of a parent gushing from my heart. I cannot recall to my mind, without pain, those blissful days, which have passed never to return. My journey in life has since been perilous and stormy, and the recollection of these days has often soothed the pangs which have rent this bosom. How happy was not I then ! My wife and my child were with me, and I knew no other feelings, no other tie, than the ties of conjugal and parental affection. They were my all, and I drank deeply of the delicious draught which, at that season, my cup of life presented to me. Love is the true, the only feeling, that gives unalloyed pleasure to man, and makes him good, virtuous and happy !

A few months after the birth of my child, I was, by order of the Rajah, sent at the head of a thousand men, to retaliate the injuries which he had received from a neighbouring Zemindar. I accepted of the command cheerfully, as I entertained hopes of being able to render myself independent by the plunder I might acquire. Having committed my wife and child to the care of her brother, I seized upon this opportunity of making my brother acquainted with my circumstances. He appeared quite pleased, and promised to provide for her and his niece's comforts, if they should, on any occasion, require his assistance. Having made all my arrangements satisfactorily, I hastened to the palace of the Raja, to receive the investiture of my authority and to proceed upon the line of duty, that had been marked out for me. The Rajah's commands were conveyed in very

laconic terms : " Murder every man, woman, and child, and bring away all the treasures. Burn every house to the ground. Let the village smoke with the flame of my vengeance." With such instructions I proceeded, and after a march of ten days, came within sight of the village, the residence of the refractory Zemindar. You are not aware, that it is impossible for us to attack any village by day, as the inhabitants, after carefully secreting their wealth, seek safety in precipitate flight. During the day, we made a diversion, as if it were our intention to attack another village, but at midnight when the fields were all sleeping in a delicious moonlight, and the village seemed to be in dead repose, I ordered my band to march, and fall upon the village. The people made no resistance. The Zemindar was killed, and all the wealth of the village fell into our hands. We plundered for three days, and having, to the measure of our ability, fulfilled the Rajah's commands, we turned our horses' heads homewards. I cannot describe to you, the pleasure I felt when, reaching the summit of a mountain, I could discern my own little cottage, and picture the dearest objects of my affection, anxiously looking out for my arrival. I am assured that were I within sight of my home, on that night when my blade turned crimson with the blood of the Rajah's victims, it would never have been unsheathed.

So soon as I had counted the plunder before the Rajah, and given him a narrative of our success, I made every haste to embrace the precious objects of my affections. I coursed over the plains, and alighted at the door. All was silent. I crept into the room, and found my wife, watching over the child with tears. Alas! said I to myself, the demon of sickness has laid his terrible hand upon my child. I walked into the room. At the sight of me, my wife shrieked and fell back. I was instantly by her side, endeavoring to restore her to her senses. She recovered slowly, and finding herself in my arms, hastily unwound my hands from herself, and walked to a distant part of the room. She beckoned me to approach a certain distance. Bewildered with astonishment, I stood on the spot she had appointed, and entreated of her to mention to me, without reserve, the cause of her strange behaviour. She told me plainly, that she was unworthy to be my wife, as on the very morning of my arrival, she had been most cruelly used by my brother. She bade me remember that a few days after my departure, my brother had won over her brother, who had several times, made base proposals to her from my brother. This intelligence astounded me, and I fell into a swoon. The servants came to my assistance, and when I awoke I found myself stretched on my couch, with my child by my side. On enquiring after my wife, I was informed by my servants, that, after I had fallen senseless on the ground, she rushed out of the room, and threw herself into the stream which flowed by the house. Is it surprising that I should have been, for a long while, unable to exert my bodily and mental energies? I was weaker than my little infant. Gradually I felt myself invigorated, and when at length I was strong enough to move, I repaired to the spot, whence the mother of my child had precipitated herself into the running stream. While musing there on my misfortune, I came to the determination of carrying my complaint before the Rajah, and obtaining redress from his justice.

My complaint was laid before the Rajah, who summoned my brother before the tribunal of his justice. The day arrived, and my brother came attended by a number of his retainers. My case was stated, and my brother was called up to make his defence. Before he commenced, he prostrated himself before the Rajah's *musnud*, and placed at his feet a bag containing a hundred gold-mohurs, for the honor he enjoyed of speaking before the Rajah. "My accuser" said my brother, "has laid a serious charge against me, and were I indeed guilty of the heinous crime with which I am charged, my conscience would never give me rest for the in jury I would then have committed against him, and against my family. The truth is, my brother is in great need of money and had several times made application to me for assistance, but I have not complied with his requisitions, to the extent he asked, as I did not wish to encourage him in his evil courses. The woman who, he says, was his wife, was of an infamous character, and before the death of her mother, was known to possess a very indifferent reputation. My brother obtained her for a trifling consideration, and he has now secreted her with the view of extracting money from me. My cousin here is witness to my brother's needy circumstances, and the brother of the woman in question, is also present to corroborate my statement."

Here the eyes of all were turned on me, and I felt, at that moment, so astonished at my brother's defence, that, on being asked to refute his assertions, I declined doing so, and left the Court.

All that I know of that day is, that as I was entering the Court-yard, the shouts of my brother's retainers reached my ears. I fled from the scene, and having entered into my room, I meditated revenge on the three men, who had thus slandered my wife's reputation together with mine.

A few days after the conclusion of my brother's trial, I was one evening walking on the summit of a hill, admiring the water-fall at some distance, when my attention was drawn to the rising moon. In a few minutes she had rolled herself above the horizon, and as she ascended her zenith, she seemed to acquire more confidence, as her red hue was fast giving way to a brilliant white. I fell into a musing mood, and was considering the strange events of my life. The remembrances of my wife and child came rushing into my mind, and I walked towards the edge of the precipice absorbed in thought. Just at this moment, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and as I turned I beheld the figure of my wife's brother. I walked up to him, and he, unsheathing his dagger, stood in the attitude of resistance. "And so," said he, "you have way-laid me, "but you will pay a dear forfeit for your temerity." "Young man," said I, "put up your dagger. I came not here, as you suppose, to seize you; this is my usual evening walk. You must, however, tell me what could have induced you to slander your sister. "You, seducer of my sister's innocence, ought not to question me. You are her murderer, and your blood will repay the injury you have inflicted upon me." Saying this, he rushed upon me. I turned aside and tripped up his heels—he fell upon his sword, and while weltering in his blood, rolled over the precipice, and was dashed to pieces. I returned home, and pursued my peaceful occupation of husbandry. Some days after a search was made for him,

and his lifeless body was found. I was immediately charged with his murder, and the officers of police made a search after me. I left my house and child, and fled for safety. That night, I saw, from the brow of a hill, my house smoking in ruins, and on enquiring of some passengers, they told me that my brother had fired the house, and my child with its old nurse had escaped the fury of the element.

This last ungrateful act of my brother's stung me most painfully, and I was so infuriated with rage, that I resolved to punish him for all the injury I had received at his hands. For the first time, in my life, I found myself childless, and being given to understand that my only daughter was under my brother's roof, as a kind of hostage for my future behaviour, I was resolved at all hazards, to secure the person of my child. I found myself powerless and friendless, and for a long while debated within myself what means I should adopt to attain my object. Perhaps I might have wavered longer, had not my brother's offer of a reward of a thousand rupees for my capture, fixed my plans, and made me throw myself on a band of thugs, that were prowling about the village. I thought to myself that the money which I had secured from the rapacity of my father's murderers, and which I had cheerfully given up to my brother, had now become the instrument of my destruction. With this money he had suborned my cousin to swear to my constant importunities for pecuniary aid to him. With this, money, he had prevailed on my wife's brother to slander her reputation, and make her a thing of traffic. With this money he had purchased the listening year of the Rajah; and it was now, with this money that he resolved to take my life. Harassed by such thoughts, and alarmed for the safety and comfort of my child, I offered myself to the Thugs, and promised them an immense booty. Such a bribe was irresistible, and I was immediately admitted as a member of their body. It is needless to delineate the ceremonies which accompanied my inauguration. Suffice it to say, that I was in a little time looked up to with respect; my little learning having procured me this distinction. In the division of plunder, and in the distribution of spoils, I was selected as the individual to compute each man's share and ascertain what would fall to each man's lot.

The day after the conclusion of our principal feast, when all men are tired and seek repose—that day was fixed upon by us, for our attack. Silently we proceeded, and just as we came in sight of the house, we divided ourselves into three bands. I was appointed the Captain of the last band. The darkness of the night, and the fatigue of the inmates of the house, favoured our assault. In a little time, we had occupied the principal parts of the building, and my brother was already in the hands of the robbers. To all questions concerning the place, where he had secreted his wealth, he made no reply. The pain of tortures was found insufficient to make him reveal his treasures. Little rags of dirty linen were tied round his finger, and made to burn—still he suffered patiently. At length I entered the house, and begging of the robbers to rid him of all this pain, I sought the place of his riches and brought away only the half of the heap. One Thug, more ferocious than the rest, upbraiding my brother for his ingratitude towards me and his obstinate silence respecting the concealment of his possession, added that he was unworthy to live, and at

one stroke of his sabre, severed his head from his body. Thus ended my brother's life!

Many of the inmates were cruelly murdered, and a few only escaped. I recovered my child, and having taken every precaution to have her conveyed safely to our place of rendezvous, I felt myself somewhat relieved from the horrors to which I had been a witness. But this was not the only scene of my predatory excursions. Hundreds of recollections now come crowding upon my mind, which I would fain forget, and which have even caused me much pain. Sometimes we entered as wearied travellers the peaceful abodes of poor husbandman, and repaid their kind and generous hospitality, by not only taking away a few brass culinary articles belonging to them, but also by depriving them of life. At other times, we would mingle with a body of travellers, whom we would hear discoursing on the cruelties of the Thugs, and before the sun had set, we would make them the victims of our plunder, and the sacrifice which it was most pleasing to our god to receive.

There were seasons, when one of our number would personate an unhappy woman deprived of her *little all* by Thugs, and as her cries drew away from a large caravan, some stray travellers, whose sympathetic hearts would feel for her pains, and induce them to come to her for her relief, they would soon find their mistake, by being strangled with our simple but efficacious noose, and concealed under the immense folds of the pseudo-woman's petticoat.

By these cruel artifices, the remembrance of which makes my blood run cold, we obtained wealth and spread terror throughout the neighbouring provinces. I took care to conceal my wealth in some obscure corner of my native village, and secured the remaining half of my brother's treasures for my own use. But such proceedings could not continue long without merited punishment soon overtaking our body. The adjacent villages rose to a man, and many of our heroes were made to bite the dust. Seeing our ranks thinning daily we proposed to separate, and join other bands, for all the Thugs from furthest North to the extremest South, are united together. I chose the frontiers of Nepaul, and leaving my only child to the care of an old woman, whose little cottage I see, from this place yet standing, I took my journey to Nepaul. I met with no adventures in my way; but on reaching our small brotherhood I was given to understand that Nepaul was invaded by English Troops. We sold ourselves to both parties, and enriched our little stock by levying contributions on them, on pretence of seeking for information.

In one of my excursions, as a spy in the English camp, I thought I observed my cousin, standing amongst a group of sepoys, a sepoy himself. So soon as the crowd dispersed, I managed to draw him into a conversation, and promised to shew him the enemy's route to the forts, up-hill. He greedily entered into the proposal, and so soon as I had detached him a considerable distance, from the British encampment, I asked him if he knew who I was. He looked for a while with eager curiosity at me, and at last, looking about him for a way of escape, he fled. I pursued and overtook him, and although he entreated most imploringly for life, I could not grant it to him. The shade of my wife,

at that time, appeared before my view, and I fell upon him, and soon left him, drenched in blood, and his life entirely extinguished.

As soon as I had satisfied my mind, that the spirit had fled, I made every haste to join my little band. I found my companions anxiously waiting my return, as they had just learned, that our proceedings had been known to the Governor of the Fort, through the treachery of a man, who had promised to be one of our party. This intelligence compelled us to adopt hasty measures, and as my companions dispersed themselves in the different parts of the country, I habited myself like a Joghe, and determined to travel to Bengal and see the world. I feel myself getting weaker, or I should have gratified you with a recital of my adventures. I sometimes slept in the dens of beasts, at other times, on trees, and very often laid myself by the banks of the river, when I could obtain no place of shelter. My reception was various. Some received me kindly, others drove me from their doors, and very often have I been obliged to remain without food for two and three days together. As I neared Bengal, I was told by fellow Joghes, that I must assume an appearance of greater sanctity than I pretended to, at that period. In pursuance of this suggestion, I purchased a tiger's skin, which, I was to state, had been stripped by myself after the animal's death, as I did not wish to part with the skin of a beast upon which, I had ridden from my native place. I put a fangless snake round my neck, which, I was to assert, had been the companion of all my wanderings. I smeared my body with white powder, and thus equipped, I traversed the crowded streets of Bengal, and lived by day, on alms, and at night, by robbery. I felt, however, a yearning for my native country. I was tired of travelling, and I longed to see my child. I therefore retraced my steps, and in the way was seized with the disease, which now affects me, and which will take me to my grave. I am too weak to enquire about my child. I must die without seeing her, my heart melts while I think of her; and I grieve to think, how I have passed so many of the best years of my life. But God is gracious. He will forgive me all that I have done."

The Joghe ceased, a weakness came over him, and he fell back upon his couch. A little after he recovered, but the dews of death were upon his forehead. With a fainting voice he called for water. Hinda gave him a copious draught—and gazing at her for some time, he beckoned her to sit by his side. He said he felt his end approaching, and he wished to state something more than he had done. The circumstance had completely fled from his recollection—on the night of the murder of his brother, he had not only rescued his daughter, but a little boy, who was his favorite. He had committed them both to the care of the old woman when he proceeded upon his adventures. The boy had a deep scar over his left eye—Hinda shrieked with astonishment,—and left the house to bring her husband. The Joghe saw him, and his features seemed to brighten with an early recollection. He squeezed the hand of Hinda's husband, and said he was "the boy." "But where is my child and the old woman?" Hinda ran to lead her mother, as she called the old woman, into the Joghe's room. The moment the old woman saw the Joghe, she recognized him, and presented Hinda and her husband, as the boy and girl whom he had entrusted to her. The Joghe was satisfied—he kissed his daughter

affectionately, and revealing to them the spot where all his riches were concealed, he died calmly, without a groan.

After the funeral obsequies were celebrated, Hinda and her husband repaired to the spot, and found the riches, as the Joghe had informed them. From serving in the capacity of servants, they became the owner of a small tract of land, and lived to a good old age, respected by all, and beloved by a numerous family.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN AND MELANCHOLY
DEATH OF A DEAR NIECE ANN OLIVA R——.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY HER MOTHER.

1.

I see thee not my darling child, thy voice I do not hear!
Which often with its joyous tone my solitude would cheer,
I see thee not, I hear thee not, they tell me in Death's sleep,
Thou art lying in the cold, cold earth, and bid me cease to weep.

2.

Thy form my first-born which with all a mother's joy I press'd,
Amid the sufferings of *that* hour, unto my gladden'd breast,
That form lies buried in the grave, nor will it bless my sight
Again until we meet in that glad region of delight.

3.

They know what a mother's heart can feel for loss like mine :
Else would they round my grief-worn brow, the cypress wreath entwine,
They would not bid me cease to shed these tears beside thy tomb,
Or say that vainly I lament, my child! thine early doom.

4.

I weep not that relentless Death, has robb'd me of my child,
He called thee to his arms again, who o'er thy being smiled,
But that the promises of Hope, the anxiousness of years!
Have in one moment pass'd away, 'tis this my bosom sears!

5.

One thought alone doth o'er my heart, its cheering influence throw,
That from thy infant lips those words of holy Hope did flow;
That with the blessed flock of Heaven, thou too hast been enroll'd
A Lamb like Him the spotless one—the Shepherd of the fold.

6.

But often will thy Mem'ry wake, a tear within mine eye,
And when thy name is spoken will thy mother's bosom sigh;
Tho' others like thee claim my love! oh! yet my first-born child;
Maternal joys within my breast awoke not till thou smiled.

7.

Then rest in Peace, within the span of earth, where thou dost lie,
Untouched by sorrow, care, or woe till sounds that trump on high,
When summon'd Ages shall awake, from the prison of the tomb;
And learn from Him they lov'd or shunn'd, their sad or happy doom:

8.

Oh may we meet with those we love, on that eventful day,
Where Saints will welcome us with joy, and seraphs lead the way,
In that fair clime where endless love and praise will be our theme
Of him whose blood a ruined world and sinners did redeem.

EXTRACTS FROM AN INDIAN OFFICER'S JOURNAL.

SENSATIONS OF A DROWNING MAN.—While I was proceeding to the upper provinces to join my regiment, I met with an accident which nearly deprived me of my life. While bathing near the fort of Allahabad I got out of my depth ; being unable to swim, and, to add to the hopelessness of my situation, being also kept under water by a native lad who was bathing near me at the time, I was on the point of being drowned ; I struggled to get away from the lad, but to no purpose, and I sunk. Captain Richards who saw the accident immediately plunged in, and observing some bubbles to ascend, dived and caught me by the hair of my head, and being a good swimmer brought me and the lad safely out of the water in an exhausted and senseless state, from which we gradually recovered. One fact I particularly noticed, that during the time I was under the water, I had my full recollection of past events, felt no decided pain, but my sensation was like a pleasing stupor of the faculties.

Captain Richards, who was a brave and good officer, was killed at the taking of Bhurtpore, while leading his men in storming the breach of the outer works of the Fort, during the first siege under Lord Lake, Commander-in-chief.

STRANGE CURE FOR THE FEVER.—After spending three or four days very pleasantly with Dr. L —, I rode over to Bissunpore, a distance of thirty miles without stopping. The next morning I was taken dangerously ill of a bilious fever, and could not rise from my bed. Here I was without a soul to comfort or assist me, and without medicines of any sort. While in this helpless condition, my life was providentially saved through my friend Dr. L. who, happening to come there on business and seeing my tent, came directly to me and administered medicine suitable to my case. In the height of my fever, he proposed a new mode of treatment, which he said would be either immediate relief or prove fatal. I expressed my willingness to try it, and it was blessed with my recovery. When the fever was at its height, he had several pots of cold water poured over my head. The first seemed to increase the violence of the pain ; the second relieved, and the third entirely removed it. I was then well rubbed and placed between two warm blankets, and after sleeping soundly for some time I awoke quite refreshed, perspiring very freely. Though the remedy weakened me considerably I soon recovered my strength.

THE ABORIGINES OF SURGOOJAH IN 1801.—On the 11th of November 1801, I ascended the steep pass of Mahary, on the confines of the Soorgoojah country. This mountainous tract is inhabited by a very hardy robust and well-made race of men, with woolly hair, thick lips and flat noses, very distinct from the lowlanders (with whom they have very little intercourse, except by barter) in feature. They are proverbially honest and true to their word, but quick in their resentments. They live chiefly by hunting, and use no other weapons than the bow and arrow. Each family lives in a detached cottage, and cultivates a patch of ground just sufficient for their wants. They pay an annual tribute, as an acknowledgment to subjection to the Surgoojah Rajah. They are supposed to be the remains of the ancient aborigines, and there are several tribes of them ; one we met at Butura ; they were stout with broad shoulders,

high cheek bones, wide foreheads, flat noses, curly hair and pleasing countenances. At first they refused to come near our encampment, but by a little persuasion, and a present of cloth and woollen kummauls, they came and carried my baggage to the next stage, laughing and talking with each other; and upon my putting a looking glass into the hands of one of the party, it excited his merriment. The man on seeing his face put his hand behind the glass, just as a monkey would. They examined our furniture closely with bursts of laughter. They do not observe the Hindoo worship, but have a notion of one great Almighty being, whom they call *Gossain*, and salute the sun at its rise by bringing their closed hands to their forehead, and half bending their right knee. They burn their dead, and seem to have no idea of the soul's existence in a future state. Their marriage service consists in binding a long piece of cloth seven times round the bride and bridegroom together; when this unrolled the ceremony is complete, and their friends give them their merry congratulations. They have no priests or teachers. They eat all kinds of food. They prefer they say, the language of tigers to that of man. Their domestic manners are very strange and interesting—the following is one of them:—When any one of them is in want of arrow heads he takes a leaf, cut into the exact shape he requires it to be, and leaves it near one of the blacksmith's shops, who makes a certain number according to the pattern, and places them by the leaf—if the man is pleased with the work, he will liberally reward the blacksmith with wild honey and grain. Cheretta, which is good in fevers and agues, is well known to them.

BARBARITIES OF THE PINDARRIES IN 1801.—Our journey to Nagpore was on the whole pleasant, but towards the latter part we were in danger of falling in with the Pindarries then plundering the country; who doubtless would have cruelly murdered us. A medical gentleman whom they met and seized on his journey, was fastened to a wooden bedstead, which they set fire to, and thus destroyed him. To extort money they frequently sharpen a bamboo stake at both ends, and placing a father and some other member of the family pierce them through with it, till they meet; or they will put live cinders with chillies into a bag and fastening it on the head and face soon suffocate the victim to death. Such is the dread with which they have inspired the native women, that these often rush to the water and drown themselves, as soon as they hear or see them enter their villages. In consequence of their plundering in the Company's territories the Marquis of Hastings, in conjunction with the Mahratta powers sent a large force against them, which they met with from 70 to 80,000 horse, and gave our troops, especially the cavalry, an immense deal of trouble before they were subdued. They were eventually made to abandon their predatory habits, and have recourse to farming and agriculture for their livelihood. They are now as a people exterminated.

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COUNCIL OF EDUCATION.

THE close of Lord Auckland's Administration was remarkable for great events. Among many changes not the least was the Phoenix-like resurrection of the Committee of Public Instruction into the Council of Education. A Council-board of Education is a desideratum in this country, where there are no fixed plans or systems of tuition in the schools, under the fostering protection of the Government. But we have at all times deprecated the unhappy union of the science and art of moral and intellectual culture, with the "Government of India." The Members of the Council of Education have other onerous and responsible duties, which claim their serious attention. They are remunerated for their daily labor, and hence, by every moral consideration, they must give their unrelaxed energies and the best portion of their time, to their immediate business. The fag-ends of their zeal, and a few minutes of their leisure hours, will be devoted to the cause of Education. Besides, with due respect to their talents for their well-paid offices, and deference for their labors, the Members of the Council of Education have not made Education the subject of their study. Like all other sciences, Education has made immense progress during the past few years, and its practical art of teaching, like other arts, has improved, and is now better understood. Men engaged in the work, or those who have even studied it in theory, are best qualified to take their seats around the Council Board. It is our opinion, that, in order to improve the tone of Education in this country, an Educational Council should be established, composed of paid Members, who will not only labor with energy and for a great portion of the day, but whose qualifications, as professors of Education, should be fixed at a high standard. Nothing, short of this, will improve the aspect of things. The Colleges and Schools, under the auspices of the Government, will then flourish and confer a thousand blessings on the country.

The attention of the Government is, moreover, so closely occupied with those affairs, which relate to peace and war, to income and expenditure—all subjects of paramount importance, that it can at best bestow but a side-glance on that most important of all sciences, Education; which unfolds the human intellect, strengthens the feebleness of infancy, guides the youth of mortals, and gives the crowning grace to a happy well-spent

old age. There is not a subject of such transcendent importance on this side of the grave. *Animum fornat et fabricat, vitam disponit, actiones regit, agenda et omittenda demonstrat, sedet ad gubernaculum, et per ancipitia fluctuantium dirigit cursum.** And yet, strange to say, it is the only one exposed to the remarks of the learned and the ignorant; the idle and the careless. You will not see, in any other profession, men so brazen-faced, as to invade the limits of his neighbour's calling, of the end and aim of which he knows nothing. On the subject of Education, however every man deems his little wisdom supremely sufficient for the science; his scanty knowledge to be the highest measure for other's improvement; his pedagogue's "ways and means" of teaching to be the guide and rule for other instructors; and his *skeleton map* of acquirements to be the wide boundaries of others' progress. Education is a common which all may enter. It is a kind of *free masonry*, and every descendant of Adam considers himself to be a brother of the craft. The greatest obstacle that yet remains to be overcome, in the way of Education, is ignorance, that "knoweth not its own ignorance."

Were the importance of Education felt, appreciated, and estimated, as it deserves to be, its progress even in this country would be sensibly rapid. No man, but he who had made it the subject of his serious and undivided study, should be admitted as a Teacher. At present, the office of school-master appears to be the last resort of all men of broken-down fortunes, or whose situations have lapsed in consequence of their negligence, or their services, being no longer required.

We are aware that the Members of the Council of Education are not able, in connection with their public duties, to bestow a fair and attentive consideration to the cause of a nation's moral and intellectual improvement. Something, how little soever, could be accomplished by engaging the services of a qualified Secretary. But even, in this instance, the Government seems to have laid aside all forethought, and blindly trusted to chance. We must not however be misunderstood. The present Secretaries, are, in our opinion, disqualified, because they cannot bestow their whole time and single attention to the business of the Council. They have other important duties to claim their notice, and it is therefore impossible for them to devote much time and labor to the subject of education. We would much rather see Dr. Mouat, as Secretary to the Council of Education, perambulating the country, visiting every college and school, and remedying defects; than situated as he is at present, discharging the duties of a plurality of offices. Were he even to be blessed with the hundred arms and eyes of Briareus and Argos, we fear he would be unable to conduct his duties in a satisfactory manner.

Constituted as the Council of Education is, the joint production of Sir Edward Ryan and Earl Auckland, what supervision can it exercise over the local committees that are appointed to preside over the schools established by Government in the Upper Provinces? We answer, none whatever. The Members of these Local Committees, like the Members of the grand Council, have too many claims upon their attention to attend to the progress of the little children, under their paternal care and control. It is a fact, that

* Seneca.

one visit during the month by the visiting Member, is all that is done. Every thing is left to the care of the Head Master, who, in the generality of instances has never made his profession a study, and who engaged in it, because he had nothing better to do. The Council of Education can only depend on the honor and the conscience of the Head Master, to fulfil truly and honestly, the duties committed to his charge. Should he be negligent or inattentive, the Council of Education will know nothing. The mode of teaching adopted by him, is a secret locked up in his own breast. A progress report, transmitted monthly, is all the information that is embodied for the consideration and information of the Council of Education. Now and then we hear of instances of dismissal or removal to another school; but these changes are rarely made with consideration to the talents and attention of the teacher, peculiar to his office. Other reasons are urged; and hence the same system continues—

“Unalter'd, unimprov'd these manners run.”

The licence enjoyed by the teachers is of a most extraordinary nature. Each has his particular way and line of management. Each has his own rule. No single system pervades the whole, or if this is required by the Council of Education, it is seldom followed. It does not require the wisdom of Solomon to perceive the evil of this state of things. The remedy is simple, and adequate to the exigency of the case. We now proceed to develop our plan, which we doubt not will be considered as conducive to improvement, and as introducing a healthier and sounder system, than that which is pursued at present.

We do not purpose to dwell, at any length, on the subject of intellectual Education. The studies laid down for the pupils are amply sufficient for their circumstances in life. If the teachers are successful in making their pupils acquainted with even the general outlines of the several subjects of study proposed to be taught, they will find that they have done their duty. The general principles of Natural Philosophy, the elements of Mathematics, the leading facts in History, and a knowledge of the construction and rules of the English Language, are, in our opinion, quite adequate to the state of Hindoo society, in the Mofussil, for even a century to come. But two reforms we think to be very necessary. The first is that so soon as the pupils acquire a knowledge of the English alphabet, they should immediately be put to Easy Reading Lessons: and not be permitted, as at present, to be made to wade through that unintelligible and profitless mass of b-a, ba, and b-l-a-, bla. The pupils can learn nothing from this union of words into syllables, that have no meaning. Every moment of time is precious.

Another reform, which we would recommend to be made, is the abeyance of the study of English Grammar, until the pupils have acquired a sufficient stock of English words and sentences, and have a knowledge of their construction from reading the works of the classic authors of Great Britain. It is an historical fact, that grammar succeeds the progress of Language to perfection. It is the philosophy of Language. Its rules are nothing more than certain forms which have been established by man, in the expression of his ideas. Now, instead of following the ordinary laws of man's nature, the present system of Education entirely opposes it. Grammar is

first studied, to acquire a Language, instead of the simple and natural method of first learning the words of a Language, and afterwards studying its Grammar.

We wish more particularly to direct the attention of the Council of Education to the means available by the Government, to ameliorate the social and moral condition of the Hindoos. We are anxious that the advantages and superiority of the English Arts should be felt by them,—in truth, be made palpable, with the view of exciting in their minds a desire to study European science. The motive which now animates the Hindoo student, is feeble. There are not many, who are incited by the love of knowledge; and there are a few indeed, who are ambitious of holding a small and trifling employment under the Government of this country. It is the duty of the Government to supply *motives* for study, and the way by which this task could be accomplished, would be to make the Natives acquainted with the European Arts of life. Every encouragement should be held out to them in this particular; and we are confident, that the fruits which such instruction will impart, will nourish and support the inherent power and opulence of this country.

We would advise the Council of Education to set apart a small tract of ground, for the purposes of cultivation by the pupils of the school. A native Gardener attached to the Company's Botanical Gardens, could be employed in every school, to instruct the pupils in the handling and use of the implements of husbandry, and in the general principles of horticulture. Such employment, during the hours of recreation, would not only promote the health of the lads, but give them a knowledge of Gardening, which would be highly useful to them in after-life. The produce of other countries would be made to grow here. Agricultural skill would confer its attendant blessings on the natives, and the improved methods of European agriculture would serve to introduce a wholesome change in the aspect of every district. This change would awaken a desire in the minds of all, to become further acquainted with European knowledge, and thus, in an almost imperceptible manner, India would become Anglicized.

We would further impress upon the minds of the Council of Education, the necessity of establishing a laboratory of arts, on a small scale, in one of the rooms of every School, throughout the country. The advantages, which would result from this system, are incalculable. We must not, however, be misunderstood. We already fear, that we shall be looked upon as Visionaries, or as belonging to that numerous class of Adam's race, appropriately designated, "Aerial Castle-builders." But we are persuaded, that if every observing mind were to consider the subject of Hindoo Education, as connected with the manners, customs, and condition of the people,—a very proper view—it would soon be convinced of the truth and the feasibility of our recommendations. The strongholds of Hinduism must be attacked through the senses of men. It is fruitless to appeal to the understandings of the majority of the natives. A few minds will labor to think; but the rest, most unfortunately, have neither the opportunity nor the leisure to do so. The only method is to make them taste, feel, and eat of the advantages of European art. This sensible demonstration will induce them to study European Science. This study will destroy the foundation of Hindoo society and manners. Bigotry will lose all its obstinacy and fero-

city. The mind will be open to the influence of right reason, and then will the seed of the Missionary be sown on "good ground," and "bring forth fruit a hundred fold."

We are no latitudinarians in the study of the arts, as recommended by us. We would not have the pupils learn how to make a steam engine—this grand, astonishing, and beautiful result of human thought and power can be well taught in after times. For the present we would only advise instruction in the simplest implements and machinery of life. The manufacture of the common mechanical tools and the implements of husbandry, should be first studied, and the superiority of the English tools and machinery, in these particulars, exhibited and recommended for adoption. The construction of carts and carriages, and the building of commodious and safe boats, should next be brought to the attention of the pupils. The building of houses should on no account be overlooked. Such knowledge is useful, and would subserve the interest and convenience of the Hindus. Then would they manifest a liking for study, and children and adults would flock from all parts to become acquainted with these arts, to acquire the skill of cunning workmen, and to improve their own rude taste and feeble dexterity.

There is another subject of great importance to which we would direct attention. The Natives of this country, with the exception of the Rajpoots, are not a hardy race of men. To improve the body and increase physical strength, we would suggest the exercise of the European and Native Gymnastics, as highly useful for the attainment of this object. The *mens sana in corpore sano* should never be kept out of view. To encourage and foster independence, not only the mind, but the body must be invigorated, and both, acting in harmony, will cast the characters of the natives in a mould, far different from what it is at present.

These are a part of our views on the subject of Native Education. We have taken the pains to explain them, not with the hope that our suggestions will be put into operation, but that they will receive a fair and dispassionate consideration from those who occupy the "higher seats" in this society, and who are permitted to enter into the deliberations of the Council of Education. Truth, notwithstanding all opposition, must and will ultimately triumph; and the Science of Education will yet receive that consideration which it is fully entitled to. The circle of intelligent men is continually increasing; and the time will arrive when error will vanish from the face of the earth; and the only contention will be, not between falsehood and truth, but the mode of conducting all investigations so as to lead, by the simplest and plainest road, to the temple of Eternal Truth.

To carry out these views, the Government of the country must incur a greater expense than it now does. But what is the amount of a few thousand rupees, weighed against the welfare and happiness of millions?—It does not behove any Government to be chary of its gold and silver. If vice is to be eradicated, if virtue is to be the fruit of a system, and if the happiness of all is to be secured; then, as a matter of course, any amount of expense should not be considered too great for the accomplishment of such benefits. A Christian government especially, should not stand higgling about the price that must be paid for introducing what is *good*, and removing what is *bad*.

To secure the benefits which would result from the adoption of our suggestions, Bengal should be divided into three circles, in imitation of the German System. Three Superintendents, or Ministers of Public Instruction, should be entertained on decent salaries, adequate to the importance, responsibility, and dignity of the office. It should be the duty of these Ministers to carry out views such as those just explained, and to exercise a vigilant control over the teachers employed in the several schools, under their surveillance. These Ministers should be men well qualified for their office by probation. They should be educational professors, whose experience and observation would guide and control the internal economy of their schools. They must be required to give ample proof of their ability before they are permitted to hold this high office. The present rule and standard of eligibility for office must be reversed. The man must be made for the office, and not the office for the accommodation of the man.

We must conclude. We hope we have written enough to satisfy our readers. If our remarks excite discussion, and after due investigation be found to be based on truth and the laws of human nature ;—if they be tested by any private seminary, and then be seen to answer, we shall consider ourselves amply rewarded for the time and labor which have been consumed in writing them.

THE DESTINIES OF CASHMERE.

And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this ! it is this !

Moore

MR. VIGNE has lately published an account of his travels in Cashmere, little Thibet, and the adjoining countries, in which he has included many details of the chiefs, their ancestry, contests, and politics, that can have but little interest except to those who are personally interested in any of the places described. The work is not written in the form of an itinerary, nor in that of a general survey of the countries travelled over ; but there is a mingling together, into one account, of the incidents of several excursions and information derived at various times. We were not prepared to meet in it the details which we find of the sport which the author fell in with ; still less could we have expected so rare a display as Mr. Vigne has treated us to of etymological research, considering that his knowledge of the oriental languages was so scanty as to render it necessary for him to be accompanied by an interpreter ! Of the value of the etymological learning which he has so copiously unfolded, a sufficient idea will be formed by our readers from one or two instances which we take at random. The celebrated Jugunnath, from the Sanscrit *jugut* and *nath*, (lord of the world,) Mr. Vigne derives from *juggu*, a place, and *nath* lord, or *lord of the place*, the first word being, as every one here knows, Hindoostance, and the latter Sanscrit. The Mahometan name Zynulabdeen, which is composed of Zyn-ul-abidcen, *i. e.* the ornament of worshippers, Mr. Vigne resolves

into Zyn-ul-ab-u-din, the word, *abideen*, which is the plural of *abed*, being mistaken by him for two separate words of a totally different signification. But though our author, at every step, falls into errors equally ridiculous, he has no hesitation in measuring swords with such men as Professor Wilson and the late James Prinsep.

Our object in alluding to the work is not to expose its defects, but to bring to the notice of our readers some curious speculations of the author regarding the position which Cashmere would attain, were that celebrated country to be placed under British rule—a contingency by no means improbable, when we reflect on our recent and unlooked-for acquisition of Scinde. It is well known that Runjeet Sing had a great desire to extend his conquests in Affghanistan; and we do not doubt, that were the present ruler of Lahore to be assisted, or even merely encouraged to pursue the policy of his predecessor, he would readily cede Cashmere to us to gain possession of Cabul and Candahar. If the reader will bear these circumstances in mind, he cannot fail to read Mr. Vigne's speculations with deep interest.

“Kashmir is not India. That gorgeous land whose statistics were once watched with all the vigilance and jealousy of party spirit, whose interests were treated with a thrilling eloquence, and having once excited the warm and universal sympathies of the inhabitants of Britain, has long ceased, while in peace and at rest, to revive, in the mind of the many, any idea beyond that of tiger-hunting and Mullegatani. It is still the hotbed of chivalry, though no longer the region of romance; and though presenting to the world an example of organized dominion, entirely without parallel in the annals of history, it is only able to command a general attention to its welfare, through the medium of a sudden blast of triumph from the trumpets of war.

But the interests of such a place as Kashmir are of a different nature. I have endeavoured to point out its attractions for the antiquarian, the historian, the architect, and the geologist. Its traditions are coeval with the flood; its history is probably as ancient as any other, excepting that of Moses; its monarchs have led their conquering armies to the subjugation of India, Ceylon, and Tibet, and even to parts of China; its ruined masonry has been described as a novelty, and, considered as a basaltic basin, the magnificence of its mere outline has enough in it to rivet the attention of the geologist. But there is an interest of increased importance in store for it, and I think it not difficult to descry upon the horizon, the dawn of a political consequence far greater than any to which it has ever been destined by the warmest of its oriental admirers.

One of the first results of the planting of the British flag on the ramparts of the Huri Purbut would probably be a rush of people, particularly Kashmirians, to the valley, in numbers sufficient for a time to affect the price of provisions.

The next would be the desertion of Simla, as a Sanitarium, in favor of Kashmir. The news of its occupation by the Queen's troops in India would spread through the East with a rapidity unequalled, excepting in the regions of the telegraph and the steam engine: it would be looked upon as the accomplishment of the one thing needful for the consolidation of the British power in Northern India; and the respect for the name, and a wish for the friendship and alliance of England, would increase in proportion to the belief in the fruitlessness of any subsequent attempt at dispossession.

It was, I believe, soon after the occupation of Delhi by the British troops, (I do not know the date of the year) that a mission from Kashmir, with a request that the Company's Government would take the country under its protection,

arrived in that city; but its object was unsuccessful, as the government of the time did not think it expedient to lend a favorable ear to their proposals. To say that, had they done so, the East India Company might have long since been in possession of the Panjab, and friendly relations have been established with the court of Kabul, is an assertion based perhaps upon no unreasonable conjecture.

Kashmir enjoys the singular advantage of being at the same time both a fortress* and a magazine; and although the battle for the valley would be fought on the outside of it, yet the progress of an invading power might be opposed step by step, as it often has been, from the mountain summits around each of its passes.

When a road is made through the pass from Boromula to Dhurumtawur, an army of any strength, and most perfectly appointed, may be marched in from four to six days, from the healthy atmosphere of Kashmir, to defend the passages of Attok or Tarbela; and with such protection on the north, Bombay as the capital of India on the south, and the Indus between them, the British possessions in Hindustan ought to be as safe from foreign invasion from the westward, as such an extended line of frontier can possibly be made to render them.

But Kashmir not only deserves attention as a stronghold in time of war; it is to the acts of peace that this fine province will be indebted, for a more solid and lasting, though less gorgeous celebrity, than it enjoyed under the emperors of Delhi. The finest breeds of horses and cattle of every description, may be reared upon its extensive mountain-pastures, where every variety of temperature may be procured for them; its vegetable and artificial productions may be treated with British skill and capital, in such a manner as to ensure an excellence equal to those of Europe, and superior to that of the neighbouring countries, and the tools of a cornish miner may bring to light the hidden treasures of its iron, lead, copper, and silver ores.

Kashmir will become the focus of Asiatic civilization: a miniature England in the heart of Asia. The climate will permit the introduction of the sports and games of England; and, presenting so many attractions, it will become the *sine quâ non* of the oriental traveller, whether he be disposed to consider it as the *Ultima Thule* of his voyage, or a resting place whence he may start again for still more distant regions.

The introduction of Christianity, the Mahomedans will not fail to attribute to the finger of God, and consider it as a step towards their fulfilment of the belief, that the whole world will become subject to the power of the Christians.†

The Missionary may here pursue his labors with some visible hope of success, when the prevalence of English associations shall have weakened the effects of caste, and the prejudices of Islam; and this magnificent valley hitherto the theatre of a hundred faiths, will become the alma mater of our eastern conquests, and the great and central temple of a religion as pure as the eternal snows around it."

* Invading artillery could not enter it in the present state of the roads.

† It is the belief of Islam, that Christ is to appear and conquer Dejal or Antichrist, the latter having first existed as the enemy of the Christian powers, to whose sway the world is to be previously subjected

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

* * * * *

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

* * * * *

Ipsæ laete domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera : nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet : Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.

Virgil's Pollio.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unoriental title which is appended to this article, we feel convinced that our readers will find that the general principles evolved in it, are applicable to all nations, and therefore to India. Questions which concern the vital interests of humanity are not properly circumscribed to any one nation or people under the globe. They circle the circumference of the earth ; they are not bounded by the limits of any zone. They wear an Indian as well as a European aspect, and they affect the African and the Greenlander in an equal measure. We do not, therefore, think the subject of the Peace of Nations, unsuited to the pages of the *Oriental Magazine*. The wars of Afghanistan and China are ended. The public mind is loosened from the anxiety and suspense in which it was for a long time bound ; and return of peace gives us room for meditation. We will not forego the opportunity.

The American Peace Society was instituted in the year 1828, and we cannot forbear quoting a portion of the circular letter, which the founders of the Society addressed to their fellow-men. "We hope to increase and "promote the practice already begun, of submitting national differences to "amicable discussion and arbitration, and finally of settling all national "controversies by an appeal to reason, as becomes rational creatures, "and not by physical force, as is worthy only of brute beasts, and this "shall be done by a *Congress of Christian nations*, whose decrees shall be enforced by public opinion, that rules the world ; not by public opinion as "it now is, but by public opinion when it shall be enlightened by the rays "of the Gospel of peace." This congress of Christian nations has its existence in More's Utopia ; for, from an observation of the various phases of human character, we arrive at the conclusion that such a public opinion, as the Peace Society desires to form, is, beyond the pale of unassisted human nature. The end to be attained is laddable, but the means to be employed for the attainment of this end, is impracticable, and we might with truth assert, beyond the power of man. We hail with pleasure the establishment of such Societies, but we despair of their feasibility in doing good. They are well-adapted to employ the thoughts and engage the services of men, who seek "to go about," but beyond this, we do not see, in prospect, any certain advantage. We have never been opposed to any undertaking or society which has so excellent an object in view, as the American Peace Society, because, we hold it as our opinion,

that although no immediate benefits may be reaped by the Society, yet the discussion of questions so momentous to the interests of man, as peace and war, will perhaps strike out new views, which will advance the well-being of society and secure its stability.

We must explain ourselves, lest we should be misunderstood. Taking a survey of human nature, we are rather inclined to regard the cessation of war as a chimæra, a coinage of the brain. Human nature is too corrupt to be purified on earth. The restless passions of man will never be entirely subdued; the fever of renown will never be extirpated from the earth. We are however told, that as Christianity is propagated, a purer and better state of society will rise; men will entertain holy and sanctified feelings; and their breasts will burn towards one another with Christian love. We hope our views will not be considered as anti-Christian if we question the possible existence of such a society and body of men. *Optimism* is not to be obtained on earth; it is a creature of the skies. It is true, that we possess a code of perfect morality, and a sinless exemplar of human nature in the word of God. But is it right for any individual to state, that because such truth and beauty exist, they therefore afford presumptive evidence, that man can reach to such perfection. Oh! no! they are constantly set like frontlets, before our eyes, that we might be incited to imitate, so far as our fallen nature will admit, the bright example before us. To attain to it is impossible. To strive after it is consistent with our nature and our condition. This is all that man will and can do. He will suppress every rising inclination to evil; he will fortify himself with the encouragements held out in the Gospel; he will endeavor to conform his character to the doctrines of Christianity; he will denude his heart of its pride and soften its hardness; and notwithstanding such exertions he will still be an imperfect man, a slave to passion, a creature of circumstances, a handful of dust driven to and fro as the wind listeth.

The individual just described, presents the most favorable view of his species. In him is to be seen "the *beautiful*" of human nature. We will perchance be triumphantly told, that this is a Christian, and that when the world is peopled with such Christians then will society bloom and flourish, and

"Winnow fragrance round the smiling earth."

But here a question may be asked, *when will such men live?* Look at the Christian world, and notwithstanding all that is said of the blessed extension of Christianity, we ask if there is any little spot in the wilderness of India, which has "five righteous men" in it. The mere trappings of the Gospel do not make a soldier of Christ. The mere name of Christian does not convert carnal man into a spiritual being. Alas! Something more is required. We are told by ancient philosophers, that it is necessary to be good and virtuous, and one of this crowd of superior beings bids his followers revolve three times every night, all the actions he has performed during the day. This meditation was found to be insufficient. Christ, on the other hand, our great leader and example, commands us to cleanse the heart, to purify it of all evil, and thus to offer it, as a sacrifice pure and holy, "without spot or blemish." Now although the Christian religion has subsisted for more than 1800 years, we make bold to ask how many have looked into their hearts and swept all the evil they had found in them, with the besom of

destruction. The account will be small indeed. The world, as it is now, is dead to the knowledge of Christ, and regardless of the treasures of the Gospel. It is a moral asphaltites!

From this cursory view of human nature, what probability of evidence is there, that a jury of nations will decide all disputes, and war will be banished the earth. We see the most gloomy prospects spreading before our minds, as we contemplate the future earthly destiny of man. For the first question that arises, is, in what way, and by what mode of procedure, can a code of international laws be established? Who will be the legislators? There must not be a Draco among the august member; they must be all Solons. Will all nations consent to listen to the voice of the majority? Are all nations arrived to the same degree of intelligence, and has their progress in knowledge been equal, to insure a calm, dispassionate, and convincing mode of deliberation? In this jury what nation will be the foreman, for there must be one nation placed over the rest, to guide and control all proceedings, else the discussion of all important questions will be interminable. In the common businesses of life, the authority of the judge or the collective wisdom of the upper house of Parliament, terminates all disputes. What powerful limit, what judge will settle the disputes of learned civilians, laying down a system of laws which will fashion the future conduct of nations?

These are a few of the many difficulties which will be felt at the very threshold of a congress of nations. These are some of the obstacles that must be overcome. Is it too much to assert, that these opposing difficulties are insurmountable? It is not an easy matter to bind nations to the observance of certain laws, relative to their behaviour to each other. The parallel that some individuals have attempted to draw between the laws which guide and support the interests of a society, and that code which will administer the affairs of nations in their relation to each other, is not founded on a correct observation of the progress and establishment of society. We will endeavour to expose its fallacy.

Human laws are the offspring of circumstances. They are not the results of a deliberative assembly of wise men. They grow up in the progress of time. They are evolved in the lapse of ages. In order that men should feel the necessity of laws and order in society, it is so ordained that they must be crushed under the tyranny of some powerful conqueror, made to feel the bitterness of slavery, and live in the dark bondage of despotism, before they are permitted to emerge into the light of knowledge, and breathe the pure air of liberty. Even at this stage of human progress, a code of laws is not established. The energies of men must be from time to time put forth; continued struggles must be made before the victory on the side of liberty will be complete, and its blessings secured. Amidst all this power and struggle, one master—mind, or worldly power will rule over the rest. There must be a final appeal to some authority, before the decision of any question can be settled. On the other hand, should all men consider themselves as on a level of equality, without a head or ruling power, there will be found neither harmony nor order in such a state of society. No authority will be acknowledged, and nothing will be decided. Anarchy will be the result of such procedure, disorders will disturb the people, and confusion will involve all things in inextricable ruin.

A congress of nations will be assembled for the purpose of mutual advantage, and the settlement of some fixed laws, which will promote the interests of all, and secure to each, certain advantage. When learned men will thus meet together, each biassed for his own country and king, and each proposing to himself some mode of proceeding, which will encourage the commercial industry of his fellowmen—is the supposition too extravagant, that there will be no end to the cavilling and doubts of this jury of nations? And even if it were possible, that all nations had agreed to be bound by the vote of the majority, would not the appeal to be so coerced, be received with fretful impatience by the nations which composed the minority in the debate? We are assured that some pretext would be taken hold of by these nations, to excuse themselves from the observance of the decision of the majority. Some secret influence with which they alone, who move the machine of Government, are best acquainted, will be employed to frustrate the end and aim of what the majority had devised. What therefore would be the result? the minority would secede from the congress, be influenced by separate motives, and labour for separate advantages. The congress would be dissolved, and the Nile would return to its wonted channel. To compel acquiescence, the majority would be obliged to have recourse to arms, and rampant war with bared arms, would succeed peace sitting with an olive-branch in her hand.

Let us turn over for a few minutes, the book of time, and see, whether the historic muse has recorded the establishment of such an assembling of nations, for securing peace and exterminating wars from the face of the earth. The first small league of which we read, is the Amphyctionic Council. Twelve little states entered into an agreement to observe a friendly bearing towards one another, and to arm themselves against common enemy. The council does not resemble the proposed congress of nations. Men to ward off danger, united in self-defence. What was the end of this Council? No sooner did the danger pass away; no sooner did those circumstances which had pressed upon their attention the necessity of such a union, cease to exist, than the states composing this Council, quarrelled among themselves and dissolved the league. We read of the Achæan League, and of the Hanse towns, both destroyed, by intestine wars, and of the Holy Alliance which still exists, and the same circumstances which destroyed the Amphyctionic Council, will break this league. No treaties are binding, when they oppose the interests of a nation; and the most solemn assurances are nothing but “a twist of rotten silk,” when they militate against the wishes and operations of a people.

We are referred to the mediation of England between France and America, as an evidence of the propagation of Christianity, and the introduction of a better order of things. It does not strike us in the same light. England and the other European nations are afraid of plunging into wars, not because they look upon them, as directly opposed to the benign precepts of the Gospel, but because these countries are already burdened with debt, and their exchequers are exhausted of gold and silver. This want of pecuniary means restrains countries within the limits of peace; and God, in his gracious providence, thus averts from nations the horrors of war, by straitening its sinews and emptying countries of all their riches.

THE HUNTER BOY.

I.

I DWELL on the brow of the mountain high,
Where its summit mingles almost with the sky ;
And I watch from thence the Morning Sun,
When he rises, his daily course to run,
My sire, is a hunter bold and true ;
And I love for *his* sake the mountain dew.

II.

Beside our Cottage tho' rude it be,
Rushes a torrent fierce and free,
And I love to watch its foaming breast,
As it dashes by our storm-rocked nest,
No lord ever had round his ancient tower,
A token so true of feudal power.

III.

I dwell on the mountain, it is my own
Inheritance, which from my birth I have known ;
For I was born like the eaglet brood,
Mid tempest and storm, in the home that has stood
For centuries past, and sire and son,
Have been cradled there since our race begun.

IV.

Tho' the lightning flashes around my feet,
And the thunder rolls where I take my seat ;
Yet they harm me not, for they know the child,
Of the mountain-hunter bold and wild !
And amid their strife have my nimble feet ;
Uproused the wolf from his grim retreat.

V.

At the sound of the merry horn, I go
Where our clansmen meet in the vale below,
And when the days work is reckon'd o'er,
Many a greeting kind is in store,
From the merry band that throng the hill,
To praise my more than stripling skill.

VI.

Tho' a hunter's child ! yet I wear on my thigh,
A sword ! whose blade I long to try
On a foeman's neck—but the day is near,
When the torch of war shall be kindled here,
I hear the summons—away !—they come !
Farewell my hunter's life—and my home.

TURNIPS AND RADISHES, NOT RADICALS.

WE have been accustomed to consider the turnip and the radish as *roots*. Botanists have held the same language. But the notion is altogether erroneous. Professor Lindley tells us that the turnip and the radish are not roots, but modifications of the stem. In the third edition of his *Introduction to Botany* he says:—"In the former editions of this work the turnip has been referred to a root. But, from the investigations of Turpin and others, there is no room to doubt that the turnip, the radish, the cyclamen, and the elephant-foot, are all DISTENSIONS OF THE STEM."

We should have been glad to have been made acquainted with the investigations which have led to the discovery—investigations which have perhaps shown the physiological distinctions (hitherto uncertain) between the root and the stem. Even without being in possession of the proofs, it is easy to see by the analogy of the turnip-cabbage, (the *Ole Cobee* of the bazars,) which is of the same family with the turnip (*Brassica*,) that the edible part of both must be a modification of the stem and not of the root. The sole difference between the growth of the turnip-cabbage and that of the turnip is, that the swelling of the stem is, in the former, more above ground than it is in the latter, in which it is entirely buried in the soil,—notwithstanding which Speede has strangely classed the turnip cabbage among esculent roots.

There can be no reason to question the accuracy of the conclusion that the turnip and the radish are not roots, since it has received the unqualified acquiescence of so eminent and acute a botanist as Professor Lindley. It is singular, however, that the discovery appears to have escaped the notice of other botanists. It must have been published before May, 1839, the date of the third edition of the Professor's work from which our quotation has been made. Yet Loudon, the editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*, in his latest work, the *Suburban Horticulturist*, published in November last, still classes the turnip and the radish among "esculent roots."

Even Professor Lindley does not appear to have viewed the discovery in all its relations. For though he has omitted, in the last edition of his work on botany, the passage where formerly he alluded to the turnip as a root, he still speaks at page 448, of "the *root* of the radish," and at page 401, of "the turnip tribe forced to flower before their *fleshy root* is formed." In another part (page 304) of the same edition is the following passage, in which, it will be seen, the conclusion depends on the supposition that the radish is a root:—

"But it is not by the whole surface of the root that the absorption of nutriment takes place: it is the spongioles (the extremities of the root) almost exclusively to which that office is confided: and hence their immense importance in vegetable economy, the absolute necessity of preserving them in transplantation, and the certain death that often follows their destruction. This has been proved in the following manner by Sennebier. He took a radish, and placed it in such a position that the extremity only of the root was plunged in water, it remained fresh several days. He then bent back the root, so that its extremity was curved up to the leaves; he plunged the bent part in water, and the plant withered soon, but it recovered its former freshness upon relaxing the curvature, and again plunging the extremity of the root into the water."

As the investigations of Turpin and others show that the edible part of the vegetable is stem and not root, the experiment of Sennebier proves nothing; and some other proof is necessary of the doctrine that roots absorb nutriment solely from their extremities.

These observations will, we fear, have too little interest for the general reader, who has no other pleasure in horticultural products than in eating them. We hasten, therefore, to remark that the discovery has a bearing upon the whole civilised world! For it will now distinguish that part of mankind from savages. We have been in the habit of priding ourselves that it was a mark of savagism to feed upon roots. Yet if a savage could have seen any of us at breakfast, adding a relish to our fare with a delicate scarlet radish, or at dinner, helping ourselves to a nice white or yellow turnip, he would have convicted us at once of inconsistency, (to apply the mildest term,) and we could not in consequence deny that our breakfasts and dinners, our roasts and our soups received their finest flavoring from roots! And sooth to say, we could not easily have brought ourselves to relinquish the use of those savory products, and must have gone on eating them and vilipending savages, though we could not indulge in such declamations with a good grace, as long as we could not deny turnips and radishes to be roots. But laud be to Turpin and his fellow laborers! We may now with perfect consistency abuse savages as devourers of roots,—for our turnips and radishes have been satisfactorily proved to be “distensions of the stem,”* which acquire their bulk and delicacy from their underground growth. Moreover, we may henceforth eat those dainties of the kitchen garden with the satisfaction of knowing that they would have suited no palates but those of mere savages, if our art had not developed their capability of distending their stems, excited their latent sapidity, and thereby increased the sources of the nutrition and enjoyment of civilised man!

SKETCHES FROM NATURE AND ART IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.—THE CORNICE.

It was on one of those delightful days, scarcely known except in the favoured regions of the South, that I found myself in the mountains of the Estrelles, and reflected with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that my long cherished visions were about to be realized, and that I should at length plant my footsteps on the hallowed shores of beautiful Italy. As we wound among the hills, scenes of an ever varying character presented themselves; now were seen grand and lofty mountains stretching far towards the North, glittering in their snowy mantle, the foreground composed of lovely swelling hills, covered to their summits with beech and

* We presume that the carrot and the parsnip and other supposed roots, are included in this category; for they appear to us, though belonging to other genera, to resemble in this respect the turnip and the radish. The potato and the arrow-root, be it remembered, are tubers and not roots, or “the finest peasantry in the world,” and the whole of the “rising generation” would lie under an indelible stigma of savagism.

chestnut or the more sombre pine; now we drove through woody glade bordered by fantastic rocks, and watered by streams, clear as crystal, while occasionally was caught a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, lying beneath us in tranquil beauty. Then, descending the rough vales which might fitly have been the retreat of Angelica and Medora, we passed rapidly through the fertile plains bordering the sea, and at last approached the frontier of Italy, the torrent of the Var, a stream constantly varying in its aspect like most of the Italian rivers of short and rapid course. In the summer its bed is nearly dry, but in the winter and early spring, when swollen by the rains and mountain snows, it rushes to the sea with tremendous fury. It was in the beginning of May that we crossed it, and we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune, for the bridge had been carried away several times during the past season, and had only just been repaired. After going through the usual formalities on the French side of the river, we passed the fragile bridge, and found ourselves in Italy, in the kingdom of Sardinia.

The country on the French side with all its beauty, cannot compete with that which now presented itself. Doubtlessly the imagination magnified the change, but no sooner had we passed the Var, than we felt really in Italy, and began to notice with delight the wonderful luxuriance of nature, the myrtles, the jessamine and the aloes. We had at last entered that land, hitherto known only to our imaginations from the descriptions of the poet and the traveller, and found upon its very threshold our *beau idéal* realized. We were at last driving along the lovely shores of the far-famed Mediterranean, through groves of citron and orange trees, the exquisite odours from which seemed to open to us almost a new sense. Madame de Stael, in that exquisite work of hers, *Corinne*, tells us in a passage as true as it is beautiful, that we have nothing in our northern climates which bears any resemblance to the perfume of the citron-trees of Italy, and goes on to say in the spirit of one who had imbibed with a poetic mind the influences of that glorious land,—“il produit sur l'imagination presque le même effet qu'une musique mélodieuse; il donne une disposition poétique, excite le talent, et l'enivre de la nature.”

We soon reached Nice, the “*illustrissima città*,” as it somewhat absurdly styles itself, and were shortly established in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, the most comfortable inn we had seen since leaving England. The town is clean and cheerful, affording a pleasant contrast to the filth and apparent wretchedness of many parts of “la Velle France,” but the physiognomy of the people is any thing but prepossessing, and their language is the vilest *patois*, half French, half Italian, that can be imagined. Nice, to the English traveller, must always in one respect be a melancholy place. He cannot forget how many of his countrymen come here only to die, flying from that tremendous scourge, consumption, and remembers with pain to how few these sunny skies can bring relief.

This town is Italian only by its position, its climate, and its beauty. It possesses none of the characteristics of towns of a similar size in other parts of the peninsula; it is essentially a modern watering-place, without any objects of antiquity or art to interest the traveller. But this deficiency is only in the works of Man, for Nature has lavished with no sparing hand her bounties upon the vale of Nizza, and its surrounding

mountains. In every direction delightful paths wind through these beautiful hills, well repaying him who is tempted to explore their recesses. But we remembered that Genoa, Florence, and Rome were before us, and we cared not in our impatience to proceed to devote much time to the beauties that might be discovered, in the environs of Nice. After a few days, we took our departure for Genoa, along the far-famed *Cornicié*.

This road has obtained the distinction of being the most dangerous approach to a great city, which exists in Europe. Throughout nearly the whole distance of Genoa, about 130 miles, it lies at the brink of tremendous precipices overhanging the sea, guarded by no parapet-walls, and often winding round the projecting cliffs at angles which are not very pleasant to contemplate, while at other times, descending to the sea-shore, it crosses torrents which a few hours' rain may render unfordable without imminent danger to the traveller. One melancholy accident, which happened not long ago, on this route, is commemorated by a tablet in the English Chapel at Nice. Attempting to pass the torrent of S. Reino, when swollen by rain, an only son was engulfed in the "hill of waters," before the eyes of his parents. Leaning from his seat in the attempt to extricate one of the horses, which had fallen in the middle of the torrent, he lost his balance. His father caught him as he fell, and for a short time supported him, but at length unable any longer to retain his hold, was forced to let his son drop into the abyss beneath, where he soon vanished from his parents' sight. Comment on such a tale would be superfluous.

These dangers we happily escaped, for the various streams were nearly dry when we passed them, and the only peril to which we were exposed was caused by the furious driving of the post-boys round the sharp turnings of this precipitous road—a practice which they are fond of indulging in, as a proof of their skill, until prevented by the traveller. Two or three years ago, a carriage was precipitated from these fearful rocks, but I can neither remember how the accident happened, or what was the fate of its luckless inmates.

The scenery on the whole of this road, along the maritime Alps, is of the most splendid description, combining in an extraordinary manner the grandest mountain-views with the magnificence of the ocean. The name given by the Italians to this coast is admirably characteristic; they call it the *Cornicié*—the *frame* to the beautiful picture of the blue Mediterranean. Not long after leaving Nice you arrive at Monaco, the capital of the little principality of the same name. The situation of this little city is most enchanting. Embosomed in lovely hills, covered with the olive and the vine, it seems a little paradise shut out and entirely hidden from the world behind its mountain barrier.

The shore, not here alone, but along the whole *Cornicié* is most curiously indented by the sea, so that often as you wind along, a lovely bay presents itself, affording the exact appearance of a lake embedded in its mountains; and this feature gives at times a calmness to the scenery which is often its greatest want. At the edge of the sea rise wild and fantastically shaped rocks, covered with flowering shrubs, and trees whose branches often sweep the waters, or overhang the pebbly beach. In England we usually connect ideas of barrenness with the sea-coast, but the breezes of the Mediterranean

have very different effects; under their influence fertility is increased, and cultivation promoted and encouraged.

Our first day's resting-place was Oneglia, whence we proceeded through scenery of a similar character to that which we had seen before, except that the mountains were wilder and less cultivated, till the Gulf of Genoa opened upon us in all its majesty, driving from our recollection for the time all that we had hitherto witnessed of the beautiful in Nature, a scene truly which once witnessed can never be forgotten, worthy of the land that the poet tells us can boast of "regions fair as Paradise." In the evening we reached Savona, memorable as the birth-place of Columbus, and as we drove through the street of the little town, I called to mind, but hardly without a smile, the glorious ode of Chiabrera, in honour of Savona and her illustrious citizen.

"Non perché umile in solitario lido
Ti cingono, Savona, anguste mura,
Fia però che di te memoria oscura
Fama dicelghi, o se rie spenga il grido;
Chè pur di fiamme celebrate e note
Picciola stella in ciel splende Boote.

"Armata incontro al tempo, aspro tiranno,
Fulgida, sprezzi di Cocito il fiume."

From Savona, Genoa is visible in the distance, on the opposite side of the Bay, and we were hardly inclined to put off to another day, the anticipated pleasure of entering, for the first time, one of the most famous cities of Italy. Repressing, however, our impatience, we had leisure to reflect on the wonderful scenery through which we had been passing. The *Cornice*, though perfectly unique in its character, does not perhaps possess in the highest degree the charm of variety. It is as if one great idea had been seized upon by the hand of Nature, and worked out in all its minutest details, with an elaborate and most artistic finish. From the Nature of this extraordinary coast, the scenes presented to the traveller's sight almost always bear somewhat of a similar character.

They are vast and magnificent pictures, unrivalled combinations of the "beauties of sea and land," but there are few of those delightful scenes on a smaller and more homely scale, which afford such pleasure to the Englishman above every other traveller,—those quiet retreats breathing tranquillity and repose which he meets with among the lakes and mountains of his own country. In the *Cornice*, there is a splendour, a dazzling magnificence, which are quite overpowering; you are kept constantly on the *qui vive*, (if I may so express myself,) and can get not a moment's cessation from the wondrous *tableaux* which meet the gaze at every turn, and fill the mind with astonishment, no less than with admiration.

Early on the morrow we left Savona, and in a few hours we perceived evident signs of the proximity of a great and wealthy city. In the outskirts of the town we gained the Turin road, bordered by delightful villas which recalled to our remembrance the picture we had formerly seen of *Italy*, but of Genoa we caught not a glimpse, till we had wound through the vast fortifications cut in the mountain, and had passed the rock on which stands the lofty light-house, like some stern sentinel beyond whom passage is impossible. Now the Turin Gate was close to us. We passed in silent expecta-

tion through its massive archway, and the harbour of Genoa burst suddenly upon our sight. There was the glorious city, "La Superba," with her church and her marble palaces, rising up the mountain's side, a spectacle worthy of the haughty title which she bears, hardly to be rivalled, and not to be surpassed upon earth.

J. H. N.

(To be continued)

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.—No. 2

THE GUTTUCK

THIS species of human being is unknown in England, although its number is very great in this country. The Guttuck is a very useful auxiliary to the secluded state of Hindu society. To describe his office in a few words, he is not a fisherman, but a fisher of men. He is a kind of marriage broker. He contracts for husbands and wives, and receives a compensation for yoking persons of opposite sexes together, in the car of Matrimony. The Hindoos do not understand the nature and advantage of advertising in a public newspaper; but they engage, which is not quite so vulgar a method as publication, the services of these walking chronicles, to procure wives for their sons, and husbands for their daughters. Besides the discharge of this important business of tying two persons together, "for better and for worse," the Guttucks keep a heraldry office, and they will trace the genealogy of a Brahmin for centuries, mentioning minutely all the deviations from the path of Brahminical rectitude, of which his ancestors might have been guilty. The Brahmins look upon with dread, as if they were the keepers of their "family secrets," and often convert the *peccadilloes* of their forefathers into virtues, by the payment of a large *douteur*. The anger of the Guttuck is dreaded, and every means is adopted to avert the outpouring of his wrath upon the innocent heads of a man's posterity. The little tale which follows these remarks, is founded upon a fact which came to the writer's notice, a short time ago.

In the vicinity of Calcutta, there stood a house, now no more, which had long been the residence of a respectable family of Brahmins. The members were revered by their neighbours, and the fame of their piety, their peaceableness, and their virtues, ran round the city. The greatest regard was shewn by all classes of men for this family. No society could be without them; no assembly was thought honored without their presence. The largest and most valuable presents were made to them; and no man conceived he had done his duty to a deceased relative or parent, unless he sent this family a present which his circumstances could afford.

The order of Brahmins enjoys numerous privileges to which the rest of the people are strangers. They enter into every domicile, and mingle very freely with the inmates. They are never suspected of guilt, and in consequence, no restraint is imposed upon them. The last of the respected family of the Brahmins to whom reference has already been made, was Radakant. He was much beloved by all his friends and acquaintances. He was humble and modest, and possessed gentle and unassuming manners.

Although he bore the unsullied honors of a family that dated its genealogy for four centuries, he was not more proud of his race, than anxious that he should also transmit these honors, immaculate to his posterity. No man was more careful of all the duties required of his priestly office; and none was more scrupulously exact in going through all the ceremonies of the Hindoo religion. In truth, he was a perfect pattern of morality and piety; and the old men and women, significantly pointed him out to their sons, as a bright and shewing example of a sinless mortal:

So great were the honors paid to Radakant, and so bright was his character. It is a custom among the Hindoos, that every man child should be married; and although such marriages frequently occur, when both the contracting parties are infants, Radakant was living in single wretchedness, long after he had passed his majority, because he could not obtain a suitable partner "for his throne and bed." Numerous applications were made to him from his wealthy and influential countrymen, but he rejected all their suits. It may surprise an English reader to learn of overtures of marriage to men; but this is generally the case among the Hindoos. Radakant was an eligible match,—a much respected and honorable Brahmin. To seek an alliance with him, was not wonderful; since it is not astonishing for a man to seek after fame and worth. But Radakant was determined to make his own selection. He had for some time watched the infant beauty of a Brahmin's daughter, his equal in reputation and reverence, ripening into womanhood. If it were possible he would espouse her. It was true that her hand was sought by the wealthy of the land, but Radakant did not despair. Enjoying many opportunities of conversing with her, he felt it was in his power to inspire her heart with a passion for him. After some time, when numerous suitors were rejected, for the father was too high-souled a Brahmin to jeopardize his honor and respect by giving his daughter in marriage to a man of a lower caste than himself, Radakant preferred his suit, which was cheerfully accepted.

The day being fixed for the nuptials, Radakant was anxious that the friends and relations of both parties should be invited to the "marriage feast," and accordingly preparations on a large scale were being made for the approaching happy occasion. Before we proceed to detail the scenes of Hindo life, on the nuptial day, we would beg our readers to turn their attention to another subject, which will be afterwards found to be intimately connected with the hero of the story:

In early days when Radakant attended school, among the number of his favorites was one Bolanauth, whose father was a Guttuck. Seldom do school-friendships survive the lapse of years and changes of circumstances; and although two hearts in boyhood might be bound together in the loves of Jonathan and David, it very rarely happens that such loves continue, when the cares and pursuits of manhood have turned the course of men's lives, and made them seek a different channel. But it was otherwise with the friendship of Radakant and Bolanauth. After-years had ripened that friendship, the germs of which were sown in boy-hood. Bolanauth, as a matter of course, followed his father's vocation. He came into the possession of all his palm-leaves, which contained the genealogy of all the Brahmins of Bengal. These palm-leaves composed his patrimony; and it took him considerable time to acquire such a vast amount of traditionary lore. These

genealogies are written in rhyme ; and their delivery is thus rendered not only pleasant to the ear, but they are easily acquired by memory.

Bolanauth was indebted to Radakant for many kind offices, which the latter cheerfully performed for the benefit of the former. Through the countenance and recommendation of Radakant, good fortune smiled on Bolanauth, whose services came into general requisition. Radakant did not forget his old school-fellow, and, on the occasion of his marriage, requested of him to deliver the genealogy of his family from their arrival at Bengal to the day of his own birth. The Guttuck promised ready compliance, and every thing being formally arranged, the marriage-day was fixed on the following Monday.

To the residents of Bengal, a Hindu marriage is a common-place occurrence, not worth relating ; but to those who have never put their foot in this country, it is a wonder-exciting sight. The procession is the most imposing portion of the ceremony. Every Hindoo, poor as he may be, spends something on such a festive occasion. Little boys, with sticks in their hands, on which are fixed lights, line the two sides of the street, and the bridegroom amongst a great group of men, is seen comfortably seated in an Eastern palkee. He is bedecked with " barbarian pearl and gold," and is well nigh suffocated, in consequence of the evaporation of mustard oil, and the melting of candles, and the steam arising from a large concourse of people, in a hot night of June. The procession moves onward to the residence of the bride, who returns with her husband to his house. The house of the generality of the Hindoos exhibits a striking contrast, between its external and internal condition. The former is mean and dirty ; the latter is splendidly furnished and brightly illuminated. The entrance is very narrow and worthless. Generally the house occupies the whole extent of the ground, and a small door is cut into the wall, which answers for an entrance. The first floor is very damp and filthy. It is occupied by the servants of the house. You ascend a flight of narrow stairs, and enter a long narrow room. On looking round, you see nothing but long narrow rooms, with miserably small doors, and niches in the wall, which answer for little cupboards. You are surprised to find that long narrow rooms, such as those already described, form the boundaries of the house, while the middle is left unoccupied and uncovered. This is a kind of amphitheatre, kept apart for festivals and large assemblies of men, on which occasions, a temporary cloth covering is stretched over the vacant space.

The guests and the bridegroom had seated themselves under this canopy, and music and revelry rang through the sky. Radakant was the star of the evening. Every mouth was filled with his praises and every tongue trumpeted his worth. When every heart was gay, and joy beamed from every countenance, then was Bolanauth seen to enter the house. Radakant had been anxiously awaiting his arrival, as he longed to converse with his friend, and listen to his congratulations. The night waned and Bolanauth came not. At a late hour, however, he entered, and Radakant's heart leaped with joy to see him. He beckoned him to come near, but Bolanauth kept at a distance, and waved his hand as if he wished to enjoin silence on the meeting. Immediately a number of hands were raised to command attention, and Bolanauth prepared himself to speak. Radakant's cheeks glowed, because he anticipated some fulsome compli-

ments from his friends ; but what was his surprise, when he heard Bolanauth, blackening the fair memory and the unsullied reputation of his ancestors. Deep silence reigned throughout the assembly as he proceeded, and when he had ended, a murmur ran round the multitude. Astonishment was depicted on every countenance ; and men seemed fixed to their seats. The wealthy and influential natives first made a stir. They left the assembly in disgust at the deception that was practised upon them. Their example was soon followed by the Brahmins, and in a little time, the place was cleared of all the guests. Not one remained. Radakant was absorbed in meditation, and his father-in-law hung down his head with shame, at the dishonor that was thus wantonly flung upon him and his son-in-law.

The whole city soon became acquainted with this ungrateful proceeding. The rumour spread all over, and people wondered how Radakant, who had all along enjoyed such unblemished reputation, should afterwards be found to be so degraded and worthless. But the secret was quickly divulged. Those rich and powerful natives who had sought the hand of Radakant's wife, in marriage, and who, with all their riches could not prevail upon the poor father to emperil his reputation—the only wealth left him—employed this Bolanauth to sully that honor, which calumny had never touched. A Brahmin's son may marry a woman of an inferior caste, and the father is not affected by it. But should a Brahmin's daughter be given in marriage to a man of an inferior caste, he loses forthwith all his privileges, and is deprived of the respect and veneration which appertain to his office of priest of Brahma. It was for this reason, that the gold of cunning men could not seduce the Brahmin's love of honor and fair fame. He spurned the bribe, and clasped his reputation closer to his heart.

But what gold could not directly effect, it indirectly accomplished. Bolanauth was a needy fellow, and accessible to corruption. He loved to eat and drink the good things of this passing life, and never bestowed a thought on the means of obtaining them. Whether good or bad, he looked only to the end, and laid aside the means. The tables of the rich were the objects of his ambition, and a bag of a hundred gold mohurs made him ready and active for any enterprise. It was proposed to him that on the night of Radakant's marriage, he should malign his ancestry, and attribute to them such vices, as Brahmins could never be guilty of. The bribe was the snare. On the night when Radakant's marriage was being solemnized, Bolanauth delayed, and entered the room, when every thing looked peaceful and happy. His corrupters soon aided him in producing silence, and Bolanauth, to the great astonishment of his kind friend, the delight of the rejected suitors, and the doubt and dismay of the rest of the guests,—with a base heart and cruel disposition, gave vent to lies which undermined his friend's reputation and blasted his prospects of happiness.

Some days after the marriage of Radakant, which terminated so inauspiciously, the father and son-in-law conferred on the necessity of leaving Calcutta for a while, and visiting the province of Orissa, where they were unknown, and where they could labor until circumstances would enable them to return with honor to their own home. The little family departed, and soon after their arrival at Cuttack, they engaged in the manufacture of salt. Radakant enjoyed a small fortune, and under an assumed name, he embarked it in speculation. Months passed away, and their labor was

fruitful. Radakant being a man of education, was raised to the office of Darogah of one of the villages of Cuttack, and from little beginnings he soon amassed a large fortune.

From time to time he received tidings of Bolanauth and his seducers, from some friends who were aware of the deep plot that was laid against the character of Radakant, and who stood firm to him, when all others had grown cold and turned away. Bolanauth was basking in the sunshine of prosperity. The rich men, his patrons, supported him, and they were all happy that they had thus been able so easily to drive Radakant and his proud father-in-law from their home, to seek their fortune in a distant land. The lapse of a few years, and the pursuits of pleasure, soon effaced from their minds all recollection of Radakant. When they heard no more of him, they thought that he was dead, and his ashes were allowed to repose in peace.

But Radakant, under his assumed name, returned to Calcutta, purchased a splendid dwelling-house, and fitted it up with the most costly furniture. So much splendour could not long be concealed, and Radakant's society was courted by a troop of friends. Bolanauth came amongst them, and in learning from Radakant, that he was descended from a collateral branch of the respectable family of which the real Radakant was the last representative, Bolanauth's praises knew no bounds. He spoke of the family with raptures, but as Radakant had furnished him with a hint, that the last representative of the family had done him injury, Bolanauth's indignation became glowing hot, and in the presence of Radakant and his guests, he at the same time, praised and abused Radakant. This was most amusing to Radakant and his family; but a *denouement* of the plot was required, and Radakant himself supplied it.

He gave a splendid entertainment, and invited the wealthy and the respectable of the land. Among the former were those who had employed Bolanauth to calumniate him. The Guttuck, of course, was not absent. When all had assembled, Radakant favored by his *incognito* kindly thanked his friends for the honor they had done him, by accepting his invitation. This was the occasion for parasites to make their fortune. Loud and long were the applauses that followed as each expectant concluded his praises of Radakant. Bolanauth was not silent. He spoke at great length, on the munificence of the host and expatiated on his virtues. As a little spice of scandal is a necessary ingredient to every laudatory speech, Bolanauth dwelt on the vices of Radakant, who he said on account of his misconduct, had been driven from Calcutta, and then concluded his speech, by drawing a contrast between the former Radakant and the present Radakant, to him of course unknown. The clique of which the speaker was a party, applauded the speech and congratulated him on his success. But short lived was his success. Radakant rose to reply, and he beckoned to Bolanauth to stand in the midst of the assembly. A purse of gold was brought in a silver salver, and in presenting it to Bolanauth, Radakant made himself known. The assembly was amazed. But when Radakant introduced his aged father-in-law, every doubt was banished from the minds of all. The veritable Radakant stood revealed. His enemies left his hall, overwhelmed with shame and confusion; and Bolanauth, tucking the purse in his waist fled with precipitation. The victory was complete. The fair fame of Radakant shone with redoubled lustre; and peace and joy reigned henceforth in his domestic circle.

THE MARTYR OF THE EAST.

IN that paradise blest of the bright pearly East,
 Kind Nature to me gave my birth,
 Midst the fairy built isles wreath'd with roses and smiles,
 Those Ocean-set gems of the Earth,

Where wafts the perfume of the cinnamon's bloom
 I was fann'd by each gale of the air,
 Each breeze of the Ocean, for me was in motion,
 I grew like a princess so fair.

But the barbarous West sent a plague and a pest:—
 Like criminal pinion'd and pent,
 Into dark bondage thrust, with my fellows all crush'd,
 To a far distant land was I sent.

Deep, deep in a hold, like to packages roll'd,
 We lay a sad cargo of slaves;
 Wild, wild the winds blew, and the falcon-bark flew,
 That human sea mew of the waves.

Ah! we wept in our fears odoriferous tears,
 As we mourn'd in captivity's gloom,
 Like beauty in madness ev'n sweets came from sadness,
 And our very sighs sigh'd out perfume.

Thus to banishment brought, I was sold, and was bought,
 Then re-sold, and re-bought again,
 Mids't a barbarous rout was I handed about,
 Till life itself shrivel'd to pain.

Now 'neath thy command, I am held in thy hand,
 A sufferer by fire and by flame;
 But know that the death, thou giv'st by thy breath,
 Like a martyr will give me to fame.

Yet saint-like, no ills to the tyrant that kills,
 I breathe but my redolent love,
 And my last fragrant sigh wafts—wafts me on high,
 And a blue cloud will bear me above:

Yes, above flame or fire I escape tyrant ire,
 For my spirit still soaringly flies,
 Though my beautiful bust consum'd to grey dust,
 On this Earth in its ashes but lies,

'I mount, mount—I fly,'—like a saint to the sky—
 Like a Seraph surmounting a star—
 With a martyr's bright story I exhale into glory;
 Persecuter, my name is—CIGAR!!

THE BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

----- She is so young, that flowers
Seem natural to her now,
There wreaths the champac's snowy showers
Around her sculptured brow.

L. E. L.

IF the reader has made a tour in the north of Bengal, and has passed through Dinajpoor, he must have observed several tanks of considerable dimensions towards the East of the town, the waters of which flow into one another, by means of a canal which connects them. One of these tanks is so large as to resemble a little lake, and is known among the natives, by the name of Sookshagur. At the time in which the incidents of this tale are said to have occurred, this large reservoir of water was kept in perfect good order, and was resorted to by the natives, at all hours of the day. Trees of immense size raised their lofty heads upon the banks, and afforded shelter to the weary traveller from the heat of the day. In the northern direction of this tank, there lived a family of Brahmins, who had once been in opulent circumstances, and were now loved and respected by all in the neighbourhood, not excepting even the Mussulmans, who thronged in that part of the country. The house which they occupied was erected on a rising ground, and possessed all the advantages of natural scenery. The tank lay in front of the dwelling, exhibiting a large expanse of water, which beat against the bank with incessant undulations, at the slightest movement in the air. There was a flight of steps which led to the tank, and which was so conveniently situated, that the female part of the family had access to the water to perform their daily ablutions, without being exposed to the idle gaze of the public. People saw them from a distance, but they could not approach them owing to the fences, which the Brahmin, the head of the family had planted, at his own cost. He was a man between forty and fifty, and was of a high caste. His name was Randochun Chowdry, and was well known among his people for his orthodox opinions. He had several children; one of these was a daughter whom her father fondly called Hirra, or diamond. She was a woman possessed of very great personal charms. Youth, complexion, and figure, conspired to render her an object of admiration. Her eyes were black and languishing, and her hair flowed in luxuriance even down to her knees. This young woman was a widow. She had been married when but an infant, and lost her husband before she had attained her fifth year;—thus she was doomed to “wear the weeds of widowhood,” before she could form any conception of conjugal happiness.

The fame of this young *brahminée's* beauty was not confined to the vicinity of Sookshagur, but it spread far and wide throughout Dinajpoor, and the adjacent districts. Men who had occasion to pass by the tank, often stopped to see if they could get even a glance at this young widow, of whom they had heard so much. Little boats filled with young men occasionally cruised about the tank, drawn by the magnet, whose attractions were too powerful to be resisted. They watched the op-

portunity of launching into the water, just at the time, when the females of the Brahmin's family made their appearance at the Ghaut, to perform their accustomed duties. Ramlochun had neither power nor influence to prevent the excursions of these intruders ; all that he could do was to keep them at a distance from the spot, where his wife and daughters generally stood : and as habit generally reconciles us to many unpleasant circumstances, these females were, by insensible degrees, brought to regard the obtrusive behaviour of the strangers, with indifference. Many a harp was strung to celebrate the beauty of Hirra, and many a song proclaimed, with beauty and tenderness, her unrivalled charms. Such was the state of things before those events, which we have to record in the sequel took place.

It was usual with Ramlochun to inhale the evening air, seated at the edge of the tank, beneath a tree. In accordance with his wonted custom, he repaired to his favorite spot just as the sun was sinking in the west. The top-most parts of trees were streaked with a ruddy hue, which was reflected in the water below ; the birds chirped on every bough, and sought their lodgings, and the gentle breeze from the south swept over the surface of the tank, causing a continuous rippling, which was most grateful to the sight. The banks all round were covered with fresh grass, and the little grasshoppers hopped from blade to blade to recreate themselves, as it were, in the cool of the evening. The Brahmin was alone, and was no doubt delighted with the scene before him. Whilst thus enjoying the situation which was so congenial to his taste and feeling, the clattering of hoofs caught his ear, and on turning round he observed a man on horseback directing his course towards the tank at full gallop. The horse soon approached the brink of the tank, where the rider, having alighted, fastened the animal to a tree by means of a rope. He then walked up and down for a while, looking upon every thing around him with a scrutinizing eye ; after which he sat upon the grass, and remained for a considerable time in a recumbent posture. The Brahmin meanwhile eyed him narrowly, and racked his mind with conjectures as to the reason, which induced the stranger to scour that part of the country. The horseman was a Mahomedan of a muscular frame, and seemed to be in the prime of life. He had whiskers and mustaches growing in luxuriance upon his face, which invested him with rather a terrific appearance. The Brahmin who had dreaded and abhorred a Mussulman from his youth, could not but feel his position rather uncomfortable, from the close proximity of an individual, whose race he was aware had caused all the ruin and devastation of his country. He, however, remained silent, and watched his movements with much inward agitation. At length the Sowar rose from the ground, and perceiving the Brahmin at some distance approached him, with an assumed smile upon his countenance.

"Salam," exclaimed the stranger, and "Salam," returned the Brahmin, almost trembling with fear.

"This is a very beautiful part of the country," observed the Mussulman.

"It is so," replied the Brahmin, still unable to speak distinctly.

"That must be your house," enquired the Sowar, pointing to the building.

"Yes," said the Brahmin.

"A very fine house, indeed, how long have you lived in it ?"

"Since my childhood," replied the Brahmin, and with these words he was about to turn away, when the Sowar entreated him to grant a request.

"What is it you want?" asked the Brahmin, with a suspicious look. "Nothing more than a night's lodging," returned the other.

"This is a strange request," observed the Brahmin; "you are perfectly aware," continued he, "that a Hindoo cannot allow a Mussulman, or any one who is of a different religion with him, to sleep in his dwelling."

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "for making this request, but I could not help doing so, as I know no body here; and as I have heard much of your liberality, I doubt not you will do me the favor to provide me a place for my stay during the night."

"Whence do you come, and what is your object in visiting this part of the country?" enquired the Brahmin.

"I left Moorshedabad some days ago," replied the Mussulman, "and I mean to return to-morrow, to report to the Nabob the success of my mission."

"Was the business you were engaged in, connected with the affairs of this part of the country?"

"Yes, yes," replied the stranger, "but I regret I am not authorized to state the particulars, although I should have been happy to give you the information you seem so desirous to know."

"No matter, no matter," said the Brahmin, "my object in making the enquiry was to know whether the Nabob has been made acquainted with the irregular proceedings of those to whom the administration of justice, in this district, has been entrusted."

"You surprise me, friend!" exclaimed the Mussulman.

"You would not say so," returned Ramlochan, "were you to stay here for any period of time. If the Nabob but knew of the conduct of the men I speak of, he would surely have compassion on his subjects, and adopt such means as would remove the evil."

"Certainly! certainly!" exclaimed the Mahomedan, "may the shade of the Nabob be blessed for ever, and may his days glide on in peace; should he come to hear of what you have just mentioned, he would hurl down the thunderbolt of his wrath on the heads of the miscreants, and expose their carcasses on the public roads to the gaze of the populace, for the birds of the air to feed upon."

"I doubt not," said the Brahmin, "but I do not wish to complain against any individual; I only desire that the Nabob might be informed, that his confidence has been misplaced."

"By all means," returned the stranger, "I shall bring this to the notice of the Nabob; and before the new moon, you will witness something, which will fill you with surprise."

Thus they talked on, for a considerable time, until night had insensibly spread her mantle over the busy world. The stranger having by his apparently harmless disposition, ingratiated himself into the favor of the Brahmin, was emboldened to urge his request a second time, and he was successful—he obtained a night's lodging in an apartment, apart from the main building. The Brahmin provided him with food, and had his horse attended to by his servants. The night passed away without any occurrence to interrupt the repose of the inmates.

Early the next morning the inmates of the house were as usual at the ghaut; when the Mahomedan was seen lurking about the fences and looking very intently towards the young widow. His eyes were rivetted on her; and so long as she remained on the steps, they were not directed to any other object even for a moment; a circumstance, which filled the father with much apprehension. He, however, said nothing, but continued his morning devotions. In the meantime Hirra returned home, and the Sowar mounting his horse, disappeared in a moment.

Many were the reflections which the behaviour of the stranger gave rise to, in the mind of the Brahmin; and for days he remained thoughtful, and spoke but little to his wife and children.

Time glided away, and Ramlochan's alarm was sufficiently allayed to enable him to resume his wonted cheerfulness. A short time after this the Brahmin was one day seated under the shade of his favorite tree, after his first meal. He had a few friends around him, with whom he was engaged in familiar conversation. It was a sunny day; but the breeze from the south was truly refreshing; and all felt its genial influence. The Brahmin and his companions had not, however, sat long, when a train of horsemen was observed at some distance. They were advancing at full speed, and the horses threw up clouds of dust behind them. Ramlochan could not conceive the object of this cavalcade in that part of the country, and before he could form any probable conjecture, he saw himself and his house completely surrounded by the troopers. The state of the Brahmin's mind may be better conceived than described, under the circumstances he was so unexpectedly placed. He became perfectly stupified, his knees knocked against one another, and his mouth was so parched, that he could scarcely utter a syllable. At length he spoke, on descriing amongst the crowd the stranger, who but a few days back was indebted to him for his hospitality.

"Khodabund," said the Brahmin, addressing himself to the Sowar, "I said nothing against any body. I only mentioned facts, which have taken place in this district, and why should I be thus treated for expressing my mind to you."

"Fool!" said the Sowar, "it is not that which has brought us hither. The Nabob wants to see you."

"Why, my friend?" interrogated the Brahmin, in great consternation.

"You will know that when you see him—but now tell me where your widow daughter is to be found?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the Brahmin, astonished at the demand.

"Yes, yes, you old fool—your daughter—the Nabob has sent me for her, in particular, and we must have her whether you wish it or not."

"You shall not have her," returned the Brahmin, burning with rage—"I shall die before I see my daughter pass that threshold." So saying, he moved towards the house, when the chiefs of the horsemen ordered him to be arrested.

"Hold him, and bind his hands and feet, and throw him upon the cart, which will be here in an instant," bellowed out the man of authority.

The order was immediately obeyed, and the Brahmin was completely overpowered. In the meanwhile several horsemen proceeded towards the house, and finding the door closed, they forced it open, and made their en-

trance in spite of the wailing and screaming of the females. They made a diligent search into every apartment, and at length the young beauty was discovered by the very man who had once professed friendship for the Brahmin. He held her by the hand, and dragged her out of her house, deaf to her cries and entreaties, and the protestations of the mother and other relatives. A *doolie* was immediately procured, and in it she was placed more dead than alive. The father was thrown upon a cart, and the cavalcade took the same route by which they had come, leaving the whole of the Brahmin's family in the greatest mental agony, that could be possibly imagined.

CHAPTER II.

————— Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear,
The subject well deserves it

Shakespeare.

SHERAJ-OO-DOWLA, the Nabob of Moorshedabad, was seated with his nobles in a splendidly furnished apartment of his palace. The wine of Sheraj circulated very freely, and every one appeared more than ordinarily pleased and elevated. The eyes of the Nabob rolled in sweet phrenzy, and he condescended to be very communicative, even to the meanest of his parasites, that then sat around him. "Gölam Ally Khan," exclaimed he, addressing one of them, "how are you?"

"Jahan Punna," replied the other. "through your favor, your slave is doing very well—his sole prayer is that your highness may prosper, and live to be the conqueror of the world."

"What do you think of the beauties of Cashmere, Gölam Ally Khan?" asked the Nabob. "I have heard a great deal of them, so much so, that I have a desire to see the best of them."

"Your slave must tell your highness, that report has exaggerated the beauty of the Cashmerians. There are no beauties to be compared to the Circassians."

"Have you seen them?"—interrogated the Nabob.

"Your slave has lived in Circassia for years, and had ample opportunities to observe the women of that place."

"Noor Jehan, what is *your* opinion on the subject?"

"Your slave must dissent from the opinion expressed by Gölam Ally Khan, for I think there are none that can compete with the English women in beauty; I have travelled all over the world, but to my eyes the English beauties are the most charming."

"Bulleh! Bulleh, very true! very true," exclaimed the Nabob, and, "bulleh! bulleh!" rang through the hall in loud acclamations.

"Fill your bowls," called out the Nabob, and immediately the golden goblet was presented, and the wine was poured out, and drunk with much enthusiasm.

When the company had again prepared to talk, one of the courtiers represented to the Nabob, the danger to be apprehended from the progress which the English were making, by extending their influence in the country

"I shall kill you and those dogs together, with the same sword," cried Seraj-oo-Dowla, in a terrible rage. "How dare you interrupt the harmony of the company by your ill-bodings?" Then, turning to his men, he called out, "who is there at my command?"

"Khodabund!" answered a hundred voices.

"Take this man away from this assembly," commanded the Nabob, "and keep him in close confinement until further orders."

No sooner was the order given than it was obeyed—and the poor unfortunate being, who only wished to serve his country and his master, was dragged into prison and incarcerated.

The Nabob soon after regained his good humour, and commenced talking in the same strain. "Golam Ally Khan," said he, "I have not heard you sing for a very long time indeed—now give us a Persian song, and you, Meerun, accompany him with your cetar."

This request was immediately complied with, and the song and music filled the Nabob with exquisite delight, so that he, in a transport of joy, ordered fifty gold mohurs to be given to each, from his treasury. The Nabob himself made an attempt to exercise his vocal powers, and whether he succeeded or not, his sycophants were most assiduous in filling the room with loud plaudits for his execution. "Soban Allah! Soban Allah!" exclaimed the crowd simultaneously, as the Nabob concluded his song. "Exquisite!" cried one; "delightful!" exclaimed another; "charming!" said a third. In fact, the whole assembly was seemingly ravished with the performance of the Vice-Roy. "Noor Jehan," cried the Nabob to one of his favourites.

"Jahan Punnah! I am ready at your command," was the reply.

"Have the Brahmin and his daughter been brought?"

"Not as yet," returned Noor Jehan.

"Who has been sent to Dinajpore to execute my orders?"

"The same man, may it please your highness," said the other, "that had been sent to ascertain the truth of the report, respecting the beauty of the young woman."

"Did he say the daughter of the Brahmin was a comely person?"

"He said, that she was an object, whom one might travel a thousand miles to have a sight of," replied Noor Jehan.

"That is what I want—the fame of this woman's beauty has spread all over the province. Now Golam Ally Khan, have *you* seen this beauty of whom we have heard so much?"

"Your slave has not had the good fortune of seeing this young Hindoo girl"—was the reply.

"You shall see her then Golam, and you must tell me what you think of her."

Whilst they were thus engaged, a slight noise from outside denoted the arrival of some strangers; and before the Nabob could have the enquiry made, the chief of the horsemen was ushered into the presence of the Sobadar, followed by two Hindoos, one of whom was a young woman, with her head completely covered, and the other an elderly Brahmin supported by two men.

"Is that the young woman?" interrogated the Nabob, "whose beauty has been so celebrated?"

"Yes, may it please your highness," replied the man, "and that is the father," pointing out the Brahmin, who stood trembling in the presence of the assembly.

"Uncover her head, and let me see her," commanded the Nabob.

The order being immediately obeyed, there was now exhibited a face, on which every eye feasted with delight. The golden complexion of the widow-maid, the soft and beautiful expression of her countenance, and the sweet lovely eyes which glistened with tears, were sufficient to win the heart of all. The Mussulmans beheld this truly interesting object with admiration, and no doubt some hearts there were, whose sympathies were excited in behalf of the helpless creature, who now stood a picture, suffering under the most agonized feelings. The monster, who ruled with an iron sceptre, millions placed under his care, eyed her with inward gratification, and felt himself happy to add another victim to his inordinate passion. After having closely surveyed the young woman, he asked his favorite what he thought of her.

"May it please your highness," replied Golam Ally Khan, "these eyes have seldom met with a being possessed of such charms."

"You have spoken the truth!" observed the tyrant, "but what do *you* think of her," turning towards Noor Jehan.

"I likewise," replied Noor Jehan, "have not beheld a being of such incomparable beauty."

"Truly! truly!" echoed half a dozen voices from all around.

"Does this girl know why she has been brought here?" asked the Nabob of the man who had her conveyed to the palace.

"Your slave has spoken nothing to her on the subject," was the reply.

"She shall know it presently," remarked the Nabob. Then turning to one of his courtiers he bid him tell the Brahmin, that he would take his daughter from him, and that as a compensation make him a present of a hundred gold-mohurs.

The request was duly made known to the father, whose indignation was aroused to such a degree, that he could scarcely give himself utterance. At length he spoke, but all that he said, he took care should be temperate.

"May it please your highness," said the poor Brahmin, "I was born in this country, and have lived from my youth under the sway of the Mahommedans, but never did I suffer such indignities as your men have practised upon me. I have been dragged from my home like a criminal, and I am now brought before you to be insulted, in the presence of this assembly. Your slave is aware that your power is unlimited, and that life and death are in your hands; and yet he would make bold to say, that you have done much to oppress your subjects. From your grand-father, Nabob Ally Verdy Khan, I had received innumerable favors; and if you but knew the kindness with which he treated me, when business called me within these walls, you would grant me, my release with that of my daughter, and forbear speaking a language which must be revolting to the feelings of a Hindoo. You will pardon me for speaking thus in your presence—as a father, I cannot but regret the doom which fate has decreed to my daughter."

When the Brahmin had concluded his speech, every eye was fixed on the

Nabob, who was seen boiling with rage at the presumption of the man, whom he could crush to death at his nod. He looked around him to know if his courtiers felt indignant too, and finding some rather indifferent in the matter, he bellowed out to them: "you caffers, do you see me insulted by this low-born wretch, and sit here idly gazing at me like a parcel of fools, without stirring an inch to maintain the dignity of one, who has raised you from the very dregs of society, to the high station which you now hold? Death and vengeance to you all, every mother's son of you, who durst sit idly, and look as if you have heard nothing to excite your wrath." At these words some half a dozen of the Nabob's train, ran up to the Brahmin, and beat him most severely, till blood gushed out from his nose and mouth. When the tyrant saw this he bid them stop, and after a short pause he put the Brahmin the same question. "I can take your daughter from you without even asking you for her, but I do not wish to be arbitrary in my proceedings, I shall be just, and shall, therefore, order the payment of a thousand gold-mohurs to you, if you would willingly give her up to me."

"Not for a hundred thousand," replied the Brahmin, firmly and resolutely.

"Are you a fool or a madman," asked the Nabob, "are you not aware that I can do what I like in the country?"

"Your slave is aware of that; and yet he will not sell his daughter for gold."

"You will have to give your daughter for nothing then," said the Nabob, and saying this, he ordered his men to take the young woman away from the hall. The men approached, but the Brahmin interposed, and his daughter clung to him for protection, bitterly lamenting her situation. "Take her away immediately," cried the Nabob, in a paroxysm of rage.

"She shall not go," replied the Brahmin, "as long as I have life in me."

Incensed at this insolent reply, the Nabob ran up to the spot where the two unfortunate victims stood, and endeavoured to extricate them with his own hands, but finding his efforts fail, he commanded the Brahmin again, in a firm and decided tone, to let his daughter alone.

"You may kill me," said the Brahmin, in utter desperation, "but I will not leave my child."

"You will not? here then is the punishment for your insolence"—and immediately the tyrant drew his sword, and in the attempt to run it through the body of the Brahmin, he plunged the weapon into the bosom of his daughter, who, with a shriek, which told too plainly what had happened, fell lifeless on the ground. The monster perceiving the mistake he had committed, with too dexterous a hand plunged the same sword into the breast of the old man; and thus the father and daughter lay weltering in their own blood.

The people looked at one another in mute astonishment; but Seraj-oo-dowla, accustomed to these deeds of violence, retraced his steps to his seat, and ordered his men to remove the bodies, and cast them into the river; and turning to the Sowar, he ordered, with a cruelty that can scarcely be imagined, that the house of the Brahmin should be rased to the ground, and his wife and children thrown into the streets, to be exposed to the inhuman sport and mockery of an unfeeling and hard-hearted people.

The command of the tyrant was but too literally obeyed! This is one phasis of Eastern Despotism.

THE CIVIL SERVANT AND HIS SYCE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SAMUEL SWELL of the Civil Service of the East India Company, on their Bengal Establishment, (as a lawyer would have said, in the plenitude of his descriptive powers) who had lorded it with a high hand in the Mofussil, lately condescended to import his portly self to Calcutta. The ditch air however efficacious in bending the lofty minded to a proper level, had little effect in softening the haughty bearing and the exclusive notions, which too often mark the members of that service. The most correct and amiable character is by a few year's process of *huzooring* and *dharma avataring* so common in the Mofussil, metamorphosed to an artificial and inflated being, who lives and moves within the halo of an illusive consequence. These influences wrought their full effect upon Samuel, for the *hauteur* and exclusiveness of the most exclusive Venetian, were mere pigmies to his gigantic claims to consequence, which were ever and anon thrown out in rich and constant sparkles. The starch of a fancied dignity, the buckram of an imaginary consequence, the bolster of an aristocratic *hauteur* swelled, swayed, stiffened and supported him. In his movements was the stateliness of the peacock, in his features the gravity of the cow chewing the cud, and in his restless eyes the glare and glitter of the basilisk. Devoutly rapped in his dearly cherished importance he gazed at the heavens or trod the earth, grew fat or lean; and whatever were his musings *self* formed the delightful theme. He was too good a Christian to wrap his talent or his portly person in a napkin, for at the usual hour in the evening, he ordered the harnessment of his pair of milkwhite coursers for the evening drive. His equipage was a showy affair. He sat in it beside Mrs. Swell and opposite his daughter Jane, with the immovability of the fly in amber. His coachman showily apparelled, his syces primly decked, who moreover contrived to keep themselves in a graceful posture on the sides of their respective horses; unlike those straggling syces who go to and fro deviously by the kind sufferance of their lords and masters. Samuel sat calm, collected and with towering crest on the springy cushion; albeit a little out of humour that the deal-wood seats of the olden days, hard and unbending like himself, should be out of fashion. So still and erect does he choose to be on his seat, that but for the opening of his mouth "to eat the apple of the tree" the nod of return or recognition, which is reciprocated with his compeers, he might be taken for one of Chantrey's statues. Were these two movements ever varied, it was by a stately elevation of the tip of his fingers to the rim of his hat, which he extended as a special mark of condescension to such only as may have conciliated his wayward humours. People engaged in that sweet interchange of smiles and glances, enquiries and compliments that form so much of the enjoyments of life, invariably assumed a vinegar face and a stoical aspect, as soon as Swell's rattling carriage came in sight; and no sooner he passed them by, sounds of suppressed laughter were wafted over, by way of answer to the wind which he came to "eat." He was no encourager of your boisterous mirth; and the fullest flow of his gladness, did but just part his lips with a curl, which in its progress towards a full fledged smile, was arrested by

an aristocratical consciousness of its inherent vulgarity; when straight the closed lips betokened the conquest of the man over nature.

CHAPTER II.

The reader must now be taken to a scene less dignified, introduced to a personage less aristocratic. The transition from a member high in the civil service to a syce; and from the superb gatherings of beauty and fashion on the Esplanade to rag fair, may appear a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but these things must occur, and our veritable chronicles see no deviation from truth. Here then we are in Chadney Choke, the cheapside of Calcutta, where a variety of classes of both sexes resort, to obtain the wherewithals to equip or adorn themselves according to their respective tastes or exigencies. Mr. Stave somewhat chilled by the substitution of summer habits on winter days, takes a sinister glance at three inexpressibles and two coats, looks at his own waistcoat to ascertain whether they would match therewith. Hundreds crowd to the market, in the hope of some bargain involving as little of the shiners with as much of the eclat of an apparel as possible. Here is seen the solution of the problem, which puzzles many a wise head as to the *how* of the smart equipment of many a printer's devil, just vegetating upon 16 rupees per mensem. And there are also men who fancy that the coat makes the man, and in conformity to this profound idea a proper selection is made. They fancy a red coat makes one martial, a black one, respectable, a yellow or drab one (like that in the Governor General's band) musical, a blue one nautical, a torn one philosophical; on which principle a friend of mine invariably cut a hole in the elbow of his coat, before he put it on. One might with accuracy trace the bent and predilections of the various and varying youngsters higgling for or handling them. Amongst them are seen a number of natives, who buy European clothes without reference to cut, fit or age; and this is surprising too as they are intended for dramatic gentlemen who exhibit themselves on some village stage, to the bumpkins there assembled or assembling to imbibe an idea or so of European habits and habiliments. Amongst those, gentle reader, behold Jeetoo Syce, our minor hero, in the employ of Samivel Swell, Esq., bargaining for a crimson coat with yellow facings. The thing had caught his fancy in the same way that it used to catch the fancy of maid, wife and widow in days of yore. Its charms by the way are much on the wane in these present degenerate days, when the jingle in the pocket is more attended to than the colour of the coat. First it (the coat bargained for) belonged to a Captain; but by some mishap, be it the hands of a thief or the mandate of the Insolvent Court, the thing was reduced to its present base use.

Having told out the blunts, he hastened with his prize to his fellow servants, with no common glee and chuckle. The coachman suggested that as the Hindoos in their *Jattrah* displays during the Doorgah and other Poojahs, were hard pressed for a major or captain, he had better turn a penny by filling up the hitch and hiatus in their dramatic persons—of course first taking the precaution of powdering his face with flour ground fine. The abdar saw in the coat something to make it a passport to fortune, favor and fame, with his highness the Nawab of Moorshedabad; for

"*inshallah*," said he, "stroking his flowing beard, what a shower of gold mohurs must fall on the wearer of such a coat, could he but bestride a suitable charger and offer his services as a body guard to his highness!" "By my father's beard but 'tis true, Jeeto," rejoined the Khansamah, whose zeal for his fellow servant, was not a little enhanced from the circumstance of his having a blind tat for sale. "You understand," continued he, "a little of horsemanship; and could you by a few pins and pricks contrive to make the tat prance and curvet a little, may Jackalls defile my mother's grave, but your fortune is made." Now Jeeto, like many a greater man than he, had rather a weak and empty head, in which these ridiculous suggestions arising either from waggery or self interest, created a phantasmagoria of hopes and expectations, which did not quite fit him for the discharge of his humble office. He mused upon the prospect to fortune and to fame looming in many a fantastic form in perspective before his dazzled mind; nor was his dilemma a little when he thought upon the rival attractions of a player and a body guard. The gestures of an English officer he hoped to imitate in dumb pantomime; and as to the use of the sword or gun, there was little fear on that score, as he might master it from some of Hunter's syces, who from year to year at every *Mohurrun* present such specimens of their skill and expertness in that respect. Drammatic exhibitions were against his grain as a true Mussulman, for although his beard was not of the orthodox length, he plumed himself too much upon his attachment to Islamism to enact a Captain or even a Colonel before Hindoo idols. The only alternative was to look to a troopership as the stepping stone to his fortune; so that what was a piece of unmeaning levity on his part settled down, like many an evening flirtation, to one of the most serious purposes of his life; in proof of which we have only to allude to the circumstance of his having entered into a right earnest bargain for the Khansamah's nag.

CHAPTER III.

Where is the man (woman out of the question) in this vanity fair world of ours, who having procured a Sunday suit, does not sport it in some preliminary way, like many a bridegroom exhibiting by way of foretaste in some small tea party, the coat intended to cover his nuptial hide; and will not this privilege be conceded to our humble hero? Ye troop of fops and butterflies, ducks and dandies, coxcombs, beaux and bucks, whose breath is in the very cut of their inexpressibles, whose life in the patterns of their waistcoats and the very strength and stamina of their being, in the tie and turn of their cravats, can you, fellows of the craft, be offended with the resolve of your younger brother Jeeto, who was determined to watch the effect of his crimson apparel on the esplanade amongst his brother grooms, ere he had yet astounded the country folks at Moorshedabad with its military charms? Unfair—unjust would be the feeling. Behold him there as spruce as any half pay officer running beside his master's horse, with all the grimaces of the dandy's conscious finery, while the tails of his coat in full flow and fun, flap against his sides, like some breeze agitated sail against the towering mast. The sight unfortunately escaped Samivel. While all the world were convulsed, with a ludicrous jar on their associations at the novel apparition, Swell and the inmates of his carriage were

unconscious of the treat their syce was unwittingly affording to all around. The first impression on the spectators was that *Swell* had adopted this unique course, to put an affront on the military, who were never any very great favorites with him. Surprise soon gave way to feelings of a more delightful kind; for each vehicle with its contents of merry faces saluted this phenomenon of the syce a *la militaire* with smirks and smiles. These smiles soon changed to sounds, which gradually swelled to a volume of chachination arousing him from reveries on his own consequence. "Me-thinks," said he as he surveyed the excited joyousness around him, "Me-thinks this is" "all fools day"—"people so very boisterous in their mirth."

"Yes pa," said the daughter longing to join in the holiday feeling which appeared so wide-spread on the Esplanade, "all seem full of glee—it increases as people approach our garry." "Approach!" replied the spouse who had begun to make her own observations, "or recede, it is all the same,—all fun and laughter, I wonder what is the age of the moon." All this was wormwood to the old civilian. A little attention soon satisfied him that something connected with himself was the soul of the general excitement. For a moment he thought the community on the Esplanade had entered into a confederacy to laugh him out of the "air eating sphere." The idea was dismissed as soon as he saw Bengallees, Moguls and Armenians unite in the general glee. The concert of joyousness presented not a single discord; for even the old Armenian priest, with snow white beard of about a couple cubits long, gave it rather an unclerical wag or two. A friend of *Swell's* approached him—begged to know whether he was determined to tie the red coats to his chariot wheels; and before a reply could be given, another lauded him upon his generous bestowal of a Commission on the syce; while all congratulated him upon his good choice of an *Ai-de-camp*. All this was unintelligible to him. He questioned and mused and mused and questioned without being any thing the wiser, until the discovery was brought about by a mere accident. Jane with that intuitive or rather instinctive penetration peculiar to women, traced the general glance to one side of the carriage, and as she turned her eyes thitherwards, true enough there was her father's own hopeful syce, doing drill in the red coat, the tails flapping up and down in the evening breeze in a superb and picturesque fashion. She could not control her risibilities, and much to the scandal of Samivel's dignity, her silver toned laughter, despite pa's indignant, and ma's offended looks, rang a merry peal indeed. "There sir," said she pointing to the syce, "is he who has given life and animation to the evening."

"Aye there he is," rejoined *Swell*. Anger for a moment prevented further articulation, when in a whirlwind of rage he ordered the syce away, bidding him doff the accursed coat. The poor fellow could not for the life of him see wherein lay the offence; and himself feeling the tails an obstruction to his movements, he imagined they formed the only objection. Hence he ran off—in a trice squeezed them within his inexpressible guarding his loins with a chadur, thus converting for the nonce the coat into a jacket, and unseen by any one in the carriage returned to his post beside the horse; when straight there was a resumption of the primal mirth. "Well *Swell*," said a friend, "you are determined to place your fellow on half pay."

"Aye," added another; "half batta and no bottoms."

"A'nt it rather expensive Samivel?" observed a third.

"Where are you training him for, China or Affghanistan?"

"The Khybeerees will make mince meat of him, if you don't add a cocked hat to frighten them."

"Yes, and they will roast him like a bull in the Bolan Pass, if he is found without leathern tights."

Mr. Swell could not understand the artillery of nonsense his light-headed friends were firing at him, now that he had sent his syce away. Mystified beyond endurance he exclaimed "I tell you what."

"Oh tell us no tails," said one of his persecutors.

"Gentlemen, I don't understand."

"Pooh pooh—the thing is easily detailed—the affair is only *curtailed*."

"Rather entailed within his inexpressibles," said another.

All this vaggery brought about his wits. He cast searching glances around, and there as large as life ran beside the milk white steed his syce with the identical coat, minus the tail. At this discovery the welkin rung with a concert of the most hearty laughter from Swell's persecutors, amidst which any one might trace the fair Jane's tone like a silver thread running in a web of wool. This irritated the portly gentleman the more, but whether all this brought about apoplexy or not deponent sayeth not; but it was certainly long before this pompous civil servant sought the Esplanade again. As to Jeeto, the effect, with which his first exhibition was followed, effectually cured him of the monomania, under the influence of which he was about to give chace to the airy baubles of his fancy. We have however heard nothing of any damage suffered by the Nawab's corps of troopers, or that the Bengallee corps dramatic, have indulged in any very outrageous complaints as to the hitch and hiatus which Jeeto so laudably ambitioned to fill up. He followed the even tenor of his *sey* way—gave away the disastrous coat to a cousin who was an extra Bhistee to Mr. Stave (so that virtually he and his bhistee got these things from the same market) and eventually became an especial favorite of Samivel, who by way of keeping him on his good conduct annually presented him with a stout cloth jacket.

The only fault imputed to him was the continual effort he made to depreciate the value of the Khansamah's nag.

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

But, soft . . behold ! lo where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me,—stay illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,
Speak to me.

Shakespeare.

THE clock struck twelve, and a gentleman whom we shall introduce to the reader as Mr. Webster, reclined in his chair after having waded through a portion of a volume, which he had in his hand. A solitary taper was burning upon the table, which cast a dim and flickering light all around. The gentleman evidently enjoyed a nap, which was, however, far from being of that sweet and comfortable kind, in which one is brought

to luxuriate when his limbs are stretched at full length upon a bed : it was a kind of a dose, a state "between sleep and awake," in which though our eyes are closed, yet we have some indistinct notion of what passes around us. Just about this time the gentleman heard his name called out very audibly three several times. It was a deep sepulchral voice that assailed his ears. He started up in an instant, and looked around him, but his eyes caught no human being, from whom he might have supposed the sound had proceeded. He was alone in the hall. The doors and windows were closed, and the servants had all retired,—a chilly sensation came over him, and his blood ran cold in his veins. But he endeavoured to calm his inward agitation, and after pacing the hall, for some moments, he resumed his seat. He then took the book in his hand and pored over its contents. He read on till unconsciously he closed his eyes, and let the book drop on the ground. His sleep on this occasion was much sounder. He placed his legs horizontally upon a chair opposite to him, and thus enjoyed, comparatively speaking, a much more comfortable position than he did when he had first fallen into the embraces of Morpheus. He had not long remained in this state, when the same sound reached his ears ; it was louder and he awoke in great alarm, but no sooner had he opened his eyes, than a being of a strange conformation presented himself to him. The very sight of this monster filled him with dread ; his mouth was parched, and his limbs refused to perform their duties. The spectre was a compound of all shapes, but what appeared most terrific was the head which was enormously large, and Cyclops-like had only one eye, on the front. A set of large teeth had sprung upon the gums, and these the monster exhibited to Mr. Webster, with a ghastly grin. This was sufficient to paralyze the stoutest heart ; a cold perspiration covered the body of the gentleman, and he could with difficulty call out to his men ; and when he did so there was none to hear him. It happened, however, that a dog slept in the hall, which being roused by the voice of his master approached his chair, and commenced to fawn and caress him. In circumstances of danger and difficulty, even the presence of an inferior animal inspires us with courage. So it happened with Mr. Webster, who finding his dog in such close proximity endeavoured to look about him. He directed his eyes towards the spot where the apparition had stood, but it was seen no more. He looked again, and true enough there was not a single vestige remaining of the unwelcome visitor. He examined every door and window, but they were all perfectly secure. "This is strange," thought Mr. Webster, to himself, and then he walked up and down the hall, totally unable to make a right conjecture as to the cause of the phenomenon. After some time he retired to bed ; but two hours had scarcely elapsed, when he was disturbed in his sleep, and unclosing his eyelids he beheld the very identical monster sitting in a chair beside him. The spectre grinned at Mr. Webster and eyed him very intently. The feeling of this gentleman under this circumstance might be easily imagined. He closed his eyes immediately, and after some time, when he opened them again, strange to say, the phantom had disappeared. Mr. Webster could sleep no more ; he remained on his bed till dawn, when he arose with a mind much agitated. For some days he could think of nothing else ; he was in constant dread of seeing the apparition again, but fortunately for him it appeared to him no more.

Some time after this incident Mr. Webster spent an evening at a friend's, where a few others had also assembled. It was pitchy dark, and the rustling of the wind, and the noise of distant thunder announced the approach of rain. Large drops soon followed, which pattered on the leaves of trees and window-blinds, and, in a short time, it poured in torrents, filling the drains and streets with masses of water. An egress from the house being impracticable, the inmates were constrained to remain where they were for the night. Various were the expedients resorted to, to wile away the time which pressed heavily upon them. Anecdotes were related, and adventures in which the gentlemen present were personally concerned, were recalled to mind; and thus the night seemed to pass away very agreeably. At length the stream of conversation ran into the subject of ghosts and hobgoblins. Many frightful stories were related, and Mr. Webster, when it came to his turn to say something, thought the opportunity a good one to relate what he had actually experienced. He entered into a minute detail of particulars; and although they appeared to be strange, yet all gave him the credit for sincerity. Mr. Webster ended with assuring the company, that he firmly believed on the existence of ghosts.

"May I beg to know the name of the book you read, before you saw the spectre," asked Mr. Sim, a young gentleman of some information and intelligence.

"Frankenstein, Frankenstein! the modern Prometheus," exclaimed Mr. Webster with an air of much consequence.

"It is enough," observed Mr. Sim—"You have sufficiently explained yourself."

"What do you mean, Mr. Sim?" demanded Mr. Webster with much surprise.

"Why, Sir, that book must have worked up your imagination to a degree as to lead you to think, that you had actually seen what perhaps you merely dreamt of."

"Pshaw!" cried one of the party, "that wont do, Mr. Sim, that wont do; there are many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamt of in your philosophy. Why, my good friend, had I not read Frankenstein, I might have been disposed to listen to you. I have not only read that book, but hundreds of others replete with the most terrific anecdotes; and yet they had no effect upon me whatever."

"But, Sir, you must be aware," returned Mr. Sim, "that much depends upon our mental constitution"—

"There you want to plunge us into the sea of metaphysics; we want nothing of that.—Facts are the only criteria we are to judge by; and as such I shall relate to you something which has come within my personal experience."

"Nothing like facts," said Mr. Webster.

"They are stubborn things," observed the speaker—"Turn and twist them which way you like, still they will stare you in the face.—But to my story:—When I was at Penang," continued the gentleman, "I was in the habit of taking walks at moonlight along the beach, or on the public roads as my fancy led me. Some time I entered some gardens, where I regaled myself with the delightful odours which perfumed the air. It happened that I sauntered with a friend one night, and being tired

after a fatiguing walk, we sat upon a piece of timber, not far from a nutmeg grove. The spot where we located ourselves was an extended plain, through which ran the aqueduct, conducting the water from the cascade to all the parts of the island. We had not sat for half an hour, when my companion fell fast asleep. I kept myself awake for sometime with great difficulty, but I could not overcome the influence of the breeze, which played so softly about me—I felt my eyelids close of themselves, and I slept beside my friend.—Hours thus passed away, and we were perfectly unconscious of our situation. A sound at length reached my ears, which awoke me, and on opening my eyes, I thought I was transported to a fairy land. Every thing around me appeared so charming and beautiful! The moon shone with brilliancy, and rendered every object visible. Trees and plains had additional beauty imparted to them; and the sound of the water-fall, and the glistening of the water, as it flowed from the mountain, all contributed to heighten the loveliness of the scene. I sat for some time enjoying in silence the beautiful prospect before me, when suddenly a woman of exquisite beauty passed me by. She was young, and dressed in the Eastern costume. I watched her movements for a while, but before I could awake my companion the form had completely vanished. Soon after we rose and returned home, endeavoured to ascertain the real nature of the being that had prescuted herself to me. We afterwards learnt from the Malays that we had been to a haunted place. Now, Sir, “turning towards Mr. Sim, will you still persist in saying that this was the effect of imagination?”

“I am certain,” said Mr. Sim, “that the imagination had but little to do in this case. It must have been an optical deception—or it may have been a human being; but the person you speak of must have moved so fast that you were led to think that she dwindled into mere nothing.”

“Very likely, very likely,” said another gentleman, “and I can attest it by my own experience. I had for some time lived near a burying place—My window overlooked the ground, and I could discern every monument erected on it. It was a moon-light night too, that I sat at my window, and my eyes were directed towards the cemetery—the night was far advanced, and I saw very distinctly a woman covered with a white sheet, sitting upon a monument just raised. “This is very curious,” thought I to myself. There was not a single soul beside me, and to tell you the truth, I felt rather uncomfortable, though the object was at a great distance. After a short while I lost sight of her. The woman however continued night after night, until my curiosity was so far roused as to induce me to think of ascertaining the real cause of this mysterious appearance. The night following, on seeing the woman I went into the burying ground in conjunction with a friend. We gently walked towards the female, and found her motionless as a statue. Her face was pale and melancholy, and her hair in complete disorder. But amidst these indications of sorrow and distress, her beauty was remarkable—on enquiring of the Sexton we were told, that the object of our curiosity was a maniac, who had lost her husband and son, her only child, on the same day; and that it was usual with her to visit the burying-ground every night about the same time; that after a couple of hours she went away so hurriedly, that at times a person who did not watch her narrowly, might attribute to her the power of invisibility.”

"Here is an argument for you," said Mr. Sim, "addressing the gentleman of Penang and Mr. Webster; "here is a fact, which will prove to you how much we are subject to errors of this description."

But these gentlemen, with all the arguments and proofs in the world, could not be shaken from their preconceived notions. The night having given way to morning, the guests retraced their steps to their respective homes.

THE ORIENT GEM.

INDIA has always been celebrated for her riches. Gems, and gold, and pearls of inestimable value, are found in her mines and seas. Her wealth was proverbial even in Ancient Days; and it has always excited the cupidity of her conquerors. Though the great Milton sings of her showering upon her Kings "barbaric pearl and gold," and the Arabian Nights have entertained us in our childhood, with gorgeous descriptions of Eastern luxury, pomp, and splendour, we are nevertheless struck with the contrast which the wealth of this country and the wealth of India's intellect exhibit. The former is all that a gold-gloating miser would wish for; the latter is like "the barren fig-tree." The first contains all that is bright, alluring, and estimable in the opinion of the world; the latter is dark, and if it possess any light, it is a light, which only makes the darkness "more visible." This serves to shew the abyss of degradation and infamy into which the mind of man can be cast, by the poverty of the intellect; that on the other hand, points out the lamentable moral, that the gold of the earth cannot for a moment be compared to the gold of the understanding, the wealth of the intellect. This dispensation of a Gracious Providence, appears strange, that in those countries, in which the dust of the ground covers veins of gold and conceals the precious diamond, the heart is contracted, the feelings are deadened, the judgment is weak, and reason is dethroned; while the baser passions and the most grovelling emotions occupy the soul, diminish its native lustre, adulterate its purity, and "render unto Caesar" and the world, the glory due to Him who is the creator and preserver of all things.

These remarks especially apply to this country and its literature, and yet, it is remarkable, that no great attempt worthy of the subject and the object to be attained, is made to restore order and tranquillity, to depose the usurping passions, and to reinstate virtue and truth on the throne of the human heart. Of late years, some benevolent individuals have endeavoured to set things in a right position. They have done a great deal, and by God's blessings, they will do more. The smallest stone thrown into a lake, is not unfelt by the waters; even so, the faintest exertions to obtain that which is good, and to restore that which is virtuous, will never be lost. There is something so sympathetic between goodness and power, that the weakest effort is attended with a might, that by constant application soon shakes the bulwarks of vice and error, and its influence does not cease, until there is not one stone left upon another of the edifice, that superstition had reared, vice strengthened, and misguided veneration adorned.

There is however a "small artillery," that assists the regular and trained soldiers of Christian reformers and missionaries to accomplish their task of destruction, so beneficial to society. They have not the honor to wear the

badges of these warriors, but in a humbler capacity and narrower sphere, they struggle to achieve the same glorious results. There are men, who observe the manners, and customs, and condition of the benighted beings around them. They note every phase of character, they mark every change in the social system. Their observations are set in a note book, and they leave to others to learn by rote, what they have set down. They furnish data upon which reason safely and confidently advances to effect wholesome changes. They set up examples, which give a point to reason and establish the conclusions of the understanding. They are so many lights, by the aid of which others can see their way and avoid stumbling. They are mile-stones, telling us not only the distance that has been travelled over, but how much yet remains to be done.

Let no one, therefore, despise the efforts of those who turn their attention to the statistics of India, and either through entertaining tales or serious essays, convey to us information of the highest practical importance. Let no one sneer at the small beginnings of a few men, the productions of whose pens have not received that regard and consideration which they fully and richly deserve. They are fulfilling one portion of the great duty of all men, "to do good." If they are not worthy of taking the lead in an assault upon a strong fortress of error, or of mixing with the storming party and seizing some trophies of a glorious victory; they have nevertheless been of some use in assisting the strong, the forward, and the bold. What if this little knot of men be not able to raise the edifice of Truth in all its beauty, magnificence, and wide extent, they have done something by placing one stone upon another, and by carrying out the wishes of those most intimately connected with the building of this stately monument.

In this light do we regard all attempts to improve the Oriental Literature of this country. That it is in a low ebb, is no reason for a man's sitting down idly, or resting upon his oar, or reposing on the poor consolations of his own conceit. If Oriental Literature be defective, then we say, most assuredly remedy the defects and supply the deficiencies. If truth be sought after and virtue encouraged, then we unhesitatingly assert, that the social, moral, and political condition of India, offers a wide field for observation—subjects for inquiry—food for meditation—*pabulum* for philosophy—and evidences for the truth and glory of vital Christianity.

For these reasons we hail the prospectus for publishing an Annual to be entitled "The Orient Gem." Let the Editors but make the Annual as Oriental as they enjoy opportunities of doing so, and they need not despair of the reception the book will meet. If the public be indifferent to publications of this kind, overcome the indifference. If the public labor under an obesity of taste, then let the Editors exert their freshest energies to revive its purity. Let nothing daunt them. Let them persevere, and we heartily wish them a crown of laurels at the termination of their labors.

We are given to understand that the literati of Calcutta have kindly promised their assistance. We would ask our readers to extend their support to the Annual, both in a literary and pecuniary way. We recommend the Prospectus to the public, and wishing the editors and proprietors success in their laudable undertaking, we bid them adieu.

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NATIONAL EDUCATION.

IN our last number, we offered a few remarks on the Council of Education, and threw out some suggestions which we thought worthy of attention and important to the condition of the natives of this country. We have not, however, said all that we wished on the subject. We have more to write; and we purpose to devote a few pages to the consideration of the grand object of National Education, and the best means of promoting it. We do not think with some of our friends, that enough has been written and done for the Education of the natives. It is our opinion, that the more that is said and written on this subject, the greater will be the good that will be effected. The greater the number of minds that view the length and the breadth of a question, the greater will be the amount of information that will be gathered; and the results that will flow from the practical operation of this accumulated knowledge, will far exceed in interest and importance, preceding experience and preceding exertions.

We fear, that the object of National Education is quite mistaken in this country; and that it is completely lost sight of by the Council of Education. We do not hazard this opinion thoughtlessly. We write from actual observation. The Education of a people, and the education of the sprigs of nobility and the "olive branches" of gentlemen, is not one and the same thing. At least, it may be the same in *spirit*, the *operations* of that spirit however are not the same. It is the hallowed object of Education to rear good and useful members of Society; but it must not be forgotten, that that mode of Education which is adopted for the instruction of gentlemen, cannot be beneficially employed for the instruction of the poor. The amount of studies that is required for the one, is absolutely unnecessary for the state and condition of the other. The accomplishments that are required for the children of the comparatively rich who are intended to be the Corinthian pillars of society, will be lost—thrown away on the poor and rude inhabitants of this country. We do not wish to see the Council of Education profuse with that portion of the revenue of the people, which the Parliament of Great Britain has applied for the Education of the benighted natives. We wish to see it so husbanded and managed, that it may bring forth fruit "a hundred fold."

We have no fault to find with the Council of Education for bestowing an ample sum of money for the support of the various colleges established under its auspices. A college education should be truly liberal and extended. But we do most certainly blame the Council for lavishing sums of money on the nurturing of schools in various parts of the country, which imparts instruction in studies that will not be immediately useful to the inhabitants and to the country. All Science and Art are eminently useful and advantageous to man. But who would ever suppose that it would be highly beneficial to a set of rude and ignorant men, to learn the theory of Astronomy and the principles of Natural Philosophy, while they would know nothing respecting the "ways and means" of making themselves comfortable and securing their own conveniences? The poor do not need to traverse the "empyrean sphere" with Sir Isaac Newton, or "grasp the lightning's wing" with Franklin, or sit with Davy constructing the Safety Lamp, or like Herschel, "give the lyre of Heaven another string." Let it not be understood, that we consider these subjects, as either above the comprehension of the poor, or totally unsuited to their tastes and their condition. All that we intend to aver is, that the time and the opportunities which the unlettered poor of this country enjoy, will not enable them to acquire such subjects of study; and if even they do master them, they will not subserve the useful purposes of their lives. If there be any among them, who after their daily avocations, retire to a comfortable home and a neatly elegant dwelling, and there devote themselves by the midnight lamp, to the study of the Literature and Science of Europe, then we have only to say:—"Let them persevere and they will taste the pure delights of self-improvement, and the joys of blissful reminiscences." But the generality of the poor are not so circumstanced, and there are not many who can so well and so profitably husband their hours. We must not in this part of our argument be referred to the class of laborers in Great Britain, as the cases are not parallel. The laboring classes of Great Britain have made great progress in the comforts and conveniences of life. They have adopted the immediately useful improvements and discoveries of Art. The laborers of this country are semi-barbarous. They live in the most miserable condition. They do not enjoy a taste for the smallest luxuries of life. They work for a trifle, and live on the very verge of existence. The object of National Education should therefore be directed, primarily to the melioration of the physical condition of the poor. The moment a laborer has learnt to build a fine house, to improve the capacities of his soil, to wear better clothes, and to enjoy a more luxurious meal, than his former wretched fare—from that moment he will set a value upon himself. He will not only respect himself, but he will desire to command the sentiments of others. The poor man with foul and tattered linen, is quite regardless of himself. He has no thought—he cares not—whither he goes, and in what state he makes his appearance. Give him good and clean clothes, better than his former ragged clothing, and he will not be found in the circle of the idle and the frivolous. He will remove himself from his former companions. He will look with more complacency upon himself, and thus grow up to be a better man—full of fair promise.

The physical improvement of the laboring classes of this country should be attended to, and the great efforts of National Education should be

chiefly directed to the attainment of this beneficial object. Physical comforts will soon draw men to one another, their social condition will be meliorated, and the general aspect of society will be more healthy and cheering.

How can this object be attained? This is a practical question, and we proceed to answer it. Let the Council of Education abjure for the present the study of Mathematics and Polite Literature in the schools that are established in various parts of the country. Let the Histories of England and India, English composition of the simplest kind, and Arithmetic be the only subjects of study. Not more than two hours in the day will be required for this purpose; the remaining hours, now devoted to learning Mathematics and other Sciences, can be safely applied to Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts. We would wish to see Industrial Schools rising every where under the auspices of the Council of Education. These schools will contain the germs of India's future glory, power, and happiness. From the seminal principles inculcated in them, will posterity reap an abundant harvest.

In our last number, we recommended the necessity of attaching a piece of ground to every Government School, with the view of imparting useful instruction to the pupils in Agricultural Science and Art. We will go further now. We would have small patches of ground literally rented out to the pupils, who would engage to undertake their cultivation on such terms. They should be furnished with a certain quantity of seed from the school, and if they wished for any thing above this specified *quantum*, they would be obliged to pay a trifling sum for such accommodation. The produce of these small pieces of land, should belong to the cultivators; and the profits accruing from its sale, should also be their portion. This return would strengthen the hands of the little labourers, and would sweeten their toil. After deducting a nominal sum for rent and purchase of seed, the remainder should be placed in the hands of these tiny labourers to carry home and cheer the hearts of their poor parents.

But this is not all. We have already, in our last issue, adverted to the advantage of converting a room in the school, into a laboratory of Arts. The pupils, who are willing to learn, or who display an aptitude for Mechanical Art, should be taught the use of the implements of carpentry as well as the simple and useful employments of the black-smith. After the daily lessons, they should be permitted to exercise their skill and ingenuity in manufacturing such little articles as are in the greatest use in their own district; and from the profits which they would derive from the sale of their handicraft, they should be made to pay a small sum for the raw material which was supplied to them and upon which they exercised their art. The remainder should be given to them as a reward for their industry. If at any time, little repairs were required in the school premises in the way of mending doors or windows, or re-plastering the wall or white-washing it, the little labourers of the school should be employed on the work and the usual rate of wages should be assigned to them.

To facilitate the acquisition and practice of Arithmetic, the agriculturists and the boy-carpenter or mason should be required to keep their own accounts; and a small reward should be conferred on the lad who kept his little account book in a clean state, and was most correct in calculating the little *items* that made the total of his hard-earned, though small, fortune.

Is there any thing extravagant or impossible in the plan, we have thus hurriedly and briefly sketched? Does it savour of idle speculation, or does it not seem to be fraught with important consequences to the rising generation and future destiny of this land? We do not write fables. We are firmly persuaded that should the Council of Education but carry out our plan in one small district only, the Members would soon perceive its cheerful and prominent results. They would soon appreciate its advantages. The poor of this country require to be taught in industrial schools. Motives for exertion should be supplied them; and so soon as they have learned the three studies, we have in another part enumerated, by devoting but two hours of the day to their acquisition—so soon as they have attained a slight knowledge of European skill and European art—so soon as they taste the sweets and the rewards of industry, then will they devote their souls and their bodies to their own improvement, and knowledge will be rapidly diffused.

We have heard people talk of the great obstacle which the division of castes throws in the way of native improvement. We avow from experience, that the imperfect education given at present, is sufficiently irresistible to break down the barriers of caste. Children of all castes sit and learn together. Talent soon becomes conspicuous, and the child of the lowest caste is respected for his abilities. His school-fellows regard him with some degree of veneration. It is only, when the children reach their respective homes, that they yoke themselves with the harness of prejudice and take shelter under the dignity of caste. But at school, and in the class, the harness is cast aside and native worth and native talent is the only species of caste to which it is a boy's ambition to belong.

What must be done to secure the advantages of the system, just explained? This is a question of means, and we unhesitatingly answer, that such benefits can be secured by the institution of Normal Schools—schools for training men to become qualified instructors. A Normal School teaches men to *teach*. We are often amused to hear people say, what a good teacher such a one is, because he is a great classical scholar or mathematical *folio*. We are convinced, that the amount of knowledge does not make a good teacher. It is not what a store of a man's acquirements may be, that qualifies him for the office of Educator of youth. It is the knowledge of imparting instruction to infant minds—a knowledge to be acquired by a careful and attentive study of the laws of the human mind. Education is the giving to one mind, the fruits of many minds. It is the cultivation of one understanding by the produce and wealth of many understandings; and in order to effect this properly and beneficently, the laws that govern thought and moral action, must be carefully weighed and made subjects of deep study. Some persons suppose, that when an individual passes with success a searching examination, he is well qualified for the office of Schoolmaster. We declare that such is not the case, for this individual has not been examined in the principal department of his duty: his qualification for communicating instruction has not been sifted.

In all the other occupations of life, a person is required to be well acquainted with his business, before he can expect to attain a suitable employment in it. Often is a man constrained to serve seven years, before he can be considered a Master Workman. In the business of Education, however, no such

qualification is required. The office of schoolmaster in this country is the last resort of all unhappy and unfortunate men. The generality of directors of education and teachers are totally unfit for their office, as they have never made the Science and Art of Education subjects of study. They have never read a book that treats on Education; and yet how fearlessly and confidently will they deliver their opinions—opinions based on error, mischievous in their tendency, and pregnant with direful consequences to the child that is sent to school to learn

"Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread."

We must now conclude. We have said enough on the subject and would be glad indeed, if they could be practically *carried out*. The Council of Education has a responsible trust to discharge. All other native schools, established by private individuals for their own support, are guided by its councils and deliberations. Should these be erroneous, the improvement of India is of course impeded. We know of a Native proprietor of a large and flourishing Seminary, who duly appreciates the plan which we have proposed, both in our last as well as the present numbers of the Magazine. But he is fearful to depart from the track of the Government Schools, lest the ignorant parents remove their children from his school, suffer by the attempt. Let the Council of Education attend to this fact, and profit by it.

REVD. MR. SMITH'S TRANSLATION OF THE "NOVUM ORGANON."

WE have been obligingly favored by Mr. Smith with a copy of this excellent translation. It would be needless for us to dwell upon its merits, as those who are acquainted with Mr. Smith's extensive classical knowledge will best be able to judge of his fitness for the task he has undertaken. Our object in noticing the work, is to direct the attention of superintendents of schools to its valuable contents, with the view of insuring its adoption into the class-studies of every seminary. The notes which will be found interspersed in this volume are valuable; and coming us they do, from the pen of the Translator, they add to the excellency of the book as well as to his own reputation. There is a very strong prejudice in this country, against works professedly on science. They are supposed to be above the comprehension of the boys, and are therefore rejected from schools. It is impossible for one person to resist such opposition, but we sincerely trust that time and improvement will introduce a better state of things.

If there is one thing which a man would desire to know, it is the train of thought that first struck out the idea of a great invention or discovery. What a light would not such knowledge throw on human philosophy? The workings of a mind would be laid open to us. We would then discover the germs of originality, that distinguish a genius from the herd of men; and we would soon make ourselves acquainted with that association of ideas which must have directed the energies of the mind to a particular subject. What must have been the feelings of delight that

agitated the breast of Bacon, when a faint ray of light first shone in his mind and opened to his view, the errors which had bound the energies of men for ten centuries, and to which every succeeding age had added the weight of its authority and affixed a seal which was supposed to remain unbroken! This light like the dawn of morning, must have gradually brightened, until the chambers of his mind were illuminated and the prospects of his mental vision considerably enlarged. With a proud and god-like confidence, he gave his thoughts publicity; and conscious, that superstition and ignorance would array all their forces against them, he wisely let them float in the stream of time, unmolested. He did not awaken any alarm. He sounded no notes of victory. With a calmness, the characteristic of great minds, he offended nobody, but he left his "NOVUM ORGANON" to seek a strand for itself. It soon gained a haven. The treasures it disclosed were properly appreciated, and Modern Philosophy waved her banner over the ruined and prostrate Philosophy of Aristotle. Could but Bacon awake again, like another Endymion from his deep slumber, he would now find that 'the twig on which he had laid his head, had become a great tree of the forest, and its branches had spread over all the nations?

The natives of this country, have made great progress in science and the theory of art. They have become acquainted with the results of the "NOVUM ORGANON." They understand the benefits which this instrument has conferred upon mankind. They have studied the fruits of that mode of investigation, which is explained in the "NOVUM ORGANON."—What objection can there be to the study of the *instrument* itself? What evils will flow from examining the *rationale* of the mode in which all philosophical researches should be conducted? He that can measure the distance of the sun and his magnitude;—he that can calculate with precision the periods of revolution of the heavenly bodies, will not be worse employed nor misuse his time, if he should study an acquaintance with the construction of the Telescope and learn its various improvements. So neither will a man lose by studying the "NOVUM ORGANON" of Lord Bacon. The rules of investigation established by him, have been applied to all the other sciences, and their progress has indeed been sensibly rapid. We will allow the translator to speak for himself.

"And now the earnest wish of the translator is, that the very spirit of the "Baconian Philosophy may be imbibed by those for whom this work is especially designed;—the educated youth of this country. The spirit of that "Philosophy is reason, common sense, patient enquiry, and sound judgment, or "let it be called by what name it may, that spirit which will lead a man to "throw off all error, and cordially to embrace all truth. Lord Bacon's illustrations of his system are chiefly drawn from the various departments of Physical science, but the principles of the system are equally suited to the repulsion "of all error and the investigation of all truth, mental, moral, and spiritual.

"In conclusion the translator would warn the student that knowledge and "practice are two different things. It is one thing to know the method in which "truth ought to be investigated, another to apply that method to the actual investigation of truth, and another still, and very different from the other two, "vigorously to follow that truth when investigated and discovered. It cannot be "deemed out of place to state that for all these purposes, and especially for the "last, the enlightenment and strength which God only can bestow, are especially

"necessary; and it is the translator's earnest prayer that that enlightenment and that strength may be bestowed, through the effectual agency of that Holy Spirit, who in the Word of God, is called the "Spirit of Truth" and "whose office is declared to be to 'lead men into all truth.'"

This work is at present much needed. The generality of the educated youth of this country, are inclined to scepticism. They are given up to infidelity. With all the knowledge that they possess, they appear to be wholly ignorant of the right method of investigation. They do not understand the strong and convincing reasons of evidence. They are led away with a false notion, that scepticism implies a vigorous understanding and originality of intellect. The truth is that the very contrary is the case. For universal scepticism displays a feebleness of the understanding, which renders it unfit to grasp the chain of evidence upon which Christianity rests, and does not permit it to comprehend the several reasons that are advanced for the support of Christianity. The "*NOVUM ORGANON*" of Lord Bacon, will, we trust, supply the antidote against such pernicious evils. The rules for conducting rational inquiry after truth, are clearly and definitely laid down; and the prominence which Lord Bacon gives to the due examination of facts, and the patient method of the induction of laws from the comparing and balancing of these facts, will secure the minds of the educated natives of this country from relapsing into the cold and barren conclusions of infidelity—will cause them to enquire and seek after the truth—and at last to fix all their desires and centre all their hopes, in the blessed truths of Christianity.

The missionaries attached to the General Assembly of Scotland are always found to be praiseworthily employed. They seek opportunities for doing good. No circumstance is lost sight of by them to advance the glory of God and to extend the blessed influence of Christianity. They are found at their posts at all times, exerting their energies, physical, intellectual, and moral, to benefit their fellow-creatures. It would be a task of supererogation to enumerate all the benefits that they have conferred, benefits which are of a highly durable and important nature, and which have identified them with the age in which they live, and with the progress of social regeneration and the dissemination of truth. This translation of Mr. Smith's will not be found to be the least useful. Its effects will not perhaps be immediately felt; but in the course of years, it will be found to be eminently useful, and conducive to the best interests of man.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON'S DEFENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—While I thank you for the notice you have taken of my Manchester lectures, I beg permission to correct the extraordinary error into which you have fallen with regard to my estimate of the Hindoo character. You state that I consider the Hindoo to be "immaculate," "free from *all* the darkening shades" which attach to the character of the people of other lands. That I have not only avowed this opinion, but declared my determination to abide by it: and that I regard all who differ

from me in the wrong. That in your own words, "Mr. Thompson thinks he alone is right." I candidly ask you to produce your authority for these assertions, which represent me as an obstinate idiot. I call upon you to quote from my book, or from any other authentic source, a single sentence, in support of which you have stated in the last paragraph of your review.

In the mean time I take leave to refer to my book myself. I say some (of the natives of India) are believers in one pure, undivided intelligence, while others are sunk in the *grossest idolatry*. Many, I would be inclined to say the majority, are hospitable, generous, and confiding; while others it must be admitted, are *treacherous, cruel and distrustful*, (p. 10) are persons thus described immaculate? Go to the next page.

"Amongst the almost endless tribes and castes in India, there are to be found some of the lowest and most debased of the human family?"

Again: "you have all I dare say, heard of the things, a confederacy of murderers, held together by mystic rites, following their horrid trade as a religious duty."

Again: "I need not harrow up your feelings with a relation of the scenes of Juggernaut the burning of widows, and the neglect and desertion of children by their parents."

Are these pictures of immaculate beings? I then quote various authorities. But do these make them immaculate? Let us see!

The first is Bishop Heber. "They have unhappily many of the vices arising from slavery, from an unsettled state of society; and immoral and erroneous system of religion."

The next authority, that of Mr. Ricardo, does not deny the existence of many vices, but bear testimony to their *natural capacity*, and lament the effects of long continued despotisms.

The next authority is General Briggs, which is a testimony chiefly, to the intelligence, docility and tolerance.

The next is the evidence of Sir Thomas Munro, to a similar effect.

The next is the evidence of Sir John Malcolm, which speaks of the timidity, fraud and servility of the Bengalees.

The next is that of Warren Hastings, which is intended to defend the natives of the country from the charge of being in a state of "complete moral turpitude."

Now, Sir, where, either in the words spoken by yourself, or in the quotations made by me, do you find any authority for saying that I regard the natives of this country as immaculate. "Here end my testimonies to the character of the Hindoos. And why do I cite these testimonies one after the other? and why do I keep you from those branches of the question which to you are more interesting, as affecting your pursuits and callings on this side of the ocean? It is for this reason. I am anxious you should have just conceptions of the people in whose behalf I plead. As I pleaded for freedom and justice on behalf of the negro whom I exhibited not as an imperfect wretched being, but as a being capable of being elevated by the Christian care of this country, and made to be the partaker of heavenly grace: so, as I entreated for one million in the West, do I plead for one hundred millions in the East, and that you may care for them, I wish you to know them; that you may love them, I desire you to admire them. I would not strip them of their superstition; I

would not annihilate, by a figure of rhetoric in the car of Juggernaut. Let every pile that has been kindled smoke before you; let every victim that has been crushed beneath the ponderous car of idolatry, writhe in agony before your vision; and by every funeral pyre, and every bleeding victim of superstition, I call upon you as Christians to rise, to the deliverance of this race, whom a mysterious providence permits you to rule, and over the wide extent of whose territories you may scatter out of the abundance of Christianity, the richest and most enduring blessings."*

Finally, tell your readers when and where, and in what words, I ever pretended to be the only person whose opinions on Indian subjects were right. As I should hate arrogance like this in another, so I should hate myself, if I felt ever a temptation to cherish it. How you could imagine that, with the views I have declared throughout my public addresses, I could regard either the Hindoos or any other race of mortals, *unless* I cannot tell. If I have at any time declared that my visit to India has not changed my opinions, it is only because such is the fact, and because, I came here, neither expecting to find the natives of the country free from vice, nor wholly steeped in crime. I find them what I had conceived them to be; and he must have read history to little purpose, and the Bible, the truest and best of all histories, in vain, if in going to a country like India, he had much to learn respecting the elements of the human character, and the inevitable moral condition of a people "wholly given to idolatry."

I am, Dear Sir,

Your's truly,

Delhi, August 4, 1843.

GEO. THOMPSON.

¶ We feel it to be due to Mr. Thompson to state, that we were led to entertain the opinion, for which Mr. Thompson has brought us to task, from listening to the speech which he delivered in the Town Hall, at the last annual Meeting of the Mechanics' Institute, when he arose a second time to vindicate the justness of his views and the probity of his conduct. It would be useless for us to enter into detail. We therefore most readily acknowledge our error, and are sorry that we should have put him to the trouble of writing the above letter. In the meantime, we beg to assure our readers, that this explanation of Mr. Thompson has exalted him in our opinion; and now, that we are led to perceive the unsoundness of our remarks regarding his estimate of the Hindoo character, we hold him to be an enlightened advocate of the Hindoos, and a man who is urged to undertake a cause, from a sense that it is equally good and just.—ED. O. M.

* Lecture 1, page 15-16.

MILL'S HISTORY OF INDIA, EDITED BY DR. WILSON.

THE announcement of this edition was hailed as a great acquisition by those, who valued India, and wished for a full and complete history of its condition, ancient and modern. The Editor too, came to his task with ample qualifications. He is reported to be an excellent Oriental Scholar, and his present Professorship at Oxford, affords strong evidence of the estimate formed of his abilities as a Sangskrit scholar. He was for a long while connected with the Asiatic Society of this country; and he left India, saturated with a knowledge of its ancient history, learning, and fame; its present degraded and debased condition; and the elements of greatness and power and wealth, which it contains in its bosom. The fame of his acquirements went before him, and secured him his present office. When we heard of his having undertaken to edit the History of India by Mr. Mill, we entertained the most sanguine hopes, that full justice would be done to India at his hands; and that he would remove from it, much of that obloquy and misstatement which Mr. Mill had, in his ignorance, flung upon this country. We waited with great anxiety for the volumes. They have come at last, and we cannot but express our disappointment at the labors of the Editor. A few stray notes alone tell us of Mr. Mill's misrepresentations. They are not many, and therefore Mr. Mill is exonerated from the charge laid at his door, of underrating the merits and misrepresenting the facts of India's history. The six volumes already published, comprise the whole of Mr. Mill's History. The promised two volumes are to form a continuation of the history, and will therefore tax heavily the powers of the Editor. He has a great height to attain,—not to attain only, but to preserve, after he has attained it. The philosophic and comprehensive mind of Mr. Mill left a history, so well written, arranged, and explained, that Dr. Wilson will have to put forth great exertions, to prevent disappointment. There must be no sinking; the level-line must be preserved. For our own part we cannot divine the cause of the delay, in the appearance of the last two promised volumes.

Since India attracted a share of England's regard and inquiry, we find many histories of that interesting country given to the world. Of all these histories it might with truth be said, that so long as they tread on the footsteps of Mr. Mill, so long as they walk by the light of his lamp, so long as they enjoy the ripe fruits of his acute and vigorous intellect, they are readable and afford instruction. But the moment they lose him as their guide, they are left to walk by the light of their own understandings, their remarks become wretched and common place. Their histories then become dry narratives of facts, mere chronological tables. After all we might safely say, that Mr. Mill's History of India is the only history of which we can boast, as containing a full, clear and authentic account of this country.

These remarks have been penned with the View of eliciting information, as to the cause of the delay, which has occurred, in the publication of the concluding volumes of the history of India, at first written by Mr. Mill.

INDIAN METHOD OF MENSURATION.

At a time when the resources of India are beginning to be developed, and every attempt tending to throw open the hidden treasures of nature buried in her bosom excite the interest of mankind more than it did in times gone by, a few remarks on the method usually adopted by the Native surveyors, or as they are called *Jureeb Ameens*, for the purpose of measuring land, cannot be unacceptable to the general reader, and might prove of some service to those who are concerned in any pursuit connected with the soil and the produce of this brightest gem of the British Crown.

Whoever has studied the Science of Geometry, *i. e.* Land measure, must have arrived at the conclusion, that the end of all geometrical disquisition, whether ancient or modern, is the ascertainment of the superficial contents of land, and that land of every possible shape and size can be measured by being reduced to triangles, the contents of which are easily determined by multiplying the base of each triangle by its altitude, and taking half the product, because every triangle is half the quadrilateral of equal base and altitude. The triangle is the basis on which rest the most varied, yet the most accurate demonstrations of a Euclid, a Laplace, and a Newton, and of that galaxis of inferior intellectual luminaries by which they are surrounded. The essence of this beautiful and perfect figure consists more in the angles than in the sides; the equation of the former being always fixed to 180 degrees or two right angles, whilst that of the latter may vary from the infinitely little to the infinitely great, without altering the nature and relative form of the triangle. The natives of this country are unfortunately ignorant of this fundamental truth in Mathematics. They understand not the principles of the triangle, nor do they possess any instrument for determining the value of an angle; and thus unprovided they rush into the field of science, misleading themselves and those who have the misfortune to confide in them. Armed with a rod, the limit of which is usually determined by the length of each man's arm, and with a string made of materials which on exposure to moisture undergo contraction to the extent of at least a foot in each 100 feet, and a proportionate extension on getting dry again, they take their stand by the side of a field, and by the uncertain process of ocular observation, unassisted by any instrument, determine on the points from which the lines of measurement are to be started. The *tinterij* is their favorite method of mensuration. This consists in measuring an irregular superficies across three or more places, preferring those points at which the irregularities are most apparent; of course unmindful that apparent irregularities depend more on the relative position of the eye than on the real curvatures of the boundaries, that they present different aspects from different positions, and that therefore observations which are so liable to optical deception cannot be taken as the basis of any calculation. Having chosen points thus determined, they take their cross measurements which they add together, and if they be four in number, they divide the sum by 4, and thus get the mean breadth of the field, its mean length having been also determined by the same method, they multiply the one by the other, and declare the product to be the superficial contents of the field. Let this son of Euclid forget the particu-

lars of his survey, then bring him on the same field again from the opposite side, and let him take up a different position from that which he before occupied. He will now, following his *tinterij* method, choose points different from those he had chosen in the first instance, and of course make his lines either longer or shorter; the lengths of which will also be materially affected by their greater or less obliquity, upon which, in the absence of angles, there is no check. The component parts of the two measurements being different, the result will certainly vary; and thus the same man will give different areas to the same field, measured by himself at different periods. How much more this difference is likely to occur when the work is done by different persons, all equally ignorant of the first principles of mensuration.

It is amusing to see these *Jureeb Ameens* calculate the contents of a triangle. Never having reflected that the triangle is but half the parallelogram of equal base and altitude, these people go about to measure it according to their favorite *tinterij* method, and of course give an erroneous result. They will sometimes multiply the three sides of the triangle and declare the product to be its area, on dividing that product by three they multiply it by the altitude, and think that they have solved the problem. It is easy to confound these would-be mathematicians by drawing a parallelogram, and separately an isosceles triangle of equal base and altitude, then letting them calculate the area of each inscribe the same triangle in the given parallelogram. Now by dropping a perpendicular from the upper angle of this triangle, which is its altitude, it can be easily explained to the most ordinary capacity, that this triangle has but half the dimensions of the parallelogram within which it is placed, and that therefore the result of the calculations for the one must be half the result of the other, and consequently if the area of the triangle as calculated by him be not exactly one half of the area of the parallelogram, there must be an error.

Possessing no angular instrument, these *Jureeb Ameens* have no idea of determining the distance of any object placed on the opposite side of a river or canal, without stretching a line across the water. In most cases this is impossible; but where a line can be stretched, even then the measurement will always be inaccurate, in consequence of the catenary curve which the best stretched line will form. The ascertainment of the distance between two objects both on the bank of a broad river by measuring a base line on its opposite side and taking angles at the extreme points of that base line, without approaching the said objects within several miles, appear to these people altogether inexplicable, and they are ready to attribute it to magic.

These *Jureeb Ameens* do not draw their plans upon any given scale, nor do they place the north point with the magnetic needle. However oblique the position a field or group of fields may be with regard to the north point, they content themselves by writing East, West, &c. on four sides of the paper. The relative sizes, shapes, and positions of the several fields being huddled together, without any regard to a fixed scale or to angles, their maps present the most grotesque appearance, and are of course no correct index to the reality. They however mend matters, somewhat in the way which a certain painter did by writing the name of each object

he painted underneath it, in order to indicate what the daub meant to represent. Following this example, these people insert their measurements in figures on the map, and thereby endeavour to supply the want of a scale.

These are but a few of the errors into which the Native *Jureeb Ameens* fall, but they are sufficient to warn those who employ such men, against the danger of being misled in matters of grave importance. Indeed the subject deserves the attention of the enlightened Government, no less than of the people of this improving country, where so much depends upon an accurate mensuration of its lands. We may revert to this subject in a future number; but we cannot conclude this notice without urging on the attention of the Government the importance of introducing the study of surveying into every one of the schools under its patronage; and of requiring all Deputy Collectors, &c. to be acquainted with the principles of scientific land-surveying.

ELLA, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY MR. T. W. SMITH.

THE appearance of a Poem of no inconsiderable merit is not an every-day occurrence in this country. The dearth of good poetry in Bengal, is as great, as was that of corn, in the seven-year's famine that prevailed in Egypt. For this reason do we hail with much pleasure, "*Ella and other Poems*," and we shall endeavour to do the volume, the justice it deserves at our hands.

Mr. Smith is not unknown to us. He has for some time been amongst us although under an *incognito*. His writings have been well received; and hence he comes before the public, not as a stranger, but a welcome friend. He has greeted the acquaintance of our readers, by minor poems of delicacy and beauty, and we therefore now shake hands with him, as he presents us with a volume of his wooings with the muses. A perusal of the book will amply repay labor, and we beg to invite the attention of our readers to it.

The signature of Mr. Smith is the *seal* of his poetry. A cross always bore testimony to his productions, and his poetry chiefly dwells on HIM, who was lifted up on a cross for the redemption of a guilty world. Mr. Smith's Muse does not dally with the Nymphs of Parnassus, nor does it offer its poetical oblations on the altar of Venus. It does not tread in such paths. It loves to linger at the foot of Calvary, and soar on the wings of Christianity, to heights of "great argument," affecting the future spiritual condition of man.

For many reasons is the choice of his themes, interesting and important. Beauty, sublimity, and truth are found, in their greatest perfection, in the Christian religion. In ancient Poetry we read of splendid imaginings, beautiful conceptions, and truth-like pictures. We are told of the attempts of the poets of Greece and Rome, to gain the "highest heaven of invention." In all the estimates, even the most flattering, of ancient and modern poetry, not considered as sacred, we only read of great struggles to gain the heights of beauty, sublimity, and truth. We read of one poet,

darting a ray of his imagination, into the boundless regions of lofty Heaven:—of another, that he possessed an “angel’s view” and drew forms of ideal beauty, fascinating, cheering and soul-entrancing;—and of another, that he had almost anticipated the purity and holiness of the doctrines of Christianity. These daring flights in the great void of uncertainty, may afford us an evidence of the impotency of man, when his exertions are unaided by another greater Power. They plainly point out the fact—the indisputable fact, that the soul, warmed by the fires of this “nether world,” can never be purified of all its dross, and regain the blissful seats of Paradise.

The Bible however reveals the *truth*, presents the *sublimest examples and precepts* for human edification, and unfolds the *reality of beauty*. From it we might cull choice specimens of every figure of speech, that the art of the Rhetorician might demand, and superadded to these, it opens the way, the truth, and the life, for the guidance and happiness of all men.

The poet who basks in the light of Divine Truth, who rises by Jacob’s ladder up to Heaven, and sings the notes of praise to HIM, the Lord of all, meets with a more favorable reception than he, who tunes his pipe to the joys of earth, and walks with the “sole of unblest feet.” The ground upon which the one treads, is studded with stars and paved with gold; the other walks

“To support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven’s azure, and the torrid clime
Smiles on him, sore besides, vaulted with fire.”—

It is because that sacred subjects attract the greatest regard and the warmest affections of all men, that a religious poet awakens the kindest sympathies of our nature as well as our highest interest. The beauty, the sublimity and the truth of the Bible, enabled Milton to soar so high and for so long a time without falling; inspired him with a confidence, which directs his thoughts, with irresistible power to our hearts, and caused him to roll his numbers over every subject of human thought and study. He levied contributions on earth and man, the heavens and the seas.

Mr. Smith also invests his poetry with the garb of religion, and it does not look unseemly; it is rather lovely to behold. He strikes the most pious chords of our hearts, and arouses the holiest feelings of our breasts. His Muse is chaste, often displaying power that borders on the sublime, and sometimes it is daring in its flight. When he sings of the supineness and sinful thoughtlessness of man, he does not evince that comic irony which is sometimes seen in Cowper’s poems, nor does he throw out those lofty invectives that bespeak the majestic authority of Milton; but he touches upon them, with a pious sincerity and a godly spirit which breathe tender feelings for his fellow-creatures, while “it justifies the ways of God to man.” If we were asked which poem of Mr. Smith’s displayed most, the qualities of his mind and the strength and power of his intellect, we would unhesitatingly point to the poem, styled “A Vision”—in our opinion, there is a beauty and power in it, which we do not find in Byron’s Dream.

We have heard people complain of the monotony of Mr. Smith’s poetry. We enter the lists with such objectors in his defence. When a great

truth occupies the mind and makes a vivid impression upon it; it enters into our nature, and is present with us at all times and seasons, and under all circumstances. It is influencing our reason, our imagination, and our fancy. Now this is precisely the case with Mr. Smith. The great living truths of Christianity are present to his mind, and have entwined themselves with his thoughts, his feelings, and his emotions, and he presents them to us under every variety of view, and every change of subject. Yet he does no harm, but rather does some good. He endeavours to effect a lodgment for these truths in our hearts by clothing them in the charms of poetry; and thus by engaging our feelings he hopes to animate our breasts.

It is time to present our readers with some specimens of Mr. Smith's poetry. We will extract passages from no particular part of the volume, and we invite the attention of our readers without making any comments ourselves.

The volume is divided into three parts, severally dedicated to the Bishop of Calcutta, the Venerable the Archdeacon, and Capt. Richardson, "Author of Literary Leaves in Prose and Verse." The profits accruing from the sale of the book will be devoted to charitable purposes.

INTRODUCTORY LINES TO LIBERTY.

Spirit of Freedom! on thine hallow'd brow
There sits a Seraph's glory; and thine eye
Beams with immortal lightning; yes, for thou
Art a bright unpolluted flash of Heav'n,
The true Promethean spark to mortals giv'n;—
Thron'd in the soul with sceptred dignity,
Like the ethereal lightning unconfin'd,
Thine empire is the boundless realms of mind;
Heav'n thy bright birthplace,—being eternity:
Bolts cannot hold thee, no,—nor dungeons bind
Thou spring'st upon the wings of Glory's wind,
Immortal Liberty! strik'st the Tyrant blind!
Brightest of Spirits of celestial wing!
Thy Phoenix flamed in Greece,—in Rome arose
As the Olympic Pallas fulminating;
Till lost her Ægis;—in the desolate woes
Of Gothic night thine eye was slumbering,
Whilst Hell out-pour'd her densest cloud on cloud,—
Earth was a sepulchre, and man entomb'd;
Then as Religion's seraph did'st thou rise
Array'd in light and beauty; and the shroud,
That ages threw around thee did'st despise;
Life in thy gift, and glory in thine eyes,
Thy martyr brow with amaranth endow'd,
Thou cam'st no crownless vision out the skies.
Heav'n smil'd that hour, and Earth in beauty bloom'd!
Bolts cannot blind thee, no,—nor flame nor flood,
Time, nor Time's tyrants, dungeons, chains, nor blood;
For, Liberty, thy being is from God!

The following description of Satan is taken from the "Vision," the first of the poems, dedicated to the Archdeacon :—

I said, methought, a spirit by me stood ;
 And a strange influence did bind me there.
 Straight at his bidding, guided by a star,
 (A flaming minister, at which the rest
 As on a phoenix gaz'd,) led on, I came
 Unto a bord'ring wilderness of shade,
 Of caves, and rocks, and woods, and horrors dusk ;
 Haunts fittest and abodes of satyrs hairy,
 And birds of darkness, and of desert beasts,
 Of deadly serpents, and of airy spirits,
 As those that vex'd the old demoniac,
 And made the sepulchre their dwelling-place ;
 Whose beings are a desolation huge,
 On which despair hath rear'd her lasting seat,
 And blackest throne, and one was there, on whose
 Unearthly visage, thund'ring scorched and scar'd,
 There yet remained a faded splendour pass'd,
 A dread Promethean dignity,—as 'twere
 A ruin gathering grandeur from decay,
 A dark disastrous glory :—with a calm
 But fearful quiet, desperate yet still,
 As an expired volcano's, beneath which
 The earthquake keeps his vigil, but not stirs,
 And lays, as lays the huge coil'd silent boa,
 With her voluminous folds and sleepless gaze,
 Watching the opportunity to hurl
 Herself in horrible destruction forth.
 A mystery he seem'd infolded dark,
 As is the sheak'd up lightning of the cloud,
 Till that it leapeth forth and blasteth all.
 But now, despite that eye subdued of fire,
 And brow so thunder-strench'd and plough'd, there was,
 Deep feign'd or felt a melancholy deep,
 That ruminated upon poisons, on the past :—
 E'en as the serpent gendereth her venom—
 From out all which he drew a nourishment
 Of deadliest nature, darkest thoughts, the gall,
 The bitter wormwood that did feed his spirit,
 And taught him still to link it to despair.
 A fatal spell was on him, as the bond
 Th' eternal link—the dark Promethean chain,
 That bound him to his vulture and his rock :
 That bound him still, despite his pride, and power,
 And struggles, that shook deep both earth and hell—
 The horrible convulsions of his spirit—
 And dread dictations of the worm within—
 That ever and anon flash'd o'er his brow
 Wrought in wild characters, and lit his eye ;
 Until its marble coldness came again,
 And left all still as death composure there.
 Yet a strange effluence from him came, as comes
 The dark Simoom from out the viewless winds,
 That scatter'd desolation from her wings,

And blasteth all she breathes or looks upon.
 He was a living Upas, whose deep stem
 Took root below, and there was nourished :
 Shrouded he was as in a night of thoughts
 Cloud within cloud, tempest on tempest roll'd,
 Which shook their dwelling place, and made it hell.
 And there shed darkness and not light, unless
 It were the glare of some unearthly flame,
 Or as the lightning of the desolate night
 Which leaveth all in deeper midnight there.

WHAT IS MAN ?

I.

'The shining heavens when I survey,
 Creator Holy! what is man ?
 The insect of a fleeting day
 His nature dust, his life a span :
 Yet is this insect of a day
 In Thy mysterious mighty plan,
 An angel moulded in that clay,
 A spirit boundless in that span,

II.

That spirit's spark was flush'd from heaven,
 That mortal's immortality ;
 Tho' ruin'd, — lost, redeem'd, forgiv'n ;
 His life is yet — eternity!
 For him thy wonders are display'd
 In sea, air, earth, and ocean round ;
 The sky with endless worlds enlaid,
 And earth for him is holy ground.

III.

In wisdom hast Thou made them all,
 And in thy providence preserv'd,
 No sparrow can without Thee fall,
 No atom from its spot be swerv'd
 Yet whilst Thine hand rolls stars along,
 The universe by its decree ;
 The humblest sigh, the slightest song
 Unnoticed passeth not by Thee.

IV.

The soaring mount, the flowing stream,
 The balanc'd Earth in ceaseless motion,
 The ethereal blue, the rainbow gleam,
 The glorious, boundless, rolling ocean—
 The sun, that sparkles from Thy Throne—
 His comets, that as heralds go—
 The shining Star—the rolling Moon,
 Proclaim Thy glory as they glow.

A structure boundless, vast, sublime,
 Unmeasured by man's mortal eye,
 It fills all space, it lasts all time,
 The Temple of the Deity !
 Yet what are these ? they all shall fade
 To nothingness like vapours grey,
 But there's a temple thou hast made,
 That fades not—passeth not away.

VI.

'Tis built upon the mount of God,
 And its foundation standing sure ;
 Cemented by thy dying blood,
 Shall for eternity endure.
 The rainbow of Thy changeless love
 Hath circled it, a radiant crown ;
 And all eternity shall prove
 That crown as changeless as Thy throne !

VII.

Angelic legions guard its gates,
 And sceptr'd Seraphs watch it round,
 Cherubic Ardours, Throned States
 Encircle all its star-pav'd ground.
 Oh ! more than Eden's blissful bowers,
 And crystal fountains there are flinging
 The sparkling silver of their showers,
 And Melody herself is singing.

VIII.

And this Thou'st giv'n redeemed man
 Tho' lower than the angels here,
 Tho' fix'd within a mortal span
 And bound within an atom's sphere !
 Oh ! for a living wing of fire—
 Oh ! for a glimpse within that veil,
 To hear, see, feel, to all inspire
 What heart nor knows, nor tongue can tell,—

IX.

To quit this clay, to soar above.
 Heaven's golden pavement's starry story,
 To see that universe of love,
 And Christ ! —the glory of its glory !
 To see the INFINITE enshrined !
 To see—yea oh, my God to see—
 To see unblasted and unblind
 My God for all eternity !

CLARA JOHNSON.

She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Shakespeare.

"Oh! she's gone, for ever gone. The King of Terrors
Lays his rude hands upon her lovely limbs,
And blasts her beauty with his icy breath."

"I WONDER what is the matter with our Clara,"—said Mrs. Johnson to her husband, as the worthy couple were enjoying their usual evening walk on the terrace of their house—"she hardly ever leaves her room during the day, and I have not heard her speak above half a dozen words for this week past; her mirth and cheerfulness are all gone, and as for eating, three of her meals together would not suffice for a breakfast for the little minah there." Mr. Johnson made no reply to this, but contenting himself with simply ejaculating the monosyllable "umph," he thrust both his hands into his pockets; and seemed to be lost in a profound reverie. But if the gentleman intended, by this stroke of policy, to put a stop to all manner of impertinent curiosity on the part of his wife, he was most egregiously mistaken, for that good lady, who loved her daughter to distraction, was resolved not to let him off so easily; and having once started a topic that had engrossed her mind for seven successive days, she was too much of a woman, and a great deal more of a wife, than to be silenced with an unmeaning exclamation.

"Can't you guess the cause of her melancholy?" she resumed, after a little while. Has Henry any thing to do with it. Really it makes me quite unhappy to see her getting thinner and thinner every day, do tell me Charles!" and she looked imploringly in his face.

"She is a fool, that's all," replied her husband, in evident displeasure.

"A fool, Charles?"

"A fool, Charlotte!"

"Why what on earth can be the matter?" cried the lady.

"You are a precious mother, upon my word, my dear," returned the gentleman, who was somewhat choleric in his temper. "Here is your daughter on the very verge and threshold of womanhood, and remaining with you all day at home, ready to throw herself away upon a worthless fellow, a very villain, and yet you know nothing at all about it. What can be the matter! why, because I saw the danger, and prevented its ill consequence in time, so just to show her gratitude, I believe—she has taken to moping and sighing and crying, and I don't know how many thousand *ings* beside."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, utterly stupified at this startling news of her husband—"Is it possible that Henry can be a villain!"

"I don't know what you may mean by possible," returned her husband, "but one thing I know, that while he was endeavouring 'to make love'

as the saying is—to my daughter, he was actually and *bona fide* carrying on an amorous correspondence with another young lady."

"And pray how did *you* find this out?" enquired the lady.

"How did *I* find it out?" repeated the gentleman, scandalized at the very idea that such a thing could escape his sagacity, "why her brother told me of it himself. One of Henry's letters addressed to his sister, happened to fall into his hands, and he being perfectly aware of the nature of his visits to our house, immediately sent off a polite note, begging that Master Henry Duncan would be so obliging, as to keep away from his house for the future, and on no account whatever to address the young lady again."

"Are you acquainted with her brother?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"Why my dear you seem to have lost your senses entirely"—replied her husband—"don't you know my friend Perry, do you think he would allow that rascal to trifle with my daughter or his sister, and bring our name to disgrace?"

"Perry told you this! and pray why did not you inform me of it my dear?"

"Because I did not choose it my sweet."

"And why not my love."

"Because you would spoil all, my darling."

"Spoil what?" enquired Mrs. Johnson.

"The peace and the reputation of your daughter Mrs. Johnson—but away with this, you know every thing now, and so my dear, look after her well, keep her employed in little nick nacks, that her mind being engaged in other matters, may not constantly revert to that scoundrel whose bones shall yet pay for the trick he has played upon us."

"But my dear"—asked the lady—"have you prohibited Henry from coming here?"

"Prohibited!" repeated the gentleman, horrified at what he thought his wife's indifference "I really don't know what you call prohibited, but this I told him, that if he attempted to set his foot within my doors again, or to cross my path at any time, I would pommel him to a jelly and grind his bones to powder," and Mr. Johnson walked fiercely up and down, and launched out into bitter invectives against all rascally, villainous, designing young scamps, who enter the houses of respectable people to throw dust into the eyes of the parents, and to trifle with the feelings and the affections of their daughters and sisters; and there is no knowing how long he might have continued abusing in this strain, if a sudden and smart shower had not at that moment fallen, and effectually put a stop to his imprecations, and sent both him and his wife down to seek a precipitate retreat inside the house.

Mr. Johnson was still in the prime of manhood, being not above forty years of age, of an agreeable shape and handsome features. He had the reputation of being a wild chap when at school, the foremost in all manner of scuffles and disputes, and would always come off second best, that is, with his face mauled to a mummy, and often with a broken limb, and sometimes with a broken pate. At the age of twenty he bade farewell to the house of learning, and its tedious round of duties, and soon after receiving an appointment in a Government office at a salary of one hundred and fifty rupees per month, he thought it was high time to settle

himself in life, and have a house and home of his own; and so without any more ado he fell in love with, and married the orphan daughter of a wealthy Indigo Planter. Miss Charlotte Gunter was a very pretty young lady, with soft black eyes and gold complexion, and pearly teeth and raven hair—but (*entree nous*) a little older than her intended lord and husband. But Mr. Johnson was not a man to turn up his nose at the insignificant difference of a few years. She was beautiful and she was fair and he was young and not ugly, and he was in love and so was she; so what better could they do than strike up a bargain, swear eternal love and invincible constancy, and join heart and hand with a "plain gold ring." Clara was the only fruit of this marriage, and she had so innocent a face, and she would smile as sweetly, that she made ample amends for the lack of other children; though, by the bye, it was by great good luck she escaped being smothered by the caresses and endearments of her doting parents. In sooth she was a child to win and soften the hardest heart. As she grew up there was a marked expression of melancholy about her features, which, however, so far from detracting, rather heightened her beauty, and added so much softness and grace to her appearance, that the beholder stood ravished to the spot and longed to call the gentle being his own. And when she completed her fifteenth year, who was there that could gaze upon her lovely countenance, who was there that could meet the soft glance of her large dark eyes, without falling "head over ears" in love? Her voice was sweet and silvery, as the dulcet notes of music in the land of dreams, and when she laughed, the sound thrilled the listening ear, and sunk deep, deep within the heart, and awoke a thousand feelings of love and joy and madness. Among the many young men that frequented the house of her father, Henry Duncan seemed to be the most favored and the most welcome. He was a gay, handsome young man, about twenty-one years of age; he could sing and dance, and play most sweetly on the flute, for which he was universally admired, and it was thought that many a gentle heart was sighing for him. But he was of too volatile a nature to stick permanently to any thing; and however gay and fascinating a young lady might be; whatever graces or attractions or qualifications she might possess; they proved but too feeble a chain to bind the roving heart of Henry Duncan. He was not false but he was fickle. His love was sincere and ardent; but short lived and fleeting as the lightning glance. A few weeks or a few months were the utmost he could remain the passionate admirer of a young lady, and then suddenly profess himself the slave of another. He was now constantly at the house of Mr. Johnson, whenever he called in, a smile lighted up the countenance of his beautiful daughter, and her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved, and the blood forsook her cheeks to return again with double violence. And she spoke to him in her sweetest tone, and sung to him in her sweetest voice, and endeavored by a thousand tender ways to please him. With the nature and feelings which he possessed, it was impossible for a man like Henry Duncan not to have felt charmed and delighted and enraptured at the affectionate attentions of the sweet girl. He now believed himself to be thoroughly in love, that he had now met with the being designed for him by Heaven, and that it was altogether beyond the range of possibility that his heart or his feelings could ever change. And one evening as arm in arm they proceeded

towards one of the squares for a moonlight walk, he took the opportunity to declare his passion with all the vehemence of eloquence, and the ardor of first and passionate love. And he vowed to be her very slave, to love her with an everlasting love, to be true and constant to her alone, never to forsake her for another, but to live and die her true and faithful lover. Poor Clara could hardly speak through the excess of her joy, and she murmured out something indistinct and vague. But he understood her and that was sufficient; he felt the gentle pressure of her hand, and he was satisfied, and they returned home happier than all the world. Time rolled his fleeting course, and days, weeks, and months flew on a pace, but in their flight took not their loves away. Henry became a daily visiter, and the young men who were in the habit of frequenting the house, one by one withdrew, with feelings of envy and disappointment, and gnashed their teeth and swore and raved in vain. Every body talked of and admired the lovely Clara, and her marriage with Henry Duncan was made a matter of every day topic, and talked of as a thing already settled and certain. And for once the good gossips guessed truly. Clara was now in her sixteenth year, and her nuptials were fixed to take place on the fifth of May, the birth day of Mrs. Johnson; and Henry after spending a day of unspeakable happiness, left the house in a transport of joy. But alas! that was the last that Clara was doomed to see of him. Two weeks passed away, and yet there was no news of or from him; letter after letter was despatched, but still he came not. Mrs. Johnson wondered what could induce him to keep away at such an interesting period, and Mr. Johnson hoped he did not intend making a fool of his daughter, while poor Clara herself became restless, thoughtful and unhappy. But she did not long remain uncertain as to her fate. One day as she was sitting alone in her room, her old nurse came in and put a letter in her hands. It was written in a strange hand, and assuredly could not be from Henry, and, without knowing why, she felt a sudden presentment of some dreadful evil. She hastily tore open the seal, and as her eye eagerly scanned the contents, her face became deadly pale, and her limbs trembled, and her eyes grew dim, and she fell fainting backwards on her chair. After sometime she recovered, and read the letter again. It informed her, that Henry Duncan, the man who had won her virgin heart, was false and faithless, and that while she was sitting sad and lonely at home, thinking day and night of her "soul's loved lord," that heartless being had forgotten all his vows and protestations, and was now paying his devoirs at the shrine of another. The writer then hoped, that the beautiful and much injured young lady would forgive him for the ill news which he thought it his duty to make her acquainted with, and concluded by subscribing himself "a friend." Poor Clara could scarcely credit her eyes. She read it for the sixth time and again, but no, she was not mistaken, it was no delusion of the night, she was wide awake, and there was the letter in her hand, written in no doubtful characters. But yet she hoped it was not true, she could not believe that Henry would forsake her so cruelly. "No," said the wretched girl, endeavouring in vain to repress her tears, "no, it cannot be, I will not believe it, Henry knows that I love him too well, and that I can never survive any thing like this: he is too gentle and too kind and will not leave me to die of a broken heart," and she tore the

letter into a thousand pieces, and scattered it to the winds. Hope, that seldom forsakes the human breast, clung to her to the last, "who knows but he is sick of some dangerous disease, and there is no one near to administer one healing draught; perhaps he has experienced some serious accident, and is obliged to conceal himself; or perhaps he is engaged in some important business, which leaves him no leisure; but he will not stay away long, he *will* fly to his Clara and disperse the gloomy clouds that now darken her path." Thus the poor girl endeavoured to sooth the agony of her breaking heart; and every night before she laid her head upon her pillow, she breathed a gentle prayer to Heaven to watch over her beloved Henry, and when she rose at the peep of dawn, his name mingled with her morning orisons.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Mr. Johnson when he heard of the treacherous conduct of Henry from the lips of his friend Mr. Perry. He vowed and swore a dreadful oath, that if any thing happened to his child, he would shoot him without remorse, and drink the very life-blood from his heart, and hew him limb from limb, and throw his vile carcase to dogs and hungry vultures. Luckily nobody heard the threat. He came home in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and taking his daughter by the hand, he led her to his room, and placing her on the couch, he took a seat beside her, and by degrees laid open to her all that he had heard. But to his infinite amazement, he saw her receive the dreadful intelligence which had well nigh overturned *his* reason, with a composure that was truly affecting and no less startling. She sighed not, wept not, nor asked a single question as to the when, and how, and from whom he had obtained his information. She sat, as the motto says, "like patience on a monument," all motionless and still with her eyes fixed on vacancy. The unhappy parent wrung his hands and looked at her in sorrow, and cursed the day he brought the viper home to sting to death his dear and only child. He entreated her in the most moving terms, and with all the arguments he was master of, to forget such a worthless fellow, and to cast him off entirely from her heart. "Think no more of him, my child," he said, "there are many young men, richer and better-born and worthier far than he, who would be but too proud to woo you on their knees, and wear you in their hearts, and show the world the treasure they have got." So saying he rose from his seat, and imprinting a kiss on her cold and marble forehead, he left the room and proceeded towards his wife's apartment, to acquaint her also of Henry's conduct. But on second thoughts he determined to keep this a secret from her, knowing that with the temper she possessed, and the vast affection she bore to her daughter she might be tempted to do he knew not what, and thus make matters worse than they really were. He therefore put on his hat, and sallied out to pass the evening at the house of a near neighbour. Meanwhile Clara remained in the same position in which her father had left her, the very image of misery and wretchedness. "I have now nothing else to do but die," sighed the unhappy girl, "My father's report of Henry's behaviour, accords but too well with that of mine unknown friend's, and he is incapable of deceiving me. Henry! how could you be so cruel, how could you break a heart which beats but for you and you alone?" and she buried her face in the pillow and wept long and bitterly. From that time Clara became quite a different creature, she never left her room except in times of meal

she held no intercourse with any one; never laughed and never sung, but remained in the solitude of her own apartment, and grew thinner and feebler and more melancholly every day, till at last she took to her bed, and refused all manner of sustenance whatever. Her parents now took the alarm and were at a loss what to do. They sent for the ablest physicians in the city, but her case was beyond their skill; they pronounced her in a state of decline, and plied her with medicines which made her worse and worse. Poor thing! to see the bloom and rosy hue of her cheeks giving place to emaciation and a ghastly yellowness, and the fire and brilliancy of her eyes fading away daily, was indeed a heart-rendering thing. She, however, neither murmured nor repined at her lot, but bore her sufferings with the patience of a saint. She knew she was not made for this world, that her cup of happiness was too full to last too long, and the decrees of heaven must be fulfilled. Thus for three long months did Clara continue to linger on in the utmost misery, but without one expression of discontent. At length the fifth of May arrived, and the sun, as if aware of her sad condition, shone dimly on her wedding day. Where was now the happy bridegroom, and where the blushing bride? Where were the sounds of merriment, and where the shouts and congratulations of dear and beloved friends. Alas! alas! that human joys and expectations should be so precarious, so uncertain! that the hopes and aspirations of years should be cut off in a day, and all that we love and value and prize be lost in a moment! But such is the state of things, and such the fiat of Heaven, and such the lot of man! It was the fifth of May, and Clara awoke from a disturbed slumber, much worse than she had been during the night, and the physician declared that her days were numbered, that her hour was come, and the setting sun should see her no more. And her father's house shall be desolate, and her mother's heart shall burst, and the place that knows them, shall know them never more. Oh death! why dost thou snatch away the young and blooming, the innocent and pure in heart, and leave the old and hoary head to curse thy long delay—why roam the heartless and the deep in guilt, the murderer and the villain, without disease or fear of death, uncontrolled and free. Oh! cut net off this drooping lily,—oh! spare this withering flower, and her wretched sire and her weeping mother shall bless thee all their days!

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, that an apparently old man, covered from head to foot with a large red shawl, and holding a staff in his hand, with which he seemed to support his trembling limbs, presented himself at the gate of Mr. Johnson, and desired one of the servants to inform the master of the house that a *mistry* or native doctor, sent by a particular friend of his, was waiting without willing to undertake the cure of his daughter. On hearing this message, Mr. Johnson, ordered the servant to admit the man without delay. The old Brahmin entered the hall as if it were some dreary dungeon, with slow and fearful steps, and a stooping gait, and leaning on his staff. His face was so effectually concealed by the shawl, that nothing of it was visible, except the nose, and a pair of large black and lustrous eyes, that seemed almost too bright for one so old and feeble. Instead of making a salaam, the usual mode of salutation, among the Hindoos and Mussulmas, the old man contented himself with a slight inclination of the head, and remained with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Johnson, after having surveyed him for about a minute with the utmost astonishment, "who are you, and who has sent you here?"

"I am a doctor," replied the man in a sharp voice, and in the native tongue—"and Mr. Perry has sent me here to see if I can do any thing for your daughter—who, he told me, is dangerously ill."

"How long have you professed doctorship?" interrogated the gentleman.

"Thirty years or more," replied the Brahmin, "and there are few families that have not experienced the beneficial effects of my skill."

Do you think you will be able to cure my daughter?"

"Life and death are not in the power of man; it is He that scatters health and sends disease; and I need not tell you who are a Christian, that it is He alone can cure or kill."

"I tell you old man," said Mr. Johnson, with a slight tremor in his voice, "if you can restore her to health and strength, and bring back her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, you shall never repent entering this house, you shall have whatever you desire, even to the half of all I am worth." The old man's frame feeble as it seemed to be shook, as it were, with palsy, and he drew the shawl over his eyes and stooped down as if to pick up something from the floor, and then with tottering steps followed the gentleman into the apartment of the sufferer. The patient was lying on her back, covered up to the chin with a bed sheet, and in the same state as in the morning, with her eyes closed, and her hands folded on her bosom. On the entrance of Mr. Johnson and the doctor, Mrs. Johnson arose from her seat and came forward, and looked up enquiringly in the face of her husband. "Mr. Perry has sent us his doctor, my dear," he said, comprehending the meaning of her glance—"although it is hopeless, let us not neglect the slightest means which providence puts in our way, who knows but she may be spared, and live to make us happy again." "Hush!" said Mrs. Johnson laying her finger on her lips, "speak lower, I think she is sleeping and may be disturbed." But the precaution came too late—at the sound of her father's voice, Clara suddenly opened her eyes, and looked around her—her glance for a moment rested on the native doctor, but it was speedily withdrawn, and she beckoned her mother towards the bed. "Do you want any thing dear Clara," she said in a soothing voice, "will you take any refreshment, I have prepared something for you?" She shook her head and motioned her to sit down. "Dear mother," she commenced in a low tone that was scarcely audible, "I am going, going, to return no more—but ere my eyes forget their office, and close for ever in the gloom of death, let them gaze their last on him, send for him, dear mother, that I may see him once before I die, before I leave this world for ever. Don't delay, I entreat you for the last time, I have but little time to spare, and see they are all waiting for me." "Who are waiting for you?" cried the agonized parent, "dear Clara, don't talk so." "There—there," cried the dying girl pointing towards the curtain, "they are all smiling and beckoning me to join them,—dear mother, send for him, or—or," continued she, while her tears flowed fast and thick, "when I am dead and gone, cut off a lock of my hair, and tell him to keep it in remembrance of one whom he once loved, and to look at it often, and to think sometimes of its

unhappy owner. Tell him that I have forgiven him from my heart, and begged of him with my dying breath to follow my body to its last sad home, and to drop one tear upon my grave. Dear Henry, one tear will not be too much," and she closed her eyes again and remained as motionless as before. In the meantime the doctor had taken a seat in a corner of the room, and remained with his face buried in his hands as if enjoying a comfortable nap. He seemed not to have paid any attention to the last words of the dying girl, nor to have noticed the affliction which they caused her parents. He was to all appearance in a profound slumber, and from time to time he uttered a low hollow groan as if he were snoring. Mr. Johnson at length pulled him gently by the shawl, and begged of him to give something to his child. The old doctor started up and began to rub his eyes which were quite red and swollen. He then rose up slowly from his seat, and requested the gentleman to leave the room for a few minutes, as the medicine he had to administer might not be given before a third party. Mr. Johnson refused peremptorily to do any thing of the kind, he must—he said—remain in the room, and see that no improper or poisonous drug is given to his child. On this the old doctor appeared to be a little offended, and expressing his regret that the gentleman should consider him a cheat and an impostor, he was on the point of quitting the apartment, when Mrs. Johnson came forward, and having ascertained the nature of the dispute, she begged her husband to comply with the doctor's request. "He is an old man, my dear," she said, "and besides we have never injured him, so that he can have no reason whatever to poison one who is already at the point of death, do what he says, and let us see if he can't bring her round." Mr. Johnson yielded reluctantly to his wife's entreaty, and enjoining the doctor to beware of what he did, or what he gave, he suffered himself to be led out of the apartment. When they had gone out, the old man closed the door, and throwing off his covering, approached gently towards the bed, and gazed long and mournfully upon the emaciated features of the young sufferer. Her eyes were sunk within their sockets, and her cheeks were hollow and her lips were pale. There were no signs of life in her, and the damps of death were in her forehead. But there was a mournful serenity in her countenance, which even the near approach of the "grisly monster" could not destroy, and as his eyes rested upon the once beautiful and blooming Clara, his tears fell in torrents upon her body. "And is it thus we meet?" he cried in a broken voice, "and is it thus you die, O Clara, in all the pride of youth? Where are now your heavenly smiles, and where your songs of love! Where are now your eyes of fire, and where your jetty tresses! all knotted and combined, all faded and gone, all vanished and fled? Clara! Clara!" he continued with increasing agony—"open your eyes awhile, give me but one look—one parting word—one last, one long farewell," and he took her cold hands in his, and pressed them to his lips, and bedewed them with his tears. The fleeting soul of Clara hurried back at the passionate cries of her lover, and she opened her mild eyes, their former lustre lost, and she recognized his sweet familiar face, and knew the voice of him she loved, and her thoughts wandered to other days, those happy days now gone, and she wept, and their tears were mingled together. "Speak to me dear Clara," sobbed the wretched penitent falling on his knees before

her, and still holding her hands. "Say that you forgive me, that you do not despise, do not hate me." "Henry," whispered the dying girl without noticing his disguise. "You are come in time, and I can now die in peace. I wanted to speak to you a great deal, but my time is short. If I have done anything to you, if I have ever offended you by word or look, will you forgive me now? and when I am gone, will you think of me sometimes?" "Sweet Clara, do not die, do not die so soon," said the young man still weeping. "I am now alone in this wide world, no one loves me, no one thinks of me, no one cares for me. I am an out-cast and a wanderer, and if you die, the world will be to me a dreary waste." "Farewell, dear Henry, think of me—" and her gaze was fixed on him, till it grew dimmer and dimmer, and then for ever closed in death's eternal shade. The wretched lover rose half frantic from his knees, and he dashed his head against the wall, and fell upon her body, and called upon her name, and filled the room with cries of wild despair.

"In the name of all the fiends who and what are you?" thundered Mr. Johnson rushing into the apartment, "who are you, sir, and how came you here?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Johnson?" faltered the young man rising from the body.

"Don't I know you, don't I know you," cried Mr. Johnson, gnashing his teeth and foaming with rage, "are you not the villain Henry Duncan, the destroyer of my lovely daughter, the murderer of my only child, are you not—"

"Oh! in pity spare my feelings," begged Henry while the tears ran down his face.

"Your feelings!" repeated Mr. Johnson with a look of terrible meaning. "Where were your feelings, when you artfully ensnared my daughter's affections, and by false vows and oaths and promises, you won her gentle heart, a heart that never knew deceit! Where were your feelings, when you promised that she should be your bride, and then fixed the wedding day, without any intention of fulfilling your contract! Where were your feelings when you forsook her without remorse or shame, and went dangling after another. Where were your feelings, when she took to heart your treacherous conduct, and pined and mourned in silence! Where were your feelings, when unable any longer to breast this sea of troubles, she wasted away by inches, and at last sunk upon the bed of death to rise no more to life! Where I ask, where—"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the young man, "or kill me at once."

"Then die, villain die," cried the enraged father—and snatching a knife from a tea-poy near him, he rushed upon the hapless youth and buried the weapon in his heart. The young man fell heavily upon the lifeless body of his mistress, and expired without a groan.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Johnson, who at the noise made by Henry, had followed her husband into the room, stood staring at the pretended doctor, with mingled feelings of anger and grief. She looked upon him as one whom her daughter had dearly loved, and who was the first and primary cause of all that daughter's anguish and sufferings; and as Mr. Johnson continued to enumerate the wrongs of their now sainted child, her heart echoed every thing he said, and she wished each word of his had been as

sharp as daggers to pierce and wound his treacherous bosom. But when she saw him spring upon the young man with the glittering knife in hand, the horror and the suddenness of the thing, deprived her of all her presence of mind, and all her powers of motion, and she remained spell-bound to her place; and when the dreadful deed was done, and the wretched victim lay all cold and dead and weltering in his blood, her eyes wandered from her husband towards the bed, and from the bed towards her husband, and then as if she had suddenly found her voice, she uttered a loud and prolonged scream and fled out of the apartment—A Maniac.

* * * * *

One damp, and cold and rainy evening, in the month of October, and fourteen years after the events above narrated, a solitary individual might have been seen wending along the dirty streets, with sad and sorrowful looks. He was an old man, with a hoary head and wrinkled brows, and thin and sharp and wasted appearance. He was dressed in a check shirt, and loose cotton trowsers, and an old cloth jacket. A crownless hat was upon his head, through which the rain came pouring down his care-worn face, while his feet were encased in a pair of torn slippers with which he could scarcely drag himself onwards. As he walked along, he now turned to his right, and now to his left, to see if he could recognize some familiar face that might be passing by. But, no, he could see none. The doors and windows of every house were shut, and darkness and night were gathering fast around him. He walked along all sad and thoughtful, and often fixed his eyes upon some new dwelling, and endeavoured to recollect if it had stood there some fourteen years ago. Suddenly a buggy was seen coming furiously from before him, driven by a middle-aged gentleman. He thought he knew those features, and as the driver looked hard at him, he attempted to speak and call him by his name, but he turned away his head, and cracked the whip over his beast, and in a moment disappeared. He now entered a narrow lane and stood at the gate of his once happy, happy home, and sounds of mirth and gladness from within reached his ears. The door was slightly ajar, and he placed his right foot upon the threshold, and peeped in, and strange and happy faces met his view, and uttering a deep groan, he turned away from it. Poor old man! though sore and sick and feeble through disease and age, he still dragged his weary limbs onwards and continued his course towards a different part of the town. After a tedious trudge of half an hour, he arrived before a large lower-roomed house, the gate of which was open, but there was no one to answer his call. He walked in, and his heart became heavier and duller and sadder, but still he saw no one. He entered the verandah, and looked into the hall, but all was still and silent, and he drew a low foot-stool from a corner, and sat down upon it, and burying his face in his hands began to weep and sob most bitterly. At length he felt a gentle pressure of the arm, and he raised his head and looked up, and a beautiful girl, about sixteen years of age, stood before him. The old man made an effort to rise, but his frame was feeble, and his limbs were stiff, and he sank again upon his seat.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," said the maiden in a gentle voice, "I

see you have been overtaken by the rain, and look quite ill—can I do aught for you?"

"Lady," said the old man in a hollow voice, "so sweet a face, and so sweet a voice, must needs have as kind a heart—will you answer one simple question, and ease the heart of an old man, who, after fourteen years of imprisonment and hard labour in a far ungenial clime, is come at last to lay his broken bones in his native land.

"Speak," said the maiden, "and if I can I'll answer."

"Tell me lady, if Mr. James Perry is still alive, and if he still inhabits this house?"

"Mr. Perry," replied the young lady in a tone of surprise, "why he is my father, he still lives, and in this house."

"Are you then his pretty daughter?" asked the old man in a voice tremulous with emotion, "once I could boast of such a treasure too, as young, as sweet, and as beautiful as you—but oh! my Clara thou wilt come no more, no more gladden the heart of thy aged father. I pray you pardon me, sweet lady," he continued, "your image brings my child before me, and methinks I see her now in all her bloom and loveliness."

"Heed me not good man," replied Miss Perry, her eyes filling fast, "indulge your sorrows to the full, for grief must have some vent, or the heart surcharged will burst."

"Lady, 'tis past. Can I see your father for a few minutes?" and his frame shook, and his lips quivered.

"What shall I tell him?" demanded the young lady.

"Tell him that an old broken-hearted man, his friend of other years, is come again to his native land, and would speak to him awhile."

"Do you wish to see him just now?"

"Just now, lady, just now," said the old man wringing his hands.

"A lady has just expired, and my father is a little hazy, but—"

"Ah! is death here then," he tremblingly exclaimed, "oh! my prophetic soul—is it Mrs. Perry?"

"No."

"Is it your aunt?"—"No."

"Any sister of yours?"—"No."

"Oh rack of racks! her name, sweet lady?"

"Mrs. Johnson." It was sufficient, and uttering a wild cry of anguish, the old man fell backwards from his seat, and was no more.

F.

SONNET.

THE glorious sun, beneath the wave each night,
But sets, to shew unto our feeble race,
That all on Earth must end, however bright,
Mighty, or powerful, their meridian peace,
And even in the splendor of his light
The dark clouds come and veil him from our sight.
Sadd'ning his course—great omen this 't impart
To mankind, that the poison tipped dart,
Stands by, prepared, his fondest hopes to blight,
The rain, at times, falls on the clearest day,
(It is unlooked for from a sky serene)
To tell that sorrow often rings the heart,
Which outwardly seems gladdest.—Such the way
Of LIFE which sorrows haunt, ev'n to its latest ray.

Q.

AN EASTERN LEGEND,

BY ALBERT ORLANDO MUGGS.

Being a *singular* illustration of the *reverse* of the ancient adage "young folks *think* old folks to be fools; but old folks *know* young folks to be fools."

CHAPTER I.

The Instruction of a Prince in the healing art, with an alluring allusion to the chief specific required in the practice of the same.

"In his capacious youthful mind one saw
Knowledge both deep and varied."

Anon.

IN the once famous and flourishing province of Diarbekr in Turkey, there reigned a King, equally renowned for his valour, justice, and skill. He was blessed with an only son to whom he imparted a knowledge of all the occult sciences by the aid of the ablest teachers. At the end of the prince's literary and scientific studies, his royal father placed him under the care of an eminent physician, (who was rendered famous by his cure of diseases that were considered as incurable,) in order to be instructed in the mysteries of his art, resolving finally, to make his son follow the profession of a Doctor. The young prince having a natural inclination to study in the school of Esculapius, soon became an adept in medicine.

At the completion of his son's medicâ studies, the King asked the venerable tutor, whether any thing yet remained to perfect his pupil in the line of life he intended him to follow. "Sire," said the old man, "only one thing have I withholden from my royal charge, the one thing needful, which I have never divulged to any one, in order to prevent an equalization between master and scholar; but of all, it is the most necessary, since without it, one cannot effectually cure all diseases." The King grew quite anxious on hearing this, and pressed the physician to impart that wonderful arcanum to his son on any condition, to which he replied, "since my liege lord has particularly favored *me* above all men in the kingdom, with the instruction of his son, my prince, I am willing on this consideration, and that of a certain fitting sum of money, to make my royal pupil acquainted with that most requisite point of knowledge, which will enable him to discharge his duties with honor and satisfaction to himself, and to those around him." The monarch at the mention of this, eagerly urged him to name the extent of his wishes, which would put his son in possession of that *panacea*, the old doctor replied, that he wanted 700 Zechins* immediately. The coin was sent to him as requested.

CHAPTER II.

A precious secret divulged to the pupil and reader, at no small expense.

"There is nothing, either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so."

Hamlet, Act II.

On the next day, the young prince visited his master to receive this last and most important of all his lessons, when the old man with great

* Near equal to 2450 Rs.

formality drew forth a piece of parchment from his vest, and presented it to him, saying, "my son, know that this is the invaluable treasure with which I wished to enrich you, the recipe contained in that slip is of indescribable and extensive use, to you alone I have communicated this grand secret, with which you will be acquainted on perusal." The young prince with great anxiety opened the slip, and found the following lines:

"Opinion will kill, and
Opinion will cure."

at sight of which he felt somewhat disappointed as to the valuable contents, and felt chagrined at the exorbitant sum paid for these trifling lines, which he thought, he knew but too well before. The old man discovering this in his countenance, very calmly said, "you may now well observe the truth of this observation as it relates to *physic*, for just tell your patient that he will get a head-ache or fever, at any stated period, and he, knowing the extent of your ability and the high repute you are held in, will have such implicit faith on your assertions, that he will pretend or really feel that which you have foretold, though in reality he have nothing, 'tis your fame alone which will act most powerfully on him. Thus, my young friend, by your *mere word* you will make him feel the agonies of death in tolerable health, and in the last hour, ease and quiet of body and mind, 'tis this alone I found wanting in you, and have now so happily completed! Adieu, may Allah guide your steps."

CHAPTER III.

An unexpected metamorphosis—a conclave of grey beards—and a strange prediction,

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than all your philosophy has dreamt of."

Shakespeare.

The princely doctor received this with a good grace, and after having (not from the heart) thanked his old master, for his profound advice, set forward on his travels, he passed through the principal towns in Palestine, Armenia, Arabia, and Persia, where he practised with admirable success and reputation, in one word, his fame was spread throughout all the provinces of Asia Minor. After having had a deal of experience and gain, he returned to his native country, after the lapse of seven years, in the disguise of an old man, and sent a message as a stranger, to the King his father, saying "that he was a physician come from a distant country, and begged his majesty would hold a convocation of all the learned doctors in the place, that he might dispute with them on certain points in medicine and surgery." To this the King readily assented, and accordingly convened a meeting of all the chief physicians, in a certain caravansary, on the day which the stranger named. In obedience to the edict published, on the day appointed, they met where the young prince doctor (now metamorphosed into a very venerable personage) was. Among the learned group our young physician espied with no little satisfaction his *old teacher of physic*, who, of course, could not recognise his quondam pupil, considering his appearance now quite changed.

After sundry disputations in which the young challenger came off with victory, he stopped their conversation, and addressed them thus:

"My brethren,—’Tis true I find among you many learned heads, having great experience, and worthy of the honorable profession you follow, but by the beard of the prophet allow me to tell you, that your abilities fall infinitely short of that perfection in the noble and most useful art we practise, which will discover by the mere look of a person the nature of his disease, and all its concomitant peculiarities; as well as being able to distinguish whether he will survive it or not, and if the latter is to be the result the exact time of his demise, with the various sensations he will undergo previous to his dissolution,—tell me my brothers, have you attained this?"

The learned assembly stared with their mouths open in astonishment at the talents he professed to possess, and one and all confessed their utter inability to perform that which he spoke of. He again addressed them thus, "as it would seem that I am trumpeting forth my own praise, and have been speaking what is very doubtful, it is nothing but necessary that I give you a specimen of what I profess to be capable of doing—allow me therefore to prove it upon one of our assembly." He then pointed to his old master, and in a hollow tone said to him, the following hurried sentences: "Good friend—the angel of death will visit you shortly—’tis only three days hence—prepare yourself then I beseech you—alas! your countenance fully bespeaks it,—with the symptoms of your disease I will make you acquainted—first, then, behold, to-morrow ere the silver moon in her soft beauty shall reach our meridian, you will feel a slight head-ache, which will grow worse until the following noon, when a burning fever will rest on your cheeks, and on the evening of the third day, behold, you will have your face lying towards Mecca, and your feet towards Medina, therefore, I pray you put your house in order, and settle your affairs, that you may be enabled to die with a calm conscience, in order to receive the promised reward of our Great Prophet," then turning round he addressed the rest, saying—"on my life be it spoken—only three days, and you will see the truth of my predictions."

CHAPTER IV.

Practical illustration of an item, rendered notorious in a previous chapter—and the terrors of the grim king.

"Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And a shamed life is hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod: and the delighted spirits
 To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick ribb'd ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
 And blown with restless violence about
 The pendent world! * * *

'tis too horrible!"

* *Measure for Measure. Act III.*

The poor old physician, who was to be the victim of death, felt quite disconcerted at this disastrous and deadly news—life had its sweets for

him, for he lived in great luxury,—he could hardly step homewards. Filled with dread of the approaching event, he with a sad heart refused all worldly comfort—appetite forsook him—he arranged his affairs, when on the evening of the next day he thought he felt, or really felt a slight pain in the head, as the famed doctor foretold—it increased during the night and he felt a great deal worse on the following day.

Just as Sol had attained his full splendour, and shed his brilliant lustre over the numerous minarets of the city, the poor ill-fated physician felt a burning on his cheek which soon pervaded the whole of his frame. Here a gloomy thought struck him! “ah!” said he, “the learned old doctor has said what is right—I find I am travelling towards the grave, and perhaps, as it is asserted, by to-morrow eve the *Moolah* of the neighbouring mosque will chant the last requiem over my poor corpse—farewell, fair world and all thy joys, farewell, I bid adieu!” So saying he heaved a deep groan and threw himself on his pillow, and detailed to his dame in stifled accents the whole of the famous doctor’s prediction, and its approaching fulfilment.

CHAPTER V.

A faint gleam of expectation brightened—and an unheard of revivor—not aqua-vita, brought on the tapis.

“True hope is swift, and flies with swallow’s wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures Kings.”

King Richard III. Act. V.

Here the old lady set her wits at work and concluded thus :—“Certainly this famed strange physician’s abilities are incredible, and passing those of other men,—perhaps he who is thus able to foretell my good man’s death, might also deliver him from its jaws—and if my imagination does not soar too high, who knows but that he may be a superior being (for he performs what no other can,) that holds communion with the world of spirits—a trial costs nothing, I shall see whether this famous doctor is possessed of any life-giving remedy, which, I can scarcely doubt he has.” In vain the sick old man urged against the absurdity of her pretending to get him cured; she persisted,—so that with *light steps and a heavy heart* she arrived at the caravansary where the doctor was. After two or three deep sighs she explained to him the nature of her visit, and humbly begged to know whether he could effect for the present, that which she so earnestly wished for. The roguish doctor laughed in his sleeve, when he found that the dying object was no other than his old master—so putting on a demure countenance, and an air of superior wisdom he said :

“Good dame—the task you wish me to perform is certainly amounting to impossibility, and one that requires superhuman aid, and wonderful art indeed. Since it is to bring the almost dead from the yawning grave, transgressing the set bounds of life, and preventing the angel of death from visiting him that’s appointed to appear before our great Allah and his

prophet Mahomet." At the mention of this the old woman began to whine most bitterly, and great big tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks.

The wicked doctor after seeming to be fixed in deep thought, and looking intensely over some volumes, comforted the old dame by saying, with an ominous air :

"I have consulted my best books of art, and thanks to our prophet, in only one do I find an invaluable recipe bequeathed to me by an ancient dervish in his manuscripts, which one may well call, the *raiser from the dead*, for it is formed of ingredients of such wonderful and rare composition, that I shall not impart it to another without being paid its real value. Believe me, that it would even make your husband pass from death into life, provided there be not the *least* delay, in your procuring the same, with the sum I require."

The old woman's eyes glistened with joy at the unexpected mention of the wonderful *revivor*, and immediately demanded to know the sum which would purchase the precious *récept*. "Alas!" said the doctor, "I fear you have not the means!" what was there too much to buy the old man's life? she begged of him to mention the sum, which however great, she would try to procure, even to the last remnant of her dress, provided it would affect a recovery in her old lord. The young doctor expressed an immediate want of no less than 700 Zechins to part with the recipe. Without demurring the old woman in a moment flew home, and was seen as soon again with the money required.

With cool deliberation the princely physician received the coin, and bade the old lady call an hour after, abundantly congratulating himself on the easy and sly manner he drew the enormous sum back which his royal father paid for the famous *couplet*. This was the second day of the old man's illness.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

*A lucky hit—the pupil turned master, or an old bird deprived of his feathers,
by an unfledged bird.*

“⁶One good turn deserves another.”

Old Proverb.

At the appointed time the good old dame did not fail to be punctual to receive the *redemption-bond* from the jaws of eternity. The doctor then gave her a paper in an envelope, which he said contained the valuable means of restoring her good man's life, now almost extinct. "Take this," said he, "to my patient, and he being a physician, will soon be able to procure the drugs and make up the peculiar elixir, which will cure him effectually."

The old woman was a picture of gratitude on receiving this—and how fast the tears of joy did flow! Ten thousand blessings did she shower on the doctor, and hastened to her home. In utterable delight she placed the

paper in her husband's hands, and bade him quickly compound the ingredients therein described. On his opening it, how was he surprised at finding the following lines written by his own hand

"Opinion will kill, and
Opinion will cure."

Immediately he knew on what occasion he wrote it! and the precious sum he received for the same. The advice he gave, now so applicable to himself, acted most wonderfully upon him, for he discovered the young prince (now metamorphosed into an old doctor) practically giving him the full explanation of "implicit faith," "extent of ability," "fame," and other expressions which he used, when advising his pupil about the truth of those two lines, that in his own case acted like an extraordinary medicine, which had so miraculous an effect upon him. On one hand he was not a little vexed at his own great ignorance, in not being able to act according to the advice he gave others, and on the other, could not but admire the great cunning of the prince in so easily and warily getting from him the great sum he received for the slip, for which he now paid as dearly—smiling at the wickedness of his pupil in playing off such a trick on his old and venerable master. The prince returned to the Court of his father, who, won with his abilities, immediately abdicated the musnud in favor of his son—who was prevailed upon to accept it.

This, the archives in the ancient palace of Mogul shew to this day, as a proof of the wit and cunning of its ancient princes.

1843

A PARAPHRASE OF THE 4TH TO 7TH VERSE OF THE 8TH
CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN.

Oh! Woman if by simple guile
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle way- the wand'rer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by tears may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in showers away.

Go! go! be innocent and live,
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But heaven in mercy can forgive,
And bids thee go and sin no more

THE THIEF ENTRAPPED.

IN a small village, in the vicinity of Midnapore, there lived a banian, named Sumboo Chunder Doss. He was a man of industrious habits, and by persevering efforts was enabled to accumulate a fortune, sufficient to keep him in comfort and decency in his own sphere of life. But Sumboo was avaricious, and would not on any consideration retire from active life. He worked, not because he thought man was made to labor, but because he considered money-making the legitimate object of his pursuit. He lived in a thatched house, with thick mud walls, with which he was perfectly satisfied, though he had ample means to raise a dozen edifices fit for the abode of the gentry. He was inclined to corpulency, and phrenologists might easily discern the bump of acquisitiveness very prominently developed upon his cranium: he was shrewd, and a perfect adept in the art of turning up a penny.

As Midnapore is no great place for commerce, Sumboo deemed it expedient to establish himself in business in Calcutta, whence he went over to see his family once a year during the Dusserah vacation. He was chiefly employed by the commanders of vessels as their agent, and with them he made no matter of conscience; that is to say, he endeavoured to make the most of the opportunities that were thrown in his way. In course of time the name of Sumboo Chunder Doss became famous amongst the native mercantile community of Calcutta, and he was equally honored and respected by his country men in Midnapore. If a vessel had to be supplied with lascars, Sumboo's services were brought into requisition, and if a captain wanted a man to keep an account of his current expences, or make small advances on large premiums, Sumboo was sure to be called, and his labor and money indented upon forthwith. It was at times an amusing spectacle to see Sumboo negotiating with a griffin, or making the best of a bargain with a shrewd calculator, who could not be easily duped. For the amusement of the reader, the writer may be permitted to submit a short sketch of a scene, which was a common occurrence with Sumboo and his employers: it may at least serve to illustrate how business is carried on through native agency in this country. We may imagine Sumboo standing in the presence of a ship captain just arrived, and discussing matters of business with an assumed air of importance.

"Well, Sir," says the captain, "what do you think will be the amount of my house expences during my stay in Calcutta, which will be six weeks at the utmost?"

"How many man make lodge here?" is the enquiry in return.

"Why only three."

"Stop, master, I make calculation, and tell you just this very moment."

Hereupon Sumboo takes a pen and a piece of paper, and sets down the various items of expenditure, and after swelling the amount to the enormous sum of two thousand rupees, submits his estimate to the captain, who bestows on him a look of astonishment. "What two thousand Rupees!" exclaims the captain, and only for three.—Why man, you are mad."

"Me mad! ha! ha! you not consider, how much expence keeping house this country."

"How much expence ! why, Baboo, I am sure ^{it} can scarcely be half the amount. You have made a mistake I am certain."

"No mistake, master, just see what I write here. House rent three hunder rupees; table expence seven hunder, that make one thousand; servant's wages two hunder, then I pay rent to shop-keepers for furniture, and that come to very large sum, then I have sundry expence plenty."

"Oh no Baboo, that will never do, that will never do—I cannot afford to pay so much."

"You make enquire once, master, and see if I charge plenty—many gentlemen come to me, and they all pay me so much—you just once try the Bazar and see how things sell dear."

"But, Baboo, I cannot pay, this is too much, too much indeed."

"Then how much you pay?"

"Fifteen hundred rupees, and not a pice more."

"That is too little, master," says Sumboo.

"Well then you may please yourself, I cannot pay more."

"Very well, very well, I take that, but master must give me *boxis*, for too much trouble I take. Whatever master please give, I do any thing for master sake—though I suffer plenty loss in this business, but I want to keep friendship with master, and I not make displease you."

Thus ends the conference, and the reader may easily imagine who is the gainer in this negotiation.

It was in this way that Sumboo carried on business during the whole year, and went to see his family as has been already stated once in the Doorgah Poojah vacation.

CHAPTER II.

At the distance of half a mile from Sumboo's residence, there lived an individual of a questionable character. He was a stout well-built man, with a stern countenance, having a pair of luxuriant moustaches, which gave an air of fierceness to his looks. His hair was shaggy, and of an unusual length, and he generally wore it tied up behind his head. Ram was a shrewd fellow, and though he had no particular calling, he managed somehow to eke out a comfortable subsistence, despite the malicious insinuations of many, who entertained sundry doubts as to the honesty of the means he apparently had so much at command. But our hero cared not a pin for the opinion of the world, he pursued his own vocation with a perseverance which might do credit to a martyr; he gloried in his own profession, which in his opinion was the only one that a man of an independent spirit should adopt. But the reader might be puzzled to know what this profession was, and to relieve him from the anxiety of suspense, we must here mention, that Ram was a confirmed thief. But how he came to the conclusion that thieving was a characteristic of independence, we are at a loss to imagine. We only record his peculiar notion, and leave the reader to draw what inference he may upon the matter. Success attended at every step which he took in his pursuit, and he thrived admirably well, considering the precarious nature of his employment.

One day Ram was seated in his hut, deeply cogitating upon some plan of operation, which might yield him advantage. His back rested against

a thick post, and his legs lay stretched one upon another, and he seemed to be delighted with the thought that then ran across his mind. Ram smiled, and raised both his hands and stroked his moustaches with a complacency befitting a nabob. He then sounded a couple or two phillips, as though he would say "he cared for no body in the world;" and raising his body from its recumbent posture, he commenced rocking himself like a *moulwee* while reading his Koran. After the lapse of a few minutes, he thus soliloquized:—"Ah Kalli Mai, you shall have a good fat kid as a sacrifice, if I can only succeed in the attempt I am now meditating. The banian has just arrived, and I doubt not has brought money enough to enrich half-a-dozen like myself. Oh, if I can only enter the house, I shall with the blessings of the immortal *Debtas* extract every pice from his chest, and return home in safety, and live in comfort for months to come. O Doorgah, be propitious to me, and enable thy son to accomplish his wishes." After thus invoking his presiding deities, Ram rose from his seat, with an air of self-satisfaction, and greasing himself with mustard oil, he repaired to the river side to perform his usual ablutions. The reader may know from this that the time referred to was the morning, and that Ram had begun the day with such noble designs, and breathing nothing but piety towards the gods. There was a large number collected at the ghat, and Ram jumped into the water with right good will. After plunging himself for a full dozen times he rose, and making his oblations to the god of day, began beating a piece of cloth on a large piece of stone which lay on the bank. While he was thus employed, a servant of Sumboo's appeared, the latter had bathed likewise, and came to perform the same operation in which Ram was engaged.

"Well done," said Ram, casting a most friendly look upon the servant. "I am happy to see you."

"Pronam Mohashoi," returned the other.

"I hope you have been very well," enquired Ram.

"Through your blessing I have been exceedingly well," said the servant.

"Very good, may God preserve you"—then turning to him he asked, "is it true that your master has returned from Calcutta?"

"Yes," said the man, "he is come to spend the Dusserah Vacation with his family."

"They must be very happy indeed."

"That of course," returned the man, "we only wish he would live with us entirely, and not be going to Calcutta so often."

"But he cannot help it I presume," returned Ram, "you know he must toil for his livelihood. If he does not work, his wife and children will surely starve."

"Starve say you—why he is able to maintain twenty families like his own without stirring from his house."

"How so, friend?" enquired the wily thief.

"Why, he has money enough to purchase half this zemindary."

"Half this zemindary!"

"Yes, half this zemindary."

Upon this Ram smiled, and gave the servant an incredulous look, as much as to say that the man was gammoning him.

"You may laugh," remarked the other, "but I know better."

"Why, my good friend who would not laugh. Who could believe such a thing. You must be a fool. If he were so rich as all that, he would certainly make a better appearance, and not live in that miserable dwelling."

"If you will not trust me I cannot help it. I know more about his affairs than you can imagine; as for his living in that miserable way, you know what privations a man will undergo, who is overfond of his money."

"O yes, I understand you, but it appears to me strange that your master should make you his confidant in these matters. How came you to know that your master is a monied man?"

"I have heard him speak of his affairs to others; and what is better I have seen heaps of rupees and gold-mohurs kept in his chest."

"You are a lucky fellow to have such a master," observed the thief.

"Lucky or not, I know this, that we are all happy under his protection."

"Perhaps your master has entrusted the treasure chest to your care?"

"Oh no, he keeps it in a room just adjoining his sleeping apartment."

"And who sleeps there?" enquired Ram.

"Nobody, the lumber of the house is kept there."

"I am going," said Ram, "*pranam mohashoi*," returned the other, and they both parted. The servant made his way to the banian's, and Ram returned to his own house, inwardly pleased with the information, which he had so unexpectedly obtained. "Ah Simpleton," said he to himself, speaking of the servant, "little did he suspect the object of my enquiries. I have now got a clue to get access to the coins, which the *debtas* have reserved in store for me. 'Oh Ma. Doorghah, oh Kalli,'" continued the thief, "if your blessings attend me, your son will never forget your kindness. In return for your favour he will cause your shrines to be besmeared with the blood of goats, and your worshippers to sing your praises with the sound of tom-toms." Thus saying Ram stroked his moustache in perfect good humour, and set about preparing for his first meal.

CHAPTER III.

Night came on, and spread her dark mantle over the world. The stars twinkled, but the light was too feeble to remove the obscurity which brooded over the surface of the globe. Sumboo and his wife had retired to rest, but they did not close their eyes; they kept talking on divers subjects which were of interest to them.

"Gopal's father," exclaimed the wife.

"Speak," said Sumboo, "what is it you want?"

"What have you done with the iron chest that used to be in the next apartment?"

"I have removed it elsewhere."

"Why have you done this?" enquired Sumboo's partner.

"I have my reasons for it; you know this place is infested with thieves and robbers, and there is no doubt of their paying us a visit some night or other. To save the money from the hands of these people, I have taken care to secure it."

"What amount had you, Gopal's father?"

"All that I received from my debtors and tenants on my return home."

"And what will you do with all this money?"

"I shall apply it in some profitable way."

"Have you heard any thing," asked the wife, "of a theft which was committed in the house of one of our neighbours the other night?"

"Yes, yes, and that is what has alarmed me the more. The thieves may come near us now, and watch the whole night, without getting a rupee for their trouble."

"How so?" asked the wife.

"Why, as I told you before, my money has been placed elsewhere."

"But do not you think the thieves will be able to get there?"

"By no means, and if they do I shall not lose by it. The fact is, I have lent my money to the zeminder who has pledged a part of his zemindary to me."

"And when do you expect to be paid by him?" enquired the wife.

"Perhaps never, the man is involved, and I doubt not he will make over his lands to me after all."

While they were thus talking, some strange sounds reached their ears.

"What may that be?" exclaimed Sumboo's wife. "Keep quiet," said the Banian in a whisper, "I think it is a thief boring a hole in the wall." The husband and the wife preserved an uninterrupted silence for some time, during which the sound continued to be heard, till, at length the work was accomplished, and a man's head with the rest of his body was seen gradually making its way into the house through the opening. At this Sumboo's wife was about to scream, but the husband held her mouth, telling her to keep quiet, and that he would punish the man for thus intruding into his premises. The thief, in the mean time, saw himself quite safe within the house, and felt no doubt pleased at the achievement. He stood for a while casting a searching look at every thing around. Need we say who the stranger was; it was Ram, the personage who formed the subject of our delineation in the last chapter. A dim light was burning in a distant apartment, and the Banian and his wife very distinctly observed the movements of the stranger who after a few minutes, spent in recalling to his mind the various localities of the house, entered the room, in which the treasure chest formerly had been kept. Just at this time a great clamor was heard outside; men had come armed with weapons, and furnished with flambeaus and torches, and were breaking open the gate and doors of the house. Sumboo's wife was in a tremor, and he himself felt his situation extremely dangerous, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. "They are Dacoits," said he to his wife, "you know if they see me, they will cut me to pieces, if I do not satisfy their demands, and you know I have scarcely a rupee in the house. I have determined upon running away through that hole by which the thief had made his entrance, and you follow me." Saying this the Banian disappeared in a moment. His wife was about to take to flight likewise, but unfortunately she was arrested from her purpose, by the appearance of the robbers who had filled her with so much alarm. She stood not knowing what to do, and for some time could scarcely utter a syllable. But she was a woman possessed of a little more sense than is ordinarily found in those of her own sex amongst the Natives, and she pondered in her mind how to act in this emergency. In the mean time the dacoits went about searching for booty; but finding

nothing to gratify their cupidity, the chief of them demanded of the woman who was dragged to his presence, all that she possessed, telling her that he would cut her down instantly, if she did not comply with his demand. The woman tremblingly said that, she knew nothing about her husband's property. He kept every thing in his own charge."

"Where is your husband then?" asked the man in a fierce tone.

"There he is," pointing to the thief, who coming out of the room, he had entered, stood unobserved in a remote corner of the hall.

"We have got him, we have got him," cried half a dozen voices, and in a moment the thief was brought out of his place.

"You are the very man I want," said the chief, "answer now, without prevarication, where is the money?"

"Dhurmobotar! O thou incarnation of the deity. I know nothing about it."

"Belabor him well with your sticks," commanded the chief, "and a dozen raps were inflicted upon the body of the thief."

"Dhoay! dhoay!" exclaimed Ram in the bitterness of his soul. "I know nothing about the matter."

"You know nothing about the matter! you lie, who knows then about your affairs better than you do, you Sala?" Then turning to his colleagues he ordered him a sound bastinading. Up went the sticks, and down came the thief, who commenced bellowing at a most tremendous rate. "Lift him up," commanded the dacoit, and Ram was put upon his legs again.

"Now tell me, you villain, where your treasure chest lies?"

"I tell you Dhurmobotar, I know nothing about it. I am not the husband of that woman."

"Who then is the husband?" exclaimed the chief.

"He has escaped," said the thief.

"No, no," interrupted the woman, "he is my husband."

"Burn him," ordered the dacoit—and numberless flambeaux and torches came thick upon the thief, who screamed and howled as the fire did its work. His moustache was burnt, and his hair was singed in sundry places. His body was completely covered with blotches, and he lay more dead than alive. "Bind his legs and hands and tie him to that post yonder," ordered the chief, and his command was instantly obeyed. "Now woman," addressing Sumboo's wife "we shall kill your husband."

"Oh, for the sake of Gunga, do not kill him. Oh my husband, my husband," cried the woman, in mock lamentations.

But the dacoits heeding not the entreaties of the woman, commenced belaboring the thief very unmercifully, and then left him tied to the post bewailing his unhappy fate in groans. The dacoits after committing whatever damage they could in the house, left the place with the beat of drums, and most tremendous yells, which roused men from their sleep half a mile round.

Morning dawned, and the Banian returned home; people gathered from all parts of the village, and men began to pour in from Midnapore in torrents. Amongst the wrecks of Sumboo's property Ram was visible, fastened to a post, from which he could not tear himself. He had undergone a complete change in appearance. his upper lip was denuded of the

moustache, which he had taken such care to cultivate. His head bore evident marks of the ravages committed upon it, and his body was one entire sore from head to foot.

"Who could have thought Ram was a thief?" observed one of the spectators.

"I thought there was something wrong in the man," remarked another, "for he never worked, and yet you see he lived very decently."

"Pronam mohashoi," exclaimed Sumboo's servant. "Is it for this you were making your enquiries yesterday?"

Ram spoke not a word but remained as stiff as a stick, with eyes open gazing at vacancy. "Come, go away you fellow, said Sumboo; "untying the thief. "Go away, and never come here again; you have been sufficiently punished for your crime, or else I should have made you over to the Darogah, this very moment."

Ram slowly made his way home, hooted and pelted at by the mob. In a few days he left the neighbourhood, and was never heard of more.

LINES ON A FADED FLOWER.

LONE withered flower! where now hath fled,
 The beauty of thy petals bright,
 That once such fragrant sweetness shed,
 And spangled in the morning light?

Alas! those drooping leaves of thine,
 Can wear no more their blighted bloom;
 And thou art left alone to pine,
 Upon the threshold of thy tomb.

No human aid, or plastic arts,
 Thy loveliness can e'er recall,
 That now, no odour sweet imparts,
 But ling'ring dies—bereft of all!

Thy transient reign, poor faded flower,
 A moral to my heart conveys,
 How *Man*, the heir of *Sorrow's* dower,
 Dies in the *shortness* of his days.

Like thee he flourishes and shines,
 In all the splendour of the world;
 But fast his happiness declines,
 And to the *grave* he soon is hurl'd.

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LECTURES ON LAW.

It is notified, that the Advocate General of the Supreme Court has volunteered, for the laudable desire of being useful to the educated youth of this country, to deliver a course of Lectures on Law. He deserves the warmest thanks of the community, for having thus come forward from his band of learned brethren, to enlighten the rising generation, in one of the most important, intricate, and useful subjects of human thought and action. He merits praise, not only for engaging to devote his time and his talents to the improvement of his fellow-creatures, but because, in addition to this noble employment, he purposes to accomplish his object *without a fee*. He has taken briefs without the usual accompaniment of gold mohurs. We only trust that his example will not be lost, but that it will be the means of arousing others to tread in his footsteps and walk the same career of beneficence.

The commencement of a series of Lectures on Law is not a novel thing in this country, although we are obliged to confess, that gratuitous Lectures are clothed with all the features of novelty. Some years back, we remember, that a Law Lecturer was appointed in the Hindu College, on a salary of 300 Rs. per mensem, and that our Puisne Judge, Sir J. P. Grant, then a barrister, filled that office. His lectures were interrupted by his exaltation to his present office, and Mr. Theodore Dickens, of the Calcutta Bar, was elected to the vacant chair. The appointment of this latter gentleman was not much relished by his intimate friends, and no sooner was Mr. Dickens appointed to the office of Registrar of the Supreme Court, than he vacated his chair as Lecturer of Law to the Hindu College. The office was kept in abeyance for a long period, until, through the assistance and recommendation of our late Chief Justice, Mr. G. W. Johnson, also of the Calcutta Bar, and Editor of the *Courier*, was elected to fill it. This gentleman delivered a few Lectures, after they had been overlooked by Sir Edward Ryan, and most unexpectedly resigned his post. He was the last occupant of the Law chair, and with him the office was abolished. Thus do we find, that the students of the Hindu College were thrice offered by three different individuals, to be introduced into all the

intricacies of law, and on as many occasions, they were merely permitted to take a peep into the labyrinth. The thread was put into their hands, when most unfortunately the clue was taken away from them, and they were brought back to wander, "free and unconfined," in the delightful walks of Literature and Philosophy. It is our sincere hope, that on this occasion, the youthful hearers will be more successful, and that they will obtain a clear insight into the general principles of the science of jurisprudence.

We have heard many people complain of the repulsiveness of all Law study. They think it is barren and arid as the deserts of Africa, and that its intricacies are sufficient to overwhelm the mind of the student. The study of the Law, is, in our opinion, highly interesting and exciting. The forms of writing employed in all matters of Law, may be dry and insipid, but their intimate connection with every relation of life, and every circumstance of society, invests them with a charm, which arrests attention, and engages our best and warmest feelings. In truth, there is no subject so soul-thrilling as that of Law. Assume for instance, one of the most common subjects that fall under the cognizance of lawyers—the conveyance of landed property. The feelings, both of the buyer and seller, are wrought to a pitch of excitement. The former is all joy; the latter parts with his broad lands, not without regret. The hopes of the one extend to the enjoyment of his posterity, sitting under the roof, which he has raised for them. The fears of the other for his family, perchance forced to beg their bread, at those doors, which were once their own, will ruffle the tranquillity of the heart, and cause scalding tears to flow down his pallid cheek. A piece of parchment, shrivelled by time, and containing the quaint and circumlocutory phraseology of the lawyer, may not be so dry as it is considered to be. It may contain the complete ratification of a contract, which has excited the fears, the hopes, and the wishes of Mr. A. of the first part, and Mr. B. of the second part, and hence it acquires a great value.

There are seasons, in which the highest powers of the mind are required to be brought into action by the legal advocate. Not only are the most discriminating judgment, and the keenest reasoning and the highest efforts of Logic called into exercise, but the fancy and the imagination are required to lend their aid, to enable him to shield the innocent, protect the guileless bosom, and overtake the guilty offender with condign punishment. The advocate is frequently placed under the most trying circumstances. The tears of the widow, and the heart-melting looks of the captive, call upon him to arrest the arm of injustice and oppression, and avert from them the impending blow. At other times, he is required to stem the current of a corrupt magistracy, and to roll back the tide of judicial iniquity over the wicked judge. Most often in this country does he first sound the note of alarm, and arouse the peaceful citizens to a just sense of their danger and make them shew a firm and decided front to any attempts to diminish their freedom, or render their lives and their property insecure. The Bar in this country, (*haud ignota loquimur*) was once, not only the guardian of public peace and security, but the director of public opinion. It reasoned, it weighed, it examined, and it also decided. It was found ever watchful and wakeful. Now that it is not heard, so loud and so long, is

no proof, that it sleeps. Its voice, when required, will be called into action and will be found to be as potent as ever. It has been our opinion, that we owe a great many of our public advantages to the strenuous exertions of the barristers of the Supreme Court, and in future years when all things are well sifted, due honor will be bestowed upon this useful body of men.

We have dwelt upon the good that the people of Calcutta have received from the Bar, and we have said a few words on the great responsibility of the office, just that we might make the youth of this country sensible of the importance of the legal profession, as well as grateful to the learned gentleman, who has so kindly volunteered to deliver a course of Lectures on Law. Let not the young man, who will be permitted the privilege of attending these lectures, say to himself, that he must not require any other knowledge, than that of the dry study of the statutes to render him a great lawyer. Let him but turn his attention to the published speeches of eminent lawyers, and he will find, that in order to become an ornament to the legal profession, deep study and reflection, throughout the whole range of science and literature, are required at his hands. Forensic eloquence furnishes a wide field of beauties, from which we might cull choice specimens of every flower of rhetoric. In addressing a jury, a keen and penetrating knowledge of the human heart, a familiar acquaintance with all the avenues that lead to it, whether they run through the understanding or the feelings, and a heart saturated with the beauties of polite literature, and fortified by human and divine philosophy, are qualifications requisite to attain success.

It would indeed be a useless task to prove, in these enlightened days, that the Law is a liberal study. It humanizes and polishes the nature of man. A legal advocate is brought into contact, with the most virtuous, as well as the most vicious, characters. It is demanded of him very often to supply motives and throw a colour over the actions and the conduct of men, to find an excuse for one line of conduct, and often to detect the latent springs of other actions. So much active employment for the mind, accompanied with the careful and attentive perusal of books, expands the judgment, enlarges the sphere of the understanding, softens the feelings, and corrects every false bias and perverse inclination. It is for this reason, that there will be always found, in the circle of the bar, much talent, integrity, public spiritedness and fortitude of mind.

The intellectual and moral qualities which we have noticed as capable of bestowing success on an advocate, will be found remarkably useful to the natives of this country, whose character, for want of such qualities, is found to be so low and degraded in the scale of moral worth. One-half of the evils, under which this country groans, and groaning suffers, is owing to the passiveness of the Hindoo character, and the timidity with which a native approaches the demigod of rank or station. The natives seem afraid to speak out. You will hear their private opinions, and you will, without doubt, applaud their sentiments and weigh their conclusive reasonings, but they are lamentably deficient in moral heroism. They will not proclaim their opinions publicly. They do not desire to offend the men of rank and wealth, they seem afraid to rebel against injustice and oppression from the thought, that their condition will be worse and more galling, than it has hitherto been.

We consider it to be advantageous to the natives to direct their attention to the subject of Law, because it is necessary for every man to know something of the constitution under which he lives, and the laws by which he is governed. This is certainly an advantage, but it is nevertheless confined to the individual. The effects, which the contemplated Lectures will produce on the nature and aspect of Hindoo society, comprise the great advantage of studying Law.

In the first place, by a kind of comparative jurisprudence, the study of Law will enable the Hindoos especially, to consider the evils that have prevailed in the constitution of their society, and the consequent necessity of a salutary change. They will learn to appreciate the blessings other nations enjoy, and they will desire the authority of the magistrate to be so checked and fenced, that their liberties will be secured, and their happiness promoted. They will read history with another light. They will learn of the struggles that nations have made to achieve their independence, and this lesson will teach them to avoid those paths, which are deluged with blood, and by which Freedom has been purchased at a very high price. They will see the evils of caste—of testamentary bequests such as are now found among them, and they will then feel a desire to prescribe an effectual remedy for all evils and remove every cause of complaint.

It may be said, however, that they all feel and desire these wholesome changes *now*. We do not deny the fact, but we would only observe, that the *spirit* is wanting to put these desires and feelings into full practical operation. This *spirit* will be supplied them, when, embued with proper feelings and a just sense of the amplitude of the obligations which the Legal Profession entails upon them, they will proceed, in the strength of their own minds, not only to administer justice, but to enroll themselves as pleaders in the Mofussil Courts. Then will they practice, whatsoever they have acquired from patient study. There will they plant themselves as sentinels, to guard and protect the poor rude countrymen from the abuse of Magisterial authority. There will they be found to inspect every evil, to note every defect, and to observe every shortcoming, until they will by their exertions, have purified Mofussil Courts from the abominations that now disfigure them, and make the stream of Mofussil justice run clear and gentle, and minister to the wants and necessities of every man. So soon as this *spirit* is awakened, and we think it must be so, we will then observe, what man can do, though his character may have been deteriorated by long oppression, his mind drugged into stupidity by a dreadful superstition, and his intellect ruined by an ignorance, the most soul-degrading, that is known in the annals of this world's history.

A wholesome change in the Administration of Justice, a shaking as it were, of all those officers who have been sleeping at their posts, and peacefully enjoying the rewards of corruption and venality, will not leave the mass of society unaffected. The very centre of Hindooism will be moved by the attraction of justice and truth; and a public expression of approbation of the conduct of the reformers, and disapprobation of the corrupt instruments of tyranny and oppression, will most assuredly follow. This public voice will be quickly matured into public opinion; and sooner or later, all the relations of society will feel its potency, and its advantage. Then we will no longer find the charge of apathy advanced against the na-

tives of this country. They will be stirred into action, and will put forth exertions to promote their own advantage and provide for their own happiness. It is sometimes said of the different bodies of men that are to be found in this society that they never feel for the condition of their neighbors; but each group appears to be governed by its own laws, and to revolve round its own centre. It is only when another powerful body sweeps past one of these groups and influences its proceedings, that it is seen to bestir itself, and seek the countenance and support of the other groups, contiguous to it. The study of the law will dissipate such indifference; and make men regard with greater care and caution, the condition of their fellows, and the ways by which it is affected. They will learn the important lesson that "an injury done to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole community," and this truth will cause them to avenge the insult, and protect themselves against further aggression. They will learn to look steadfastly to the consequences of all things, and will provide themselves against the danger that may be threatening them, though it be at a distance. To use the words of the celebrated Edmund Burke, "this study (of the Law) renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance, by the badness of the principle. They augur mis-government at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

The influence of such public opinion in the state of Hindoo Society, cannot but be beneficial. It is inconsistent with the nature of things, that a pleader can ever attract that regard for his client, which the client himself would, were he as qualified as his advocate. There are in the world many praiseworthy individuals, who are found with great disinterested benevolence to take up the cause of suffering humanity, and defend it against the sufferings and derisions, the cruelty and tyranny of the powerful. Even these Apostles of beneficence will fain confess, that could but these poor sufferers speak their own wrongs, could they but articulate the writhing pain that incommodes them, could they but transfix the hearts of others, with the iron that is entering into their own souls, so as to awaken their sympathy and their feelings, could the poor sufferers but do so much, they would soon work out their own advantage, and secure their own happiness.

These are a few of the general advantages that will result to this society and ultimately to the country, throughout its length and breadth, by the delivery of Lectures on Law. We are not aware of the system of procedure which Mr. Lyall has chalked out for himself. We may be allowed to express a hope that he will not dwell long, in explaining the intricacies of British Law; or lose himself in the endless labyrinths of Hindoo Law. If it be his intention to run over the general principles of the first, and then elucidate the laws that govern the Science of Jurisprudence, he will have done a great deal.—So soon as he has laid his foundation, he should begin to raise the superstructure. The Hindoo law is at once difficult and intricate, and, like the Gordian knot of old, it defies unravelling. It is so intimately connected with the social system of the people, whose relations in life it professes to regulate, that it requires

a vast amount of patient industry and labor, to divest a disputed legal point of all contradictions, and clear it of all doubts. The finest intellect would be destroyed in so baneful an employment. We are assured that the melancholy and abrupt close of a talented young barrister, in a sister presidency, is familiar to most of our readers. The fame of his acquirements had preceded him. All ranks and classes eagerly watched his progress, and hailed his arrival in India. Success was written on his brow. The highest honors and the greatest wealth were allowed by all to be within his reach. He arrived, and a brief, involving points of Hindoo Law, was consigned to his advocacy. Anxious expectations depended on the issue of the trial. The grateful and talented advocate felt that he must satisfy the hopes that had been formed of him. A failure would prove his ruin. He studied the brief attentively, volumes after volumes were swallowed by him; but instead of the difficulties being obviated, they were towering one upon another, like Alps upon Alps. The day for the great argument had come, and a lively sensation was felt for the young advocate, throughout the whole community. Early in the morning, a friend according to custom, called to accompany him in his ride. He begged him to wait in the anti-chamber. Time dawned, and the report of a pistol was heard—the young barrister had committed suicide, to prevent the mortification of a failure.

We trust that the Advocate General will avoid entering deeply into the ramifications of Hindoo Law. We do not fear for his life, but we have mentioned one case, to shew the appalling difficulties, that oppose the path of an expositor of Hindoo Law. The regulations of the Government should form the principal staple of Mr. Lyall's Lectures, and we close our remarks with a fervent hope that the most advanced pupils of *every Institution*, will be permitted, on application, to hear the lectures, and be benefitted by them.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE AND ART IN ITALY.

(Continued from page 291.)

CHAPTER II.—GENOA.

GENOA is truly a "city of palaces" in the literal sense of the word, nor is the eye offended here, as in most other cities of Italy, by that constant mixture of poverty, filth and magnificence, which has always been a reproach to the continent. Other cities may perhaps boast of finer buildings, if they are taken individually, but nowhere else can you find anything to equal the streets of marble palaces which bear such proud witness to the ancient power of the Genoese nobility. Even Venice is generally admitted to be inferior to "la Superba," though she generally has precedence granted to her on account of her wonderful situation. In other respects these once mighty rivals are nearly upon an equality; almost equally fallen from their former state of splendour. The chains which hang from the ancient gates of Genoa, trophies from humbled Venice, are not necessary to remind us that the menace of Doria has been accomplished, though not as he intended it, and that the steeds of St. Mark's are bridled.

They are emblems now equally appropriate to both these famous cities. I shall never forget the feelings with which I entered Genoa. Everything had an air of sober and calm antiquity, which quite carried one back to the stirring scenes of an age long gone by, and as I looked up the long dismal passages between those lofty and frowning houses, often meeting overhead, and shutting out the light of day, I felt transported back to the time when these walls were witnesses of so many deeds of darkness, and thought how well such places must have suited the purposes of the secret assassin and the hireling bravo. I seemed quite to realize the idea of the old *sbirri* prowling about these terrible, almost subterraneous, vaults, hardly less villainous than the wretches for whom they sought, and to see the gloomy emissaries of the inquisition stalking along in search of some hapless victim. Passing round the magnificent harbour, now almost deserted, we presently came to the noble palace of the Dorias, with its now neglected gardens, its statues, and marble balustrades. On the other side of the road rose a massive and moss-grown wall, surmounted by a line of mouldering Corinthian columns, twined round with the tendrils of the vine, which drooped down in graceful festoons from pillar to pillar, intermingled with luxuriant clusters of lovely roses. I shall not easily forget the air of romance and quiet decay breathed by the *Pergola* of the Doria gardens—those time-worn columns and rose-covered capitals.

Ere long we were safely housed in the *Croce de Malta*, which plainly proclaimed by its marble staircase and its noble rooms, that it had once been something more dignified than an inn. My first duty, was, as usual, to run off in a great hurry to the Post Office, (a fine white marble building,) for letters, and after receiving in answer to my enquiries the welcome sounds of *Sì, Signore*, to return with my charge, the desire of getting news from old England overcoming the feelings which would have made me instantly begin exploring the noble palaces of the *Strada Nuova*. But we were not long in sallying forth again for a more deliberate examination of the magnificent city, and well were all our expectations realized, or I ought rather to say that they were surpassed, when we emerged from the narrow *closes* which lead from the quays to the streets above, and found ourselves in the *Strada Nuova*, standing in the midst of that glorious assemblage of antique and solitary palaces. I have known people who were disappointed with Genoa, and who considered the excessive narrowness of the streets a disadvantage, but I cannot sympathize with them at all, for I cannot but think that the gloomy grandeur of the Genoese palaces would be utterly destroyed, if they were thrown open to the sun like the streets of London and Paris with their shops and gorgeous cafés. The quiet which reigns in Genoa, at least in the aristocratic quarters, is most striking. This arises partly from the commerce and business of the city being carried on elsewhere, but chiefly from the extreme narrowness of the streets, which forbids that incessant stream of omnibuses, carriages and horses which you meet with in most other large towns. I do not mean to say that every one walks, for there are often plenty of carriages to be seen, but, that in comparison with other places of a similar size, Genoa is curiously still and free from noise and bustle. Narrow streets are commonly very dirty, but no fault can be found with those of Genoa on the score of cleanliness. The two finest streets are the *Strada Nuova* and the *Strada Balbi*, and

after them the *Strada Nuovissima*. As the day was pretty near spent, we contented ourselves with an exterior view of the palaces, reserving for the next day the examination of their interiors, not forgetting the important business of securing a box at the beautiful opera-house of Carlo Felice. The *Stradæ Balbi* and *Nuova* contain hardly, any shops, which indeed do not seem to flourish much in any part of the city, if one may judge by the outsides, but are lined on each side with splendid houses, such as few or none of the nobles of England can boast. In Genoa, every *palazzo* stands alone, a necessary precaution in the times when they were built, when every man had good reason to be shy of his neighbours, and to take care that his house was capable of becoming his castle if necessary. Not that the nobility of Genoa were such a turbulent set as those of many other Italian States, but nevertheless they had no doubt good reasons besides their native haughtiness, to prevent their becoming more sociable than was prudent. These Palaces are fine massive edifices, in a grand and impressive style of architecture, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which they were built—to be the residences of a powerful aristocracy, and it was thought possible in those days, (which the English do not seem to think at the present time,) to build magnificent houses without rows of unmeaning columns and useless porticoes. The embellishments are here, as they of course always ought to be, subordinate to use and convenience; they were not the chief thing to which the builders paid attention. Common sense, I am afraid, is rather at a discount with the architects of the nineteenth century, and if such be the case, it can hardly be expected that their taste should be much better than it actually is. Several of the Genoese palaces were designed by the hand of Rubens. Our *Cicerone* was very much amused at the astonishment with which we, in common with others of our countrymen, who were new comers, regarded the marble buildings, and seemed not to understand why such a material was any thing remarkable. I am afraid his ideas of an English city were not very favorable, after our account of the blackened houses of London, but it probably harmonised with all his other notions about England. I hardly ever saw an Italian who was not perfectly convinced that our English climate was something inconceivably dreadful, and I know not how he could think otherwise, after the constant exaggerations and grumbings in which English travellers seem so greatly to delight when they talk to foreigners of their own country. It is quite useless to endeavour to persuade the Italians that we do sometimes see the sun, that the cold and rain sometimes cease, and that the lamps of London are not commonly lighted all day on account of the fogs. They may seem for a moment to believe you, but soon comes in the *ma*, that little expressive word with which they follow up the preliminary *sì, è vero*, and through whose means they so politely express their doubts, without contradicting a syllable you have said.

As I do not aspire to any of Mrs. Starke's guide-book, however, I shall mention only a few of the numerous interesting objects which we visited, referring all who wish for more information about "*la Superba*" to that most indefatigable signora, nor suppose about to be superseded as obsolete by the hand-books of Murray. It is very amusing to watch the English in Italy with Madame Starke constantly in their hands. From the Louvre

to the Vatican and to Pæstum she has implicit confidence placed in every word she may have uttered.

Among the things every one is anxious to see when he arrives at Genoa, is the far-famed "Golden Saloon" of the Serra Palazzo. The decorations of this beautiful room cost a sum of money which seems quite incredible, till you find that the walls are covered with beaten gold, the noble family of Serra having had, it would seem, no better way of consuming their superfluous sequins. Notwithstanding the extreme magnificence and richness of the materials expended upon the decoration of the "Golden Saloon," there is nothing gaudy or *outré* about it, for every part has been arranged with admirable taste and judgment. But though I must acknowledge this, I was nevertheless very much disappointed in the general effect of the room, which has often been called the most splendid in Europe. The cause of my disappointment was its extreme smallness, to which I could never get reconciled. The proportions and decorations are, without doubt, very beautiful as far as they go, but they were not at all sufficient to satisfy the expectations which I had formed, and I very much doubt whether the Serra Palazzo would have gained such a reputation, if it had not been for the melted sequins.

The Durazzo palace has far more solid claims to admiration, and if the Serra Saloon had disappointed us, ample amends were made by the noble house of the Durazzi, which we all agreed was decidedly the finest in Genoa. It is the very *beau idéal* of a nobleman's dwelling; not upon a scale of regal magnificence like Versailles or Fontainebleau, but exactly fit for the abode of an aristocratic noble. The curious antique furniture, the beautiful embroidery of some fair fingers,—the exquisite *loggie* with their statues and fountains, and orange-trees in full blossom,—the noble floors of marble and Mosaic-work, or that Venetian composition more beautiful than either—in fact every thing was exactly what it ought to be, and every thing realized all that we had heard of the Palazzi of Genoa.

The Brignole Palace almost equals that of the Durazzi. It very much resembles its neighbour, and it has the additional charm of several fine paintings. Though all the palaces, as well as the churches, contain a great number of pictures, Genoa is upon the whole deficient in this respect, probably because there has been no great public gallery, so that we were obliged to wait patiently till we got to Florence, where the mind may dwell at its leisure upon the marvels of the Tribune and the Pitti. In the Palazzo Brignole there are several noble portraits by Vandyck. One of the Marchesa Brignole I admired more than any picture of this great master I had ever seen, and I know not how to express a greater degree of praise. Another almost equally beautiful, was that of the Marchesa and her little children. There is an exquisite grace and depth of colouring about these two pictures which is indescribable. The head of the former portrait is especially beautiful, with that peculiar expression and those black fiery yet languishing, eyes which are found alone in the natives of the South, and that dark velvety costume which is so remarkable in all Vandyck's pictures is in these works even more beautiful than usual.

The Ducal Palace is comparatively modern, and for that reason much less interesting, but it is a noble building and well worth a visit.

I have already mentioned the gardens of the Palazzo Doria, and as we

could not unfortunately gain admittance to the interior of the palace, I cannot give an account of it. It is the most extensive in all Genoa, and in some respects, I believe, one of the finest. The name of Doria is sufficient to make it one of the most interesting also.

The Churches of Genoa are extremely magnificent, though not possessing that simplicity which classical taste demands. But I am one of the heretics in these matters, and must confess that the painted domes and coloured marbles do not seem to me inconsistent with the finest architecture, and I cannot at all sympathize with people who would prefer the portico of the Pantheon, beautiful as it is, to the last and wonderful interior of St. Peter's. Not so thought Bramante and Michael Angelo, no contemptible authorities. But more of this at another time. The *Chiesa della Santa Annunziata* is the finest of the Genoese Churches and contain a good altar-piece by Correggio. The Church of *Sant Ambrogio* is also a splendid edifice, and there is a good deal of grandeur in the curious old Cathedral of San Lorenzo, with its gloomy facade of black and white marble.

J. H. N.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICE OF SURVEYING IN INDIA.

ON the above subject we made a few observations in our last issue, pointing out the danger of employing Native *Jureeb Amceens*, who do not understand the principles of geometry and mensuration; and we proposed to continue the subject. We shall in the present article, offer a few precautionary hints on the employment of European or East Indian Surveyors, whose services are more readily accepted, often without any enquiry into their qualifications, but simply on account of being of a class which happens to command so great a degree of respect in this country.

Some time since we were not a little amused to learn that a professional man in this city being required to measure the length of a wall which ran alongside of a road, and having only a chain with him considered it necessary to employ some dozen coolies to hold up the chain close to the wall at small intervals with the view of preventing the effects of the catenary curve which a heavy chain suspended by its two extremities would inevitably form. The person, it is evident, had been accustomed to use only the measuring tape, which being exceedingly light can be stretched by a man at each end to the distance of 50 or even 100 feet, without forming any perceptible curve; but when he came to use a chain, common sense alone ought to have pointed out that, instead of resorting to the ludicrous means of making a row of coolies stand in a dirty ditch along the wall as supporters of his chain, he could have stretched that chain on the road, and by taking what is technically termed offsets from it at right angles to the several points he wanted to measure, all the difficulty arising from the catenary curve of the chain when not resting on terra firma would have been obviated, and two instead of a dozen men, would have answered every purpose. Indeed, if a wall be not perfectly straight, and the measuring line be carried close to it through all its turnings, it will not be possible in

the absence of angular instruments, or what are termed tie-lines, to determine the exact value of the angles made by its bends. We have known persons, who were well acquainted with the principles of geometry, but had not had practice or lessons from a practical man, become completely puzzled on meeting with unforeseen obstacles, which were unknown to them. Sometimes even a tank or a building through which they cannot carry a straight line puts at naught all their scientific attainments. They look about for a Theodolite or some other instrument to take angles and go round the opposing object, and if they happen to get none at hand, their work stops. Under such circumstances a practical man would immediately start a branch line at right angles from his chain; for which (if he cannot trust his eyes) there are a variety of simple methods; and by taking three more right angles, he will be able to resume his original line on the opposite side of the building or tank, exactly from the same point which he would have gained by carrying on a straight line in the absence of the obstacle. In the course of Surveying a variety of difficulties must be expected to occur, of which the Surveyor has had no previous knowledge; but to meet and conquer which he must be prepared, and that at a moment's warning; otherwise, if his work do not altogether stop, it must be much embarrassed and retarded. Therefore, it is not only necessary that a Surveyor must be well grounded in the leading principles of his profession; but must also be able readily to apply those principles to every emergency that may arise in the course of his operations. For this, practice in the field under a variety of circumstances is absolutely necessary; and no person who has not had some practice of this kind ought to offer himself as a professional Surveyor.

There are many very smart alumni of our Schools and Colleges, who will readily parse any English sentence given to them, but are not able to write the commonest note correctly. They know all about the rivers of Siberia and the Mountains of Patagonia, as well as the distances of the Planets, &c.; but ask them in what direction, and at what distance Dum-Dum or Barrackpore is situated from Calcutta, and they are immediately at a nonplus. Precisely the same are their attainments in geometry (*land measure*) They have successfully gone through the usual books of Euclid, and have astonished with their algebraic and Geometrical demonstrations, the admiring crowds of fair ladies and learned gentlemen assembled at the annual examinations; but give them all the surveying instruments which they can possibly require, and bid them survey an estate or a garden, and draw out its plan, and you will at once discover the length and breadth of their brilliant talents. We do not mean to assert that there are not in the schools of Calcutta, many young gentlemen who would do credit to the profession of a practical Survey, if they had practice, and practical instructions; all that we maintain is that a theoretical knowledge of geometry and some of the other branches of mathematics to which their education is generally limited in our schools is not sufficient to make them practically useful in the field. Under the existing state of things, they are in a manner obliged to go to school a second time under some practical man, or to learn the profession in the school of self experience which is the dearest of all.

As a practical knowledge of Surveying is now a desideratum in this country, we would strongly recommend that in every educational institution,

whether under the management of the Government or of independent societies, the means of imparting that knowledge to the students of the higher classes be provided. So that a young man, leaving one of these institutions, and wishing to enter the Government service or commence private practice as a Surveyor, might be able creditably to take the field in any part of the country where his services may be required. This can be done only by employing a practical Surveyor in the principal Seminaries, and placing a class under him, every student of which must be required to survey, and to exhibit his field book and maps periodically to the directors of the Institution. It will not be necessary or proper for our young Surveyors to be attended by Native assistants for leading the chain, &c. Some years of constant practice in the suburbs of Calcutta has led us to form the opinion, that to know the art thoroughly, a Surveyor should practice it in all its branches. He should commence with leading the chain, he should then follow or direct it, adjust the flags, take the offsets, work the Theodolite, and the other angular instruments, keep the field book, protract the measurements, calculate the area by the universal theorem, as well as by triangulation; fill up the details by the scale and compass, and lastly, draw the plan or map in a neat and workmanlike style. Therefore, let not the young gentlemen disdain to drag the chain or refuse to carry it over unpleasant spots with which Calcutta and its suburbs so plentifully abound; but let each by turn work in every department of the business. This will not only qualify him for a practical Surveyor; but enable him to train the natives in some of the operations here enumerated, for without their aid he will find it impossible to carry on any Survey in this country, and he cannot expect to meet men already trained to the work.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCE OF SHURKSTAN.

(Translated from the Persian.)

CHAPTER I.

The Prince goes to hunt, and is himself ensnared in the toils of love.

IN one of the Eastern cities named Shurkstan reigned a powerful monarch whose destiny was illumined by a son who was in the spring of life and gifted with unparalleled beauty. The fresh growth of manhood encircled the bright countenance of the Prince like a halo round the moon. He was a new grown plant in the garden of life, and fate had nourished him with the waters of fortune.

Such grace and dignity in him combined,
 As shamed the cypress and the box;
 Words came like perfume from his rosy lips,
 And at the sunny brightness of his smiles
 The star grew dim and hid their faded light.

As became so exalted a personage, the Prince was accomplished in all the arts requisite for the Government of the destinies of nations. He also excelled in the use of all martial implements, and was so skilful in horsemanship, that when he managed his steed he resembled a falcon stoop-

ing on its prey. Hunting being an occupation most congenial to the martial disposition of the Prince he delighted much in it, and spent a great portion of his time in the field.

One day the Prince had so eagerly followed the chase that about mid-day he found himself, separated from his attendants and overcome by heat and fatigue, on the borders of a lake whose waters were clearer than light and as refreshing as the Ab-i-hyat. (1) The lake was enclosed by rocky mountains, but its margin glittered with a thousand flowers, which its vivifying waters had called into existence. Birds of bright and varied plumage fluttered among the trees which were scattered in this second Irem, (2) and sent forth a melody such as nightly regales the monarch of the Peris. The Prince dismounted, relieved his horse of its caparison, and allowed it to crop the herbage; then having allayed his thirst by raising the waters of the lake to his lips in the palm of his hand, laid himself down under a tree, whose umbrageous and fragrant branches formed a shade more grateful than the living and ever varying canopy of Solomon (3) and reposed on the bed of tulips, lilies, and roses which was spread under him gorgeous and brilliant.

The cool breeze from the lake, the song of birds, and the sound of waters soon lulled the Prince to sleep. While he slept two doves alighted on the border of the lake. These doves were Peris (4) who under various disguises daily visited this delightful spot, abandoning for a while the pleasures of Ginnistan (5) to enjoy in this valley the delights of Ginnut. (5) They resumed their natural forms and descended into the lake to bathe their silvery limbs. While sporting in the waves, which clung lovingly around them as if loath to leave such beauteous forms, the younger of the two Peris who was named Summunroo, suddenly shrunk back into the water and exclaimed "By the majesty of Solimaun, what is it I see! Are we in the further side of Kaf, (7) and do I behold the sun reposing himself fatigued with his labours?" And pointing to the Prince she addressed her companion saying, "Look, my sister, what a beauteous youth lies asleep beneath that tree." Her companion, who was appropriately called Dilbur, (8) was a being of such exquisite loveliness as to be reckoned a miracle of beauty even among Peris; and of the congregated host of beauteous forms and melodious voices in Ginnistan, where graceful action, beauty, music and perfume, form the ordinary aliment of the inhabitants, not one could be found to rival Dilbur in the dance or the song. (9)

If when night had cast its shade
She flew across the sky,
The astonished world would wake to see
Her beauty turn the night to day.
If one drop of the pearly dew,
That glittered on her front
Had fallen in the sea 'twould change
To honey all its briny waves. (10)

The Peris gazed on the Prince for some time; then approached and kneeling beside him bent over him in admiration. Summunroo then turned to her companion and said, "This youth, my beloved sister, is worthy to grace our revels in Ginnistan, where many a heart moth-like would be consumed by the flame of his beauty. He might hope to win even your favour, fastidious as you have hitherto been."

"Away, insolent!" replied Dilbur in an indignant tone, but smiling and blushing deeply, "what sympathy can there be between me, who am formed of the subtle element of fire, (11) and this gross mass of clay. He is handsome, dost thou say? Surely thou art already enamoured of this son of Adam, for nothing but love could discover aught of beauty in this misshapen clod. But who, or what is he?"

"Some noble personage, of a surety," said Summunroo, "for royalty seems impressed on his front."

"This signet ring upon his finger will inform us better;" replied Dilbur, and taking the Prince's hand in hers, she pinched it unperceived by Summunroo. With a start the Prince withdrew his hand and sat up yawning and rubbing his eyes.

At the first indication of the Prince's awaking, Summunroo was on the wing in her disguise of a dove; but Dilbur lingered as if confused, loudly calling to her companion not to leave her: thou wouldst have said, regarding the confusion of the Peri at the sight of the Prince, that the sun viewing his image in a rippling stream had stood trembling and dazzled at his own transcendent beauty. It was not until the Prince was fully awake and had seen her that Dilbur took her flight; but before her departure she cast a glance at the Prince that raised a flame in his breast which scorched his heart to a cinder. He fell on the ground writhing and gasping in agony like a fish which the waves had cast on the shore.

His attendants found him in this state. They raised him and sprinkled rose water on his face, imagining that the sun had affected him, not knowing that a moon-like countenance was the cause of his anguish. Some conjectured that a malignant *Deve* had possessed him, ignorant that a *Peri* had crossed his path. By slow degrees the Prince recovered consciousness, but pearly drops coursed down his cheeks, his head hung on his breast, and burning sighs escaped him. He was placed in a gilded litter which attended him, and was carried to the royal palace of Shurkstan, repeating these verses interrupted frequently by sighs and groans.

Ye lalabs (12) of this yale, I asked,
 Why are your bosoms scared and seared?
 They answered not but shook their heads,
 And to the passing breezes sighed.
 Alas! that now I feel the smart,
 Too well I know the ruthless hand,
 That doth inflict the cruel wound.
 Throughout his course from Kaf to Kaf
 Such a luckless wretch the sun wont see.
 Although the rose was in my grasp,
 No odour hath my sense regaled
 Its thorn alone hath pierced my breast.

When the king saw his son drooping like a withered cypress, he was distracted with grief, and commanded his physicians to exert their utmost skill in restoring the Prince to health. These learned adepts in the healing art, these Messiah-like revivers of the dead, (13) exhausted all their science, but could not grasp the skirts of hope with the hand of application.

Vain is all science, vain all skill,
 Love's ills defy the leech's art.

Instead of benefiting by the skill of the physicians, the Prince languished daily. The veil of melancholy was drawn over his countenance; and forsaking all pleasure and amusement he would betake him to the lake where like a fish, his heart had been ensnared by the curling tresses of the Peri, and pass hours in weeping and groaning and reciting verses such as these.

Tell me ye trees, and hoary rocks,
Where doth my beloved dwell?—
The trees but sigh, the rocks are dumb,
And in a thousand streamlets weep.
Ye breezes bland who hold your course,
Throughout the universal space,
Bring me the odour of my love,
As once from Misser's distant plain
Ye bore the scent of Canan's Moon, (14)
To gladden the blind Prophet's heart.

At length the King, who loved his son as the apple of his eye, by the advice of his Viziers proclaimed throughout his territories that a reward even to the value of one of the richest provinces of the kingdom of Shurkstan would be given to any person who would cure the Prince of his unaccountable malady. The hope of obtaining this reward brought the sages of all parts of the world to undertake the cure of the Prince. The Court of Shurkstan was crowded with the physicians of Yemen, the Astrologers of Chaldea and the magicians of the deserts of Mugreb, yet daily their number increased. But though all plunged into the ocean of exertion in search of the pearl of success, yet how much soever they delved in the sea of application they obtained nothing but the sand and pebble of disappointment.

The Prince had a faithful friend called Bahram, the son of one of the nobles of his father's court, who had been his companion from infancy and whom he regarded with much affection. With the sagacity which belongs only to friendship, Bahram had discovered from the exclamations of the Prince and the verses he recited, that love was the cause of his malady, and consequently that the object loved alone possessed the elixir that could restore him to health. Taking the opportunity of their being one day alone, he ventured, with the privilege of prolonged friendship thus to address the Prince. "Let the veil of secrecy be withdrawn, and let my lord discover the state of his heart to his faithful servant, who is ever ready to lay down his life for his master. Declare, my lord, from what bow-like brow was shot the dart that has pierced your bosom, or what cruel Toork (15) has robbed you of the treasure of your heart. If it be the celestial Zohrah (16) I will fetch her from the sky, or if it be a Peri possessed of wings to soar above the clouds I will confine her within the casket of your command by the enchantment of cunning." (17) The Prince hearing his companion speak so confidently was induced to confide in him the secret which like a worm was feeding on his heart and disclosed to him the flame that was consuming his vitals. When Bahram heard that the Prince was enamoured of a Peri he was exceedingly troubled and said, "Alas, my Prince, cast aside these thoughts and endeavour to free yourself from the influence of those charms which though powerful belongs to one of a race inimical to man (18) and noted for their inconstancy, and disposition for intrigue. Have you not heard the history of the King of Bengal?" The

Prince said, "Relate to me the occurrences of his life." Bahram crossed his legs so as to seat himself more comfortably, cleared his voice preparatory to speaking, and thus commenced:

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON CHAPTER 1.

(1) Ab-i-hyat, Ab-i-hyvan, Ab-izindan, Ab-i-zendghian all signify the same thing, that is to say "la fontaine de vie ou de jouvence, dont l'eau procure l'immortalité à celui qui en boit. Elle est vers l'orient dans une région ténébreuse, c'est à dire, dans un pays inconnu. Alexandre le Grand la chercha inutilement, mais Khedher son grand Vizir eut la bonheur d'en boire, et de devenir immortel. Les Musulmans, grossiers et ignorans, disent que ce Khedher étoit le Prophète Elie. *Bibliothèque Orientale par Dherbelot titre, Abzen-deghian.* The Alexander here spoken of was not he of Macedon, but a more ancient monarch from whom the Macedonian borrowed his title.

(2) "Iram ou Irem. Nom propre d'un jardin planté par un ancien roy nommé Schedad Ben Ail, dans l'Arabie, Heureuse. Ce Schedad qui quelques-uns appellent aussi Iram Ben Omad étoit un Prince impie, qui voulut, s'attribuer la Divinité. A cet effet pour trouver créance dans l'esprit des peuples, il avoit renfermé dans ce jardin tout ce qu'il y avoit de plus délicieux et de plus capable de flatter les sens de ceux qui croyoient en lui, lorsqu'il les jugeoit dignes d'être introduits dans son Paradis.

"L'on trouve ce faut Paradis d'Iram dans presque tous les ouvrages des Poètes Musulmans, qui confondent et le Paradis terrestre, et ce jardin fabuleux, avec le Paradis de gloire, tant ils sont entestés de cette volupté grossière et imaginaire dont Mahomet a flatté leurs sens." *Bib Ori : titre Iram.*

(3) According to the Eastern Historians Solomon the Son of David not only ruled over all mankind but exercised dominion over the good and evil spirits, the birds and the winds. "Il seroit ennuyeux de rapporter tout ce que ces Historiens disent de la magnificence du Throne de Salomon, sur lequel les oiseaux voltigeoient incessamment, pendant qu'il y étoit assis pour lui faire ombre, et lui servir de dais et de Pavillon. *Bib : Ori : titre Saliman Ben David.*

(4) "Peri. Ce mot signifie en Langue Persienne la belle espèce de ces créatures, qui ne sont, ni hommes, ni anges, ni diables, que les Arabes appellent Ginn, et que nous nommons ordinairement, Lutins, et Esprits follets. Les Peris sont dans les anciens Romains de Perse, ce que nous appellons dans les nôtres les Fées, et ont un pays particulier où ils habitent, que les Orientaux nomment, Ginnistan, et nous autres, le Pays des Fées, ou de Féerie.

Quelques-uns ont cru, que ces Peris étoient les femmes de Dives, car le Persans appellent Div ce que les Arabes nomment Ginn, que sont les Esprits, les Genies et les Géans, et quelquefois même les Demons. Mais il est constant par tous les anciens Romains, Persiens et Turcs, qu'il y a des Masles parmi les Peris, aussi bien que des Femelles.—

"Ce qui est de plus certain, selon la Mythologie des Orientaux, est que les Peris ne font point de mal, et qu'ils surpassent en beauté toutes les autres créatures de leur espèce, et c'est de là que les Poètes Persiens appellent ordinairement une belle personne Perizadeh, c. a. née d'une Fée—*Bib : Ori : titre Peri.*

(5) Ginnistan. Vide the foregoing note.

(6) Ginnut signifies Paradise. This word is not translated in the text because in the original a *jeu de mot* is intended by contrasting it with Ginnistan which it closely resembles in sound. The writings of Oriental Authors abound with this species of figure, which is a great favorite with them, but which cannot be preserved in translations.

(7) Kaf. Caf, Montagne que les Mahometans ignorans dans la Géographie tels que sont les Alcoranistes, gens attachee aux fables débitées par leur faux Prophetes, croyent entourer tout le globe de la terre et de l'eau et borner de, tous cotés son hemisphere. Sur cette supposition ils disent que le soleil à son lever paroît sur une des croupes de cette montagne, et qu'il se va coucher derriere l'autre qu'il lui est opposée, — de même pour comprendre toute l'étendue de la terre et de l'eau ils disent, Depuis Caf jusqu'à Caf, e'est a-dire d'un de ses extremités à l'autre.—*Bib : Ori : tit : Caf.* Many wonderful, things are related of this mountain such as that its foundation consists of a rock a single grain of which would enable a person who possessed it to perform miracles &c.

(8.) Dilbur literally one who ravishes the heart.

(9.) " Dans le Caherman Nanah, les Dives ayant pris en guerre quelques-uns de ces Peris, les enferment dans des cages de fer, qu'ils suspendent aux plus hauts arbres qu'ils purent trouver, ou leurs compagnes les venoient de temps en temps visiter avec des odeurs les plus precieuses. Ces odeurs ou parfums étoient la nourriture ordinaire des Peris, et leur procuroient encore un autre avantage, car elles empêchoient les Dives de s'approcher d'elles ni de les molester, ces Dives ne pouvant les souffrir, parcequ'elles les rendoient mornes et tristes aussi-to. qu'ils s'approchoient des arbres et destages, et les Peris euoient suspenduets *Bib : Ori : titre Peri.* Our Author has added all the other pleasures of sense to the bill of fare of the Peris.

(10.) The idea of these verses is taken from the Sonna or book of tradition of the Mussulmans. The passage which is a part of the narrative of what Mahomet saw in his nocturnal translation to heaven is thus translated by Father Marracci. " Fons Alcauther patet in longitudine, ac latitudine, quantum esset iter septuaginta millium dierum, ejusque aquæ dulces sunt. Sunt autem ibi calices ad bibendum tot numero, quot sunt sidera in cælo: et puellæ, et pueri ministrantes in Paradiso ad manducandum, et bibendum: et adolescentulæ pulcherimæ quantum cogitari possit; ex quibus si una appareret in cælo, vel in ære nocturno tempore, illuminaret mundum universum; non secus, ac si esset Sol lucentissimus: et si spueret in mare, certe mutaret Salsedinem ejus in mel, et amarorem aquarum ejus in dulcedinem ac suavitatem." *Prodromi ad refutationes Alcorani. Pars secunda. Pag. 20.* The reader will judge whether our author has gained in delicacy by substituting the "pearly dew" of the text for the "sputum" of the foregoing quotation.

(11) Peris and other spirits all which are included in the denomination of Gin in Arabic are said to be formed of fire: thus says the Koran. " Et Dæmonem (*al jun*) creavimus antea ex igne Samum (id est carente fumo, ac penetrante)." — *Marracci Alcoranus, pag. 382.*

(12) Lalah. Ce mot dont les Persans et les Turcs se servent pour signifier une tulleppe, est chez eux le symbole d'un Amant passionné, à cause que cette fleur a ordinairement ses feuilles rouges, et qu'elle est marquée au fonds d'une noirceur qui a quelque ressemblance à la marque que laisse l'application ou l'impression d'un bouton de feu. Ainsi, disent-ils: L'Amant, a le feu sur le visage, et la blessure dans le cœur.—*Bib. Ori. titre Lalah.*

(13) Messiah like revivres of the dead. This doubtless sounds profane to Christian ears; but the expression is so common with the Orientals that those who are at all acquainted with Eastern literature, will not reprove me for not having omitted it, particularly when it is known that my motive in translating this tale is to give the reader a true notion of the style and peculiarities of Eastern compositions, and to make him familiar with the figures and allusions made use of in them.

(1) Ye bore the scent of Canan's Moon. Joseph the son of Jacob is called by the Mussulmans the Moon of Canaan on account of the great beauty which they say he possessed. The following passage from the Koran will explain the text; it is only necessary to inform the reader that Jacob had become blind by weeping for the loss of Joseph. "Respondit Joseph (fratribus ejus:) Ne sit exprobratio contra vos hodie. Ignoscit Deus vobis: nam ipse est misericordissimus miserantium. Pergite cum interula mea hac, et conjicite eam super faciem patris mei, evadet videns (id est recuperabit visum) et venite ad me cum familia vestra universa. Cum vero discessessit societas viatorum ex Ægypto versus Chanaan dixit pater eorum, *Equidem sentio oderam Joseph.*" In a note on the foregoing passage Padre Marracci quotes the following sentences from Gelaleddin. "Detulerat hujus modi odorem ad illum Furus ita volente Deo per distantiam itineris vel octo vel plurium dierum."—*Mar. Refu. Alcor. pag. 359 and 362.*

(15) Toork means a beautiful woman, also a Turk, that is, a barbarian and a robber.

(16) Zoharah. Les Arabes appellent ainsi l'étoile de Venus, comme qui diroit, La Belle, ou La Fleurie. Les Mussulmans ayant appris l'astronomie des Grecs. qui ont attribué la divinité aux planètes, leur donnent des noms qui ont du rapport aux qualitez que les payens leur attribuent, quoyqu'ils soient au reste beaucoup éloignés de leurs sentimens.—*Bib. Ori. titre Zoharah.*

(17) Confine her within the casket, &c. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that allusion is here made to the common belief among Mussulmans, that Peris and such like spirits can be, and frequently are, enclosed in caskets, vials, &c. by the power of magic.

(18) The Peris were excluded from heaven for refusing to submit to Adam, and therefore cannot be supposed to be well disposed towards his descendants.

SONNET

TO MY BOOKS.

WHEN sorrow's gloom invests my heart,
 And all things seem most dark and drear;—
 Whene'er I feel affliction's dart,
 My feelings pierce—my affections sear,
 Or when I seek my mind to store
 With Wisdom's wealth and "learned lore,"
 Or tune it to those rapturous strains,
 Of ages gone—their only rich remains:—
 I come to you—my Books!—the balm
 And solace of a wounded soul—
 The treasury of thoughts, that often calm
 The grief, which will not know control:—
 For knowledge as for joy alike inclin'd
 You truly are, the "Medicine of the Mind"*

H. M****N,

* This expression is a little altered from the designation, which the Egyptians gave to the famous Alexandrian Library—the *Medicine of the Soul*.

HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO.

THE records of genius are truly delightful. They awaken the sympathies of every lover of Literature. They breathe the feelings of human nature. There is something of a very affecting nature in the biography of those individuals whose names have been rendered illustrious by their *pen*. Leaving out of consideration the frailties of a literary man, we cannot read the pages of his life's volume without interest and pleasure. The Philosopher may ponder over the fate of genius, and keenly dissect its intellect; the moralist may weigh in the balance of right and wrong the shades and features of its moral character; and both may be advantageously employed. Yet to the man of letters, there is a pleasure, which though it does not claim kindred with the pleasures of the Philosopher and the moralist, is still of so pure and elevating a nature as to improve the understanding and inform the heart. It may be delightful to trace the lineaments of the literary character, and to probe the depths of a splendid intellect; it is no less satisfying to observe the chequered scenes of the life of genius, and watch its progress, its culmination, and setting. To the astronomer, the sun is a globe of fire and the centre of attraction; to the husbandman, it is the "giver of harvests;" and to the poor wayfarer in this world, it is the eye of God, watching over the denizens of this earth, and lighting up, with its radiance, the beauties of nature and the glory of the heavens. With the humility of the last, we purpose to write the memoir of our late Bard, H. L. V. Derozio, and with such feelings animating our bosoms do we approach his departed shade. We come to the urn of his ashes not to disturb it, or examine its purity and its excellence. We simply desire to write some passing memorial, it may be on sand, of one who while he lived, gave splendid indications of future eminence, and whose death covered the community to which he belonged with sorrow and with gloom.

The subject of our memoir was born in Calcutta, the 10th of April, 1809. Nothing is recorded of his childhood, and it is well indeed that no remembrances are extant of this period of human existence. For we are almost certain that the infant years of a man of genius, receive their color and complexion from the reflected honors and productions of maturity. A thousand anecdotes are related of the infancy of genius, which might as well have been mentioned of any other less favored individual. Derozio was sent to school at the age of six years. His quickness and his progress soon attracted the attention of his master, Mr. David Drummond, who only a few months ago paid the debt of human nature. Derozio was much beloved at school, both by his teachers and his school-fellows. He commenced his dallies with the Poetic Muse at a very early age. On the occasion of a theatre being established at the school, by the boys attached to it, he wrote the Prologue, and it is indeed a very rare production, considering the extreme youth of the writer, and the circumstances of his education. Literature was his sole delight, and in it he most assuredly excelled. The Roman classics and the Mathematics never were his favorite pursuits. He had a *smattering* of both these studies, but he was not certainly an adept in either of them. Moral philosophy was his favorite

study, next however to Poetry. He left school at the age of fourteen, and immediately entered into business. He served for a short time, in the Agency House of Messrs. J. Scott and Company, where his father occupied a responsible post. 'But the Cash Book and the Ledger had no charms for him. He resigned this office, and placed himself under his uncle, Mr. Johnson, Indigo Planter, at Bhaugulpore. He found this business more congenial to his temper and his disposition. Country scenes, and mountains, and rivers, inspired his fancy, kindled his imagination, and awakened poetical feelings in his soul.

Hitherto Derozio had scribbled verses, but he had never submitted them for publication. It was at this time, that he courted public favor under the signature of "Juvenis," in the columns of the *India Gazette*, then conducted by Dr. John Grant. The generous Editor fostered literary worth, and Derozio, flattered and encouraged, poured forth his effusions with singular rapidity. These productions are not characterized by any great poetical feeling or fancy. There is a glitter of oriental images and a variety of "smart conceits" in them. They bear testimony to the existence of the poetical feeling, but nothing more. They are, to use his own words "lines written on the sand," which the swelling tide of his future fame, would have completely washed away, and left in their stead "costly gems and pearls of the ocean." But it has happened otherwise. The writing is left, and we must be content with the evidence it bears to the excellency of the hand that wrote it. It has been said, that Derozio might have strung the harp of India to worthier strains than it has emitted, if he were not spoiled by flattery, and that the sugar-plums of friends and a host of admirers, Europeans and East Indians, had entirely vitiated his taste and deteriorated the products of his Muse. We do not think so. It was the fate of poor Derozio to be as much bespattered with abuse, and exposed to envy, as he is said to have been courted and flattered. In the season of his full blown reputation he was, one evening, walking up the steps of a house, to which he had been invited by the lady, who was for a long while the distinguished ornament of this society, when he heard voices and he immediately recognized the tones of the gentleman of the house and a poetical friend. He was announced, and these words reached his ear; "As for Derozio, I allow he possesses fancy, but my Khansuma possesses more judgment than he." Derozio turned back, and never did he again visit that house.

The great fault with Derozio was that he was too soon left his own master in the delightful fields of Literature. He possessed no Mentor, whose superior judgment and matured understanding would have informed his intellect, and from the fire of whose mind the slender taper of his understanding, would have borrowed light and life. Derozio gave up his soul to the writings of Moore, and Byron, and L. E. L. The glittering fancies of the first, like diamonds that sparkle on the person of an Indian King, which instead of lighting up the beauty of the countenance by their lustre dazzle the eye and destroy the effect of the natural appearance:—the fervent and passionate out-pourings of the heart of the second, that remind his reader of the arch-fiend, Satan, impiously obstinate and dreadful in his resolves—at one time uttering horrid imprecations, at another time breathing the tenderest emotions of wounded feeling and a subdued

soul :—and the tawdry ornament of the last, like her own Ethel Churchill, the heroine of a tale and the poorest personage in the whole drama, brooding over her own disappointment, and conveying her wrongs in language not always intelligible :—these were the writers, the pedestals of whose fame are the Irish Melodies, Childe Harold, and the Venetian Bracelet, that had pre-occupied his soul, and to the bewitching influence of whose writings, he was most irresistibly bound. How much better for him, had his attention been directed to the volumes of Shakspeare and Milton. The delineations of human character and passion of the one, and the sober and classic Muse of the other, would have constrained him to reflect before he sat down to write his thoughts. This check would have been of great advantage to the fame and character of his writings. Notwithstanding this objection, his productions are remarkable with advertence to the extreme youth of the writer and the education he had received. His acquaintance with man was not extensive, and his knowledge of nature was gathered from the plains of Bhaugulpore and the rock of Jungheera.

The unexpected encouragement which Derozio received from the Editor of the *India Gazette*, induced him to venture on the publication of his poems. Accordingly he came down to Calcutta from Bhaugulpore, in 1826, and hurried his first volume through the press. The reception it met with, was most flattering and encouraging. In the following year, he not only reprinted his former volume, but added another ambitious poem entitled “the Fakcer of Jungheera.” The plot of this poem is extremely thread-bare, and the merit of the poet is therefore the greater, inasmuch as he has been able to weave so much interest around the hero and fair heroine of the poem. The two volumes were received by the public with great approbation, and Derozio’s fame was supposed by many to be firmly established.

At this time, Derozio obtained an appointment in the Hindu College, as teacher, through the kind assistance of Dr. John Grant, to whom he had dedicated the first volume of his poems. Well might it be said of Dr. Grant, that he rocked the cradle of Derozio’s genius and followed its hearse. He told the youthful poet, when solicited for permission to inscribe the first volume to him, that he would advise the dedication to be made to some more influential person, who could promote his welfare in life. But Derozio’s grateful heart would not permit him to adopt this counsel.

His career as a teacher was marked with great success. He opened the eyes of his pupils’ understandings. He taught them to reason, and imbued their minds with a taste for poetry and literature. His knowledge of Moral Philosophy was somewhat extensive. With great penetration, he led his scholars through the r^{es} of Locke, and Reid, and Stewart. We do not know whether we can offer a b^{etter} testimony to Derozio’s metaphysical acquirements, than the opinion of the Revd. Dr. Mill, late Principal of the Bishop’s College. He avowed before a large and respectable meeting, that the objections which Derozio published to the philosophy of *Kant*, were perfectly original and displayed powers of reasoning and observation which would not disgrace even gifted Philosophers. Derozio labored with great zeal for his pupils’ interests. He established the first debating Society among the students of the Hindu College, and delivered a course of lectures on English Poetry. He was neither a fluent nor an eloquent speaker, but the little

that he said, contained bone and sinew, and furnished a large stock of accurate information.

Many reasons have been urged in explanation of Derozio's dismissal from the College. The subjoined letter, which has before been in print, throws no light on the mystery.

We pretend to know a little more of the business than most of our contemporaries, and we will now proceed to detail it. The questions which Derozio has answered in the following letter, and which were adduced as charges against him, do not state the whole truth. These charges grew out of the principal reason, which has hitherto been hidden from the view of all. They were the offspring of unfounded calumny. The native managers of the Hindu College were alarmed at the progress which some of the pupils were making under Derozio, by actually *cutting* their way through ham and beef, and wading to Liberalism through tumblers of Beer. From this new feature of Hindu Education, the praise or blame of which must rest on the memory of Derozio, the managers dreaded the worst consequences. To put a stop to further insight into the science of *Gastronomy*, Derozio was dismissed in 1831. This is the plain unvarnished story!

TO H. H. WILSON, ESQ

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter which I received last evening, should have been answered earlier, but for the interference of other matters which required my attention. I beg your acceptance of this apology for the delay, and thank you for the interest which your most excellent communication proves that you continue to take in me. I am sorry, however, that the questions you have put to me will impose upon you the disagreeable necessity of reading this long justification of my conduct and opinions. But I must congratulate myself that this opportunity is afforded me of addressing so influential and distinguished an individual as yourself, upon matters which, if true, might seriously affect my character. My friends need not, however, be under any apprehension for me, for myself, the consciousness of right is my safeguard and my consolation.

1st.—I have never denied the existence of a God, in the hearing of any human being. If it be wrong to speak at all upon such a subject, I am guilty; for I am neither afraid nor ashamed to confess having stated the doubts of philosophers upon this head, because I have also stated the solution of those doubts. Is it forbidden any where to argue upon such a question? If so, it must be equally wrong to adduce an argument upon either side: or is it consistent with an enlightened notion of truth to wed ourselves to any one view of so important a subject, resolving to close our ears and eyes against all impressions that oppose themselves to it? How is any opinion to be strengthened, but by completely comprehending the objections that are offered to it, and exposing their futility? and what have I done more than this? Entrusted as I was for some time with the education of youth, peculiarly circumstanced, was it for me to have made them pert and ignorant dogmatists, by permitting them to know what could be said upon only one side of grave questions? Setting aside the narrowness of mind which such a course might have evinced, it would have been injurious to the mental energies and acquirements of the young men themselves, and (whatever may be said to the contrary,) I can vindicate my procedure by quoting no less orthodox an authority than Lord Bacon; "If a man," says this philosopher (and no one ever had a better right to pronounce an opinion upon such matters than he) "will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts." This, I need scarcely observe, is always the case with contented ignorance, when it is roused too late to thought. One doubt suggests another, and universal scepticism is the consequence. I therefore thought it my duty to acquaint several of the college students with the substance of Hume's celebrated dialogue between Cleanthes and Philo, in which the most subtle and refined arguments against Theism are adduced. But I have also furnished them with Dr. Reid's and Dugald Stewart's more acute replies to Hume's replies, which to this day, continue unrefuted. This is the head and front of my offending. If the religious opinions of the students have become uninged in consequence of the course I have pursued, the fault is not mine. To produce conviction in their minds was not within my power; and if I am to be condemned for the atheism of some, let me receive credit for the Theism of others. Believe me, my dear Sir, I am too thoroughly

imbued with a deep sense of human ignorance and of the perpetual vicissitudes of opinion, to speak with confidence even of the most unimportant matters. Doubt and uncertainty besiege us too closely to admit the boldness of dogmatism to enter an enquiring mind; and far be it from me to say that "this is" and "that is not," when, after the most extensive acquaintance with the researches of science, and after the most daring flights of genius, we must confess with sorrow and disappointment, that humility becomes, the highest wisdom, for the highest wisdom assures man of his ignorance.

Your next question is—"Do you think respect and obedience to parents no part of moral duty?" For the first time in my life did I learn from your letter that I am charged with having inculcated so hideous, so unnatural, so abominable a principle. The authors of such infamous fabrications are too degraded even for my contempt. Had my father been alive, he would have repelled the slander, by telling my calumniators that a son who had endeavoured to discharge every filial duty as I have done could never have entertained such a sentiment. But my mother can testify how utterly inconsistent it is with my conduct, and upon her testimony I might rest my vindication. However, I will not stop short there. So far from having even maintained or taught such opinion, I have always insisted upon respect and obedience to parents. I have indeed condemned that feigned respect which some children evince, being hypocritical and injurious to the moral character. But I have always endeavoured to cherish the genuine feelings of the heart, and to direct them into proper channels. Instances, however, in which I have insisted upon respect and obedience to parents are not wanting. I shall quote two important ones for your satisfaction, and as the parties are always at hand, you may at any time substantiate what I say. About two or three months ago, Dukhinanundun Mookerjya (who has made so great a noise lately) informed me that his father's treatment of him had become utterly insupportable, and that his only chance of escaping it was by leaving his father's house. Although I was aware of the truth of what he had said, I dissuaded him from taking such a course, telling him, that much should be endured from a parent, and that the world would not justify his conduct, if he left his home without being actually turned out of it. He took my advice, though, I regret to say, only for a short time. A few weeks ago he left his father's house, and to my great surprize, engaged another in my neighbourhood. After he had completed his arrangements with his landlord, he informed me, for the first time, of what he had done, and when I asked him why he had not consulted me before he took such a step—"because," replied he, "I knew you would have prevented it." The other instance relates to Mohesh Chunder Singh. Having recently behaved rudely to his father, and offended some of his relatives, he called upon me at my house, with his uncle, Umachoron Bose, and his cousin, Nundolol Sing. I reproached him severely for his contumacious behaviour, and told him until he sought forgiveness from his father I would not speak to him. I might mention other cases, but these may suffice.

"Do you think marriages of brothers and sisters innocent and allowable?" This is your third question. "No," is my distinct reply, and I never taught such an absurdity. But I am at a loss to find out how such misrepresentations, as those to which I have been exposed, have become current. No person who has ever heard me speak upon such subjects could have circulated these untruths—at least I can hardly bring myself to think that one of the College students with whom I have been connected could be either such a fool as to mistake everything I ever said, or such a knave as wilfully to mistake my opinions. I am rather disposed to believe that weak people who are determined upon being alarmed, and finding nothing to be frightened at, have imputed these follies to me. That I should be called a sceptic and an infidel is not surprising, as these names are always given to persons who dare think for themselves in religion; but I assure you that the imputations which you say are alleged against me, I have learned for the first time from your letter, never having even dreamed that sentiments so opposed to my own could have been ascribed to me. I must trust, therefore, to your generosity to give the most unqualified contradiction to these ridiculous stories. I am not a greater monster than most people; though I certainly should not know myself, were I to credit all that is said of me. I am aware that for some weeks some busy bodies have been manufacturing the most absurd and groundless stories about me and even about my family. Some fools went so far as to say that my sister while others said that my daughter (though I have not one) was to have been married to a Hindoo young man!!! I traced the report to a person named Bindabun Ghosal, a poor Brahmin, who lives by going from house to house, to entertain the inmates with the news of the day which he invariably invents. However, it is a satisfaction to reflect, that scandal, though often noisy, is not everlasting.

Now that I have replied to your questions, allow me to ask you, my dear Sir, whether the expediency of yielding to popular clamour can be offered in justification of the measures adopted by the native managers of the College towards me? Their proceedings certainly do not record any condemnation of me; but does it not look very like condemna-

tion of a man's conduct and character to dismiss him from office when popular clamour is against him? Vague reports and unfounded rumours went abroad concerning me: the native managers have confirmed them by acting towards me, as they have done. Excuse my saying it, but I believe there was a determination on their part to get rid of me, not to satisfy popular clamour, but their own bigotry. Had my religion and morals been investigated by them, they could have no grounds to proceed against me: they therefore thought it most expedient to make no enquiry, but with anger and precipitation to remove me from the institution. The slovenly manner in which they have done so is a sufficient indication of the spirit by which they were moved; for in their rage, they have forgotten what was due even to common decency. Every person who has heard of the way in which they have acted, is indignant; but to complain of their injustice, would be paying them a greater compliment than they deserve.

In concluding this address, allow me to apologize for its inordinate length, and to repeat my thanks for all that you have done for me in the unpleasant affair by which it had been occasioned.

I remain, my dear Sir, your's sincerely,

H. L. V. DEROZIO.

April 26, 1813.

It was now that Derozio, who had, for some time past, been the Sub-Editor of the *India Gazette*, had assisted certain students of the College in publishing a periodical entitled the *Enquirer*, and had conducted a small evening paper entitled the *Hesperus*—came to the resolution of establishing a large daily paper, the *East Indian*, at 5 per Rs. per mensem. He called upon his countrymen to assist him and they responded to his call. Poor Derozio was, however, never a popular Editor.

Although his share of the writing exhibited spirit and talent, there was an air of conceit in all that he said and wrote, which was not often pleasing. While conducting this paper, he fell into a dispute with Captain Macnaghten, which terminated by a personal assault the military gentleman committed on the Editor of the *East Indian*.

Derozio was arrested in the midst of his labors by the hand of death. He died of Cholera Morbus, on the 23d December, 1831, in the 22d year of his age. He lingered full six days, and hopes were entertained by some of his friends, that his life would be spared. But it had been decreed otherwise. He was attended in his illness by Drs. Tytler and Grant, the latter gentleman came daily to see him, and read to him passages from the second Book of the "Pleasures of Hope." On the Sunday preceding his death, the late Mr. J. W. Ricketts, the distinguished East Indian, called to see him: to him Derozio expressed a wish to see the Rev James Hill, whose eloquence had before touched his heart. The Reverend gentleman came, and it is consolatory to remark, that, in his last moments, Derozio confessed that he was a Christian, and he died, a believer in the saving faith of Jesus Christ. His career was short but glorious!

Derozio's admiring countrymen met after his death, to consider of the erection of a permanent memorial of their affection and regard for his memory. The sum of money collected for a monument over his grave was about 800 rupees. This amount was misappropriated, and Derozio's grave is now undistinguished among the crowded tombs of the Park Street cemetery.

We paid school boy visits to the spot every sabbath evening, but alas! we have now forgotten the spot in which his remains were deposited.
Sic transit gloria hominis!

In private life, Derozio was much beloved. He was an affectionate son, a kind brother, and a warm friend. He was very lively and humorous. We confidently state, that anger was never seen to cloud his brow. All was sunshine with him. As a teacher, he won the affections of his pupils. Never was he known to speak rudely to them. If he wished any of them to keep out of his way, his usual language was "My dear boy, you are not *transparent*."

One phase of his character is remarkable. He never loved a woman. His feelings were *cold* in this respect. To him, who is not a superficial reader of his poems, the characteristic of Nuleeni's love, the heroine of his poem, the Fakcer of Jungheerah, will appear to possess neither the warmth, nor the confidence, nor the tenderness of woman's love. He was often asked by his sister, to whom he was most affectionately attached, to give her a sister-in-law. One morning she found under her plate, on the Breakfast table, a few stanzas, entitled, "A sister-in-law for thee." We have extracted it from the *Orient Pearl*, and in our opinion, it is a piece which contains the most remarkable faults of Derozio's poetical style.

In his dress, he went to the extreme of foppery! He was like woman fond of gold, and his person was adorned with a goodly quantity of it. He never wore a hat, and his hair was parted from the middle. He was conspicuous for his yellow-painted Stanhope and English Horse; and it was laughable to see him, in the morning, spurred and booted to the knee, on a powerful Arab, coursing the plain. The effect of his dress was increased by his diminutive stature. The likeness which we have given of Derozio, is a faithful one; and we take this opportunity of returning our sincere thanks to our friends, Mr. J. Bennett and Mr. H. M. Smith, for their kindness in assisting us in giving to the public the lithographed miniature of the East India Bard. The first took the likeness, the second imitated the Fac-simile.

Derozio's affairs were left in a very embarrassed state. Though for many years on the receipt of 150 Rs., he kept a large open table and endeavoured to vie with the wealthy and the great. His library was an extensive one; and the first book received in Calcutta, found its way to his shelf.

Our remarks must be brought to a close. We have already expressed our opinion of Derozio's poetry. We do maintain it, as our conviction, that his writings were not finished performances, but they were merely blossoms, which promised good fruit.

In conversation, he was brilliant. He loved to discourse on

"Fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge absolute"

and on these subjects, he was superficial and arrogant. He is now nearly forgotten. We understand that his writings are in the course of collection, and that when the stock is completed, the whole will be sent to England for publication. We sincerely hope that the writings of this man of genius, will not be lost, but that they will preserve his name for some years to come.

The following poems are the best that we can select, for conveying to our readers, the powers of Derozio's mind. The one entitled "Sister-in-law,"

is full of his prevailing faults, the others comprise his happiest efforts. The long poem, entitled "The Night" is of a serious cast, and displays observation and reflection: which only required time to develope fully, and bring to perfect maturity:

NIGHT.

I.

For loneliness and thought this is the hour:—
 Now that thou smil'st so beautiful and bright,
 Oh! how I feel thy soul-subduing power,
 And gaze upon thy loveliness, sweet Night!
 There sails the moon, like a small silver bark
 Floating upon the ocean vast and dark:
 Lovers should only look upon her light,
 And only by her light should lovers meet,
 They catch an inspiration from the sight,
 And all their words flow musically sweet,
 Like the soft fall of waters far away;
 Their hearts run o'er with gladness, till they seem
 As if they were not beams of the day,
 But beautiful creations of a dream!

II.

Night, Night, O Night! thou hast a gentle face,
 Like a fond mother's smiling o'er her child
 I gaze on thee till my soul swells apace
 With thoughts and aspirations high, and wild:
 'Tis ever so; and there be some who find,
 That when the eye is fixed on boundless space,
 Spurning the earth, vast grows the giant mind,
 And seeks in some bright orb a dwelling-place
 And it may be, that in my breast the fires
 Of hope, and fancy both are burning bright;
 And all my aspirations, and desires
 May pass away, e'en with thy shadows, Night!
 But could my spirit fly from earth afar,
 'Twould dwell with one I love in yonder lovely star

III.

Oh! how fond memory in the calm of night
 Brings to the mind young love, though love hath past,
 With all th'endearing things which gave delight,
 And which we once believed could always last!
 Oft at this hour, in happier days I deem,
 When Time, thy foot fell softly upon flowers,
 And lighted by Diana's purest beam,
 Have youthful hearts enjoyed the passing hours
 And as the lover named the loved-one's name,
 Pale grew her cheek, while glowed the fire within,
 Like pure asbestos whitened by the flame:—
 Then did the madness of his heart begin;
 And then he gazed upon her forehead fair,
 Then looked into her eyes, to see if love was there.

IV.

Swift as the dark eye's glance, or falcon's flight,
 Thought comes on thought, awakened by the night—
 And there are some which point towards the past,
 And fondly linger o'er life's twilight sky,
 Hailing the sacred star of memory;
 And thou, though lonely, thou, my poor heart hast
 Much to muse o'er hours of past happiness,
 And though 'tis gone for ever, not the less
 Is it's remembrance dear—but lo! a cloud
 Hath wrapt the wood, like beauty in a shroud!

Hush ! there is silence—but methinks mine ear
 A distant, sweet, seraphic hymn doth hear—
 The stars alone are watching from above,
 Hush ! 'tis the night wind's voice—ah ! soft as her's I love.

This to the soul of feeling sadness brings,
 And painful thoughts of those who once were dear.
 But who, now far from bleak misfortune's sphere,
 Fly on from world to world with golden wings ;
 This wakes in many a eye a hopeless tear ;
 'Tis vainly shed, for still the fond heart clings
 (Though sorrow all its best enjoyment sear)
 Unto the memory of vanished things !—
 The moon is gone ; and thus go those we love ;
 The night winds wail ; and thus for them we mourn .
 The stars look down ; thus spirits from above
 Hallow the mourner's tears upon the urn.
 Some thoughts are all of joy, and some of woe
 Mine end in tears—they're welcome—let them flow

Ye tears that flow, ye sighs that break the heart,
 Ah ! wherefore do ye not relieve the wound,
 The deadly wound which Grief's envenomed dart
 Gives to the breast whose blood must stream unbound ?
 Ah ! no, it must not be !—tears wildly start,
 And sighs are heaved, and blood sinks in the ground ;
 But these bring no relief—we look around,
 But vainly look for those who formed a part
 Of us, as we of them, and whom we wore
 Like gems in bezils, in the heart's deep core.—
 Where are they now ?—gone to that " narrow cell"
 Whose gloom no lamp hath broken, nor shall break,
 Whose secrets never spirit came to tell :—
 O ! that their day might dawn, for then they would awake.

May, 1827.

SONNET.

*Who originated and carried into effect the proposal for procuring a portrait of
 David Hare, Esq*

Your hand is on the helm—guide on young men
 The bark that's freighted with your country's doom.
 Your glories are but budding ; they shall bloom
 Like fabled amaranths Elysian, when
 The shore is won even now within your ken,
 And when your torch shall dissipate the gloom
 That long has made your country but a tomb,
 Or worse than tomb, the priest's, the tyrant's den.
 Guide on, young men ; your course is well begun ;
 Hearts that are tuned to holliest harmony
 With all that e'en in thought is good, must be
 Best formed for deeds like those which shall be done
 By you hereafter 'till your geurdon's won
 And that which now is hope becomes reality.

March 8, 1830

HEAVEN

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON'S.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle," &c

(Written in a Lady's Album)

Know ye the land where the fountain is springing,
 Whose waters give life, and whose flow never ends,
 Where cherub and seraph, in concert, are singing
 The hymn that in odour and incense ascends?
 Know ye the land where the sun cannot shine,
 Where his light would be darken'd by glory divine;
 Where the fields are all fair, and the flowret's young bloom
 Never fades while with sweetness each breath they perfume.
 Where sighs are ne'er heard, and where tears are ne'er shed
 From hearts that might elsewhere have broken and bled;
 Where grief is unfelt, where its name is unknown,
 Where the music of gladness is heard in each tone,
 Where melody vibrates from harps of pure gold,
 Far brighter than mortal's weak eye can behold.
 Where the harpers are robed in a mantle of light,
 More dazzling than diamonds, than silver more white;
 Where rays from a rainbow of emerald beam,
 Where truth is no name, and where bliss is no dream—
 'Tis the seat of our God! 'tis the land of the blest—
 The kingdom of glory—the region of rest—
 The boon that to man shall hereafter be given—
 'Tis love's hallowed empire—'tis Heaven—'tis Heaven!

March, 1826.

SISTER-IN-LAW

A sister-in-law, my sister dear,
 A sister-in-law for thee?
 I'll bring thee a star from where angels are
 Thy sister-in-law to be.
 For thou art as pure as the lights that burn
 In the palace of bliss eternally,
 And thy sister-in-law must be like an urn,
 Containing the essence of purity.

I'll borrow fleet wings from the visions of night,
 And when with storms the heavens are dim.
 Like a thought or a seraph, I'll shape my flight
 Until I have reached the rainbow's rim
 And thence I'll bring, my sister dear,
 A sister-in-law for thee,
 A hue from that bow, I'll bring here below,
 Thy sister-in-law to be.

I'll shoot like a beam from the golden haired sun
 Down, down to those bright coral caves,
 Where the mysteries dark of old ocean are done,
 And the mermaid her amber locks laves.
 And I'll bring thee a gem from the rich diadem,
 On the brow of the queen of the sea;
 That jewel so rare on my bosom I'll bear
 Thy sister-in-law to be.

On the hippogriff wing of that moon-stricken thing—
 Wild Fancy, to whom it is given
 With its flight to describe round all nature a ring,
 Will I mount up to heaven, to heaven
 From the amaranth beds that are there I shall bring
 An odour immortal for thee:
 For it is but meet that nought but what's sweet
 Thy sister-in-law should be.

THE VILLAGE GHOST.

A FEW miles from Dinapore there is a small village chiefly inhabited by *chamars*, and others of the lower order. The village, at the time we speak of, contained about a hundred families, living in small thatched houses of the humblest description. Their occupations were as various as the casts to which they belonged. You might have seen amongst them shoe-makers, barbers, syces, *et hoc genus omne*, all living together apparently in great harmony, except on occasions when the fumes of the *Arrack* disturbed their mental equanimity, and rendered them somewhat obstreperous and pugnaciously disposed. Amongst this motley group of non-descripts lived a *Chunna-wallah*, named Dhunneah, whom we think it necessary to introduce to the reader in a special manner. He was a well-built man, of a sable complexion, with looks which might have made him the fit companion of a Thug. He, in common with his class, had a great predilection for the "fiery liquid," and when he indulged in large potations of it, amused himself with playing on the *Kunjaree*, and singing in praise of his dear delightful *dharoo*. But with all these propensities Dhunneah was an industrious man; he managed to keep a house and maintain two wives very decently in his own sphere of life. Each of the women had ponderous brass *poutchees*: and Dhunneah took particular care to see them supplied with a sufficient quantity of *sindoor* or red lead for the adornment of their persons.* Besides which, he made occasional presents of little trinkets to his wives, and these being made of silver were in high esteem with them. Hence Dhunneah was reputed to be a kind husband, and he on his part considered himself entitled to all the love and attachment which his wives could bestow on him for his unwearied attentions to them. Dhunneah, however, was of a jealous temperament, and would not for the world allow his wives to speak to, or look at, any of his male companions, how intimate soever they might have been with him. Whenever he chanced to have a customer in his shop, he watched the movements of his wives with the utmost vigilance to prevent them from even looking at the stranger, lest they should thereby fall under the fatal influence of an unlawful passion, which might tend to unsettle their minds. And the women also knew the temper of Dhunneah so well that in no instance, so far as the observations of their husband extended, were they guilty of any thing likely to rouse the green-eyed monster in him. While in the shop Dhunneah was incessantly employed either in grinding gram or frying it in a pan; whilst his wives were occupied in winnowing the husks of the grain, dressing vic-tuals, or attending to numerous other domestic duties peculiar to their station in life.

One day, Dhunneah according to his custom, was seated at the threshold of his shop or house, or whatever it may be called; for he had one little thatched room, scarcely twenty feet square, in which he had his warehouse, kitchen, bed-room and sitting-room, all separated from one another by means of *tattees* and bamboo railings. While the *chunna* vender sat on the ground with his legs stretched at full length, and his back supported by a post in the door way, he indulged himself with whiffing at a tre-

mendous rate the *bang* he had in his *chillum*, and thus became rather more communicative than usual: "O Tooneah," said he, addressing himself to his elder wife, "I have long been thinking of making you a present of something, but nothing suits my fancy better than a silver *nuth*, which I doubt not will set your person off to some advantage: now what do you say to it, my sweet Tooneah, would you like to have it?"

"Have it *Jetoo kay bap!* why not? am I not a comely person to look at, and fit to wear a silver ornament on my nose; and don't I love you to deserve some mark of your favour?"

"No, my beloved Tooneah, I know too well that you love me; I merely asked you to know whether you would like the thing; if not I shall make it over to Luchmin, who I am sure will be much pleased with it."

"Why should you give it to Luchmin?" said Tooneah rather nettled at the alternative her husband proposed. "Why should you give it to Luchmin? Has she a greater claim to your regard than myself? Who is it that loves you more, Luchmin or myself, now answer me?"

"I do not know that," observed Dhunneah—"I do not care whose love is greater; it is sufficient to know that you both love me."

"Hai Booboo! O sister!" exclaimed Luchmin "why quarrel about a *nuth*. If Jetoo's father wishes to give you one, take it—He will surely give me another, and then we shall both be satisfied."

"Give you another, you *pathunee!*" cried Tooneah, in a violent rage,— "He will give you his old shoe to hang it to your nose. *You* want a *nuth!* Have you half the love that I have for him? Who is it that makes his bed, who fills his *chillum*, is it not I?"

"That may be," replied Luchmin. "But I have also other duties to perform. Do I not cook his victuals, do I not champo his legs to put him to sleep? and he will tell you that I am the first to rise in the morning, and commence the work of the day."

"And what of that?" said Tooneah, "you slave, you wretch,—I shall take you by the hair and dash your head against the ground, if you dare to speak thus."

"Keep quiet," exclaimed Dhunneah, "or I shall make you feel the weight of my club on your heads."

The women, however, paid no regard to Dhunneah, but went on quarrelling until at length the husband found it necessary to interpose his authority. He gave them each a sound bastinado which made them squeak and cry for full half an hour.

A short time after this display of connubial affection, Dhunneah was invited to a small party of friends, who had assembled to commemorate some particular event. Our hero was seated on the ground next to a Dhobee, with whom he held a very interesting colloquy. In the course of their talk, Dhunneah made some allusion to his domestic concerns, and was sorry to observe, that there was so much bickering and quarrelling between his wives.

"Why friend," asked the Dhobee, "what may be the cause of their disagreement?"

"For no other reason than that, one thinks she loves me more than the other."

"And do you suppose that they are sincere in what they say?"

"How can I think otherwise, when they give vent to their tears on my charging them with a want of affection for me?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Bhiah," exclaimed the Dhobee, "you are mistaken. Women are as cunning as foxes. Your wives know too well how to win your affections. They pretend to have an attachment for you; whereas they may be at heart as indifferent towards your welfare as if you were a stranger to them."

"I cannot believe it," said Dhunneah: "if the women did not love me, their conduct would have been different. They would have left me long, long ago, as I have never spared them a beating, whenever I thought they required it."

"Ho! Dhunneah! you certainly are a simple man;" exclaimed the Dhobee. "I know what these women are from sad experience. Their words are like honey, very sweet, but their hearts are exceedingly bitter, more so than the fruit of the Nim tree. To know the real sentiments of your wives in your regard, you must put them to the test."

"But how am I to do this?" asked Dhunneah.

"Why the best way would be to pretend to be fast asleep, and you will hear many little things, which might not be intended for your ears."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Dhunneah, "this very night I will try the experiment."

The party soon broke up, and Dhunneah wended his way homewards, fully determined to adopt the advice of his friend. He soon came in sight of his house, and walked gently towards it. The door was partially closed, but by some means, the women perceived the approach of their lord and master. Whatever might have been the subject of their conversation before, it now took a different turn.

"Booboo!" said Luchmin, "when will Dhunneah return? It is very late, and I am very uneasy about him."

"No less am I," returned the other. "I hope his friends will not make him drink, for he is really a very good man when he is sober."

"Though he beats us often, yet I cannot but love him. If we go all over this village, we cannot get a man like Dhunneah."

"But suppose our Dhunneah dies, what shall we do Luchmin?" asked Toonneah.

"We must die likewise," returned Luchmin.

"Yes, Luchmin, for my part I could not survive Dhunneah's death for a single moment."

Our hero stood at the door listening all the while to the agreeable conversation of his wives, and wished very much, at that moment to see the Dhobee beside him to convince him of his error. "Certainly," said he to himself "these women must love me, or why should they talk in this strain, in my absence." Full of these thoughts, he entered the house with a smiling countenance, a phenomenon which was not of very common occurrence with him. "Toonneah," exclaimed he, "my *peuree*, give me a *chillum*." Our hero then seated himself on the bare ground, and whiffed his *gunja* to his heart's content, and then went to bed with very kindly feelings towards his wives and all the world besides.

The next morning, Dhunneah, as usual, posted himself at the grinding

stone, at which he worked for hours together without intermission. Many and various were the thoughts which occupied his mind during this laborious operation ; but what interested him most was, the subject regarding which he talked to the Dhobee the night preceding. And when he finished the labours of the day, and sat down at the threshold of his little dwelling he could not help revolving in his mind all that he had heard from his friend. " Well," said he to himself, " I shall put my wives to a severe test, and if I find them faithful to me, no one in the world will persuade me to think otherwise of them. The Dhobee has recommended me to feign sleep, but I shall pretend to be dead, and let me see the result. Surely, from what I know of them there will be more wailing and crying for the loss of me, poor and miserable as I am, than for the Nabob himself." Such was Dhunneah's train of reflection, and such may have been that of many an individual under similar circumstances. Be that as it may, Dhunneah was not a mere talker. He always put into immediate execution what he had once resolved to perform. So then a short time after this, our hero became apparently very ill. He turned and twisted himself about in all directions, from the attack of a severe pain, which he feigned to have in his chest.

" Hai Luchmin," exclaimed Tooneah, " look at our Dhunneah ! See how he rolls upon the ground—O *Jetoo kay bap* ! what can the matter be with you ?"

" He complains of a pain about his chest," returned the other.

" A pain ! and what sort of pain is it that makes him flutter upon the ground like a pigeon ? Throw some water on him, Luchmin—O, my husband ! my husband !" cried Tooneah, and Luchmin was not behind hand in keeping company with her in her lamentations.

Water was sprinkled on the face of Dhunneah, but it had no effect. The man still writhed under the pain, and all that the women could do was of no avail, till at length Dhunneah after gasping for breath apparently died without a groan. His wives at first stared at one another as if they were unwilling to trust to their senses ; but observing for some time that the body was motionless, they felt convinced that their husband was no more on the land of the living. The report of the *chunna wallah's* death soon took wing, and spread over all parts of the village ; and all that had known him, while passing by his house, dropped in to ascertain the fact or gratify their curiosity. Whenever the women saw people in the shop they kept a most tremendous howling and crying, as if their very hearts were breaking within them. But when quite alone they maintained between themselves a most interesting tête à tête on ordinary topics. At length the time arrived for the removal of the corpse.

Dhunneah's friends called in and having laid his remains on a *khuttolee*, they placed it on their shoulders and bent their way to the river, followed by his wives who seemed to grieve most bitterly for their bereavement. The body was soon conveyed to the river side, and the friends of the deceased having placed the *khuttolee* on the water's edge returned home leaving the widows behind them. Tooneah and Luchmin sat for some time without uttering a syllable. At length the former broke silence in these words :—" Luchmin," said she, " there is no more Dhun-

neah to annoy us ; we are now perfectly free, I can scarcely believe my senses, I am so happy, indeed!"

"We must offer up to Kalli, some kind of sacrifice for this happy deliverance.

"What a plague he was to us, Luchmin!"

"O do not speak about that! the less you talk about it the better. Who could endure his ill temper?—Whenever he got drunk he had no mercy on us."

"And he thought, Luchmin, that with all his ill-treatment of us we could love him! and how well we deceived him the other night, when he stood by the door to listen to us!—He little thought we had perceived his approach."

"Yes, yes, the foolish fellow after tha tappeared quite pleased with us."

"But, Luchmin," enquired Tooneah, what do you mean to do with yourself now."

"I cannot tell you that at present," replied she, "but I am certain of this, that I shall no more be a *chumawallah's* wife."

"Why not?" asked Tooneah.

"Why, because I hate the work I had to perform. There was no rest for us ;—you must have known that."

"O yes—I was equally tired of the life we led. I would rather live with a *dome* than marry one of Dhunneah's kind."

"There is one comfort for us," observed Luchmin, "that we have got rid of him at last. Then pointing to the corpse, she cried. "There see *booboo*, the crows are at Dhunneah. See how one of them is advancing towards the head ; there it is now at his eyes." The idea of a crow's hopping on a dead body tickled the women's fancy so much, that they laughed outright. Their laughter was so loud, that it startled the bird, and it flew away. But the women from some unaccountable reason could not restrain their cackinations. They laughed and giggled as if they had been gracing a festive scene. All this was any thing but agreeable to Dhunneah, who found his wrath kindling within him, and he could endure it no longer. He therefore hastily rose from his *Khuttolee*, and immediately commenced unloosening a side post with which he was now resolved to pulverize the heads of his wives. The women on seeing this extraordinary phenomenon were struck with consternation, and were inclined to distrust the soundness of their visual organs. How could a man that had been dead, rise up? was a question which puzzled their minds. But a thought immediately struck them, that probably Dhunneah had become a Devil ; and no sooner were they impressed with this idea than they ran with the utmost speed, screaming aloud that Dhunneah had become a *bhooth*. The alarm became general as they approached the village, and all the inhabitants were filled with apprehension ; and when they saw the identical Dhunneah at a distance with a post on his shoulder, running desperately towards them, their fears knew no bounds. *Dhunneah Bhooth, Dhunneah Bhooth*, resounded from one end of the village to the other. The doors of houses were closed, and men and women with their children, secured themselves in their respective dwellings. Poor Dhunneah scarcely knew where to go—his wives had fled and there was no seeing them ;—and he could not for the world get a man to speak to him. No sooner did he make an attempt to approach an

individual, whom he saw at a distance, than the latter immediately made a precipitate retreat. It was in vain that Dhuneah entreated people to hear the particulars of his case; there was no one to listen to him. Till at length tired of his own situation, he left the village, fully resolved to punish his wives wherever he met them, for their duplicity; but since that time *Dhuneah Bhooth* was in the mouth of every body in that village, and the name eventually became a bugbear to all little children several miles round.

ON LAUGHTER.

It is a just remark of Carlyle that a man's laughter betrays his inward mind. Like a man's countenance, his laughter betrays the secret workings of his heart. It is a key to the box of the inward man; and will often be found to be serviceable in unlocking the gold or the drop within, when even the scrutinizing glance of the physiognomist has failed to detect the real metal. There is no such science as that of discovering a man's thoughts by means of his laughter; but there are few men in existence who do not in actual practice conceive some notion of a man's character through this means. "The loud laugh proclaims the vacant mind," has been an observation made by one of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature, and we may rest assured that in nine out of ten cases his saying will be found to be correct. Laugh loudly and properly and you will be relieved of many a heavy load of care and grief; you must not, however, force a smile or a titter, but let it come its own way and when it pleases. It is a strange, but nevertheless a most correct fact, that laughter never comes when you wish it to come, and that it comes with irresistible force whenever you wish most to avoid it. The latter fact has been felt by all men, and on many occasions: something creates a laughter in you, some great man says a ridiculous thing, it would be very unbecoming in you to insult him by laughing outright in his face, so you endeavour to suppress with all your power your risible faculties, but they burst through all your efforts; chains, bars, and stone-walls, are disregarded and the consequence is you wake his wonder and pity if not his anger, and receive a contemptuous look or bitter smile for your pains.

It has been urged by Addison though without much reason, that a loud laugh is a very disagreeable thing. A loud laugh, says he, is like the crackling of a piece of wood when placed in a blazing chimney, just roaring for a few moments, expending all its fury and then silently melting into ashes,—he prefers a solemn, grave, sedate smile that is lasting and that inspires a gust and heavy mirth to a boisterous and noisy laugh. Notwithstanding his knowledge of men and manners and his vast general erudition, there can be but few converts to this singular creed. A roaring laugh is the very essence of real mirth. Hasn't Milton got in his *L'Allegro* the simple yet truly descriptive epithet of "And laughter holding both his sides?" Can anything so well expel cares and sorrows and inspire a love for the beautiful works of nature—a love for virtue, and for all things good or

great ? Gentle reader, I see the mild shake of your head expressive of your dissent from my assertion and of your hatred and dislike of a monstrous sort of a horse laugh, poured out from a big dull head with monstrous teeth, (mine are rather ugly ones,) but remember I am not commending laughter which is loud without bounds, but I say a good, roaring laugh, is a reasonable one, to which I dare say no man has reason to object.

It is strange and curious to observe the different sorts of laughter prevalent in the world. The foolish and simple maiden titters affectedly, the courtier smiles blandly and complacently, the rollicking *Militaire* puts his hands in his pockets and pours out a *guffaw*, so loud, so long, so tremendous, that the auditor begins to suspect that the cackination will not cease till Doomsday. The merchant ha ha's, as much as to say, "I am richer than you, so you see my profession turns out to be better than your's." The sportsman ho ho's,—a laugh which serves the double purpose of giving mirth to himself, and gathering his scattered dogs. Every man has his laugh some way or other ; each acting according to the direction of his own taste as the antic said when he hung himself for want of food : some indeed there are who laugh more seldom than other joyous spirits ; but the characters of men, are various, and diversified, and the least laughers are not consequently the least lovers of fun. The great prince of Punsters, Tom Hood, whose witticisms have so often set the table in a roar, has been seldom seen to enjoy in a hearty laugh, and there are others again, who like the honest vicar of Wakefield of blessed memory, make up in laughter what they want in wit.

、 Mirth is most essential to our existence ; without it the world would really be a joyless and uninhabitable place, outlandish and dull to the last degree. "Hence loathed Melancholy," says the immortal author of "Paradise lost ;" but under such circumstances even his potent words would be of little avail ; the earth would be a dish of meat without salt or savour, and we would be obliged to drag on a miserable existence ; whereas in this case though we would be in possession, of lovely meadows, green hills, snow covered sublime mountains, and gorgeous groves, though the light of the blessed sun would stream in upon us, and the moon shed her pure pale, soft, holy rays on landscapes beautiful as herself, yet still we would have the pain of feeling unable to enjoy or relish all these charms though they were completely at our own commands. Without laughter or amusement, without "the goddess fair and free, in heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne" without mirth or exhilaration of spirits, we would not appear denizens of the earth, but those of the grave, and look like a set of solemn and hypocritical wretches or like the raving enthusiasts of ancient days. We would then, indeed, be a set of puppets, moving upon the stage of misery, without a hope of delight or consolment !

Like all things, however, mirth must not be carried to excess, it must be limited to a moderate degree, must be sober, and directed to proper objects, otherwise it is sure to produce baneful effects, most likely to be converted into debauchery, which after satisfying the appetite for some time generally palls or satiates it, and makes him who thus carries it into excess, incapable of feeling from the time that he is satiated in any of the pleasures or delights of this world. If mirth is directed to improper objects, such as towards an inferior, either in bodily or mental faculties, towards a rival, a

venerable superior, religion or good morals, it is sure to beget pride, envy, impropriety of conduct or immorality, which are in fact some of the greatest maledictions pronounced on man, and which harrow and torture his heart till every thing is done over with, in the dreanless, reposing,—
“calm of the grave.”

It must be admitted, however, even by the gravest philosophers, that encouraged to a moderate degree, mirth is one of the greatest blessings that we enjoy.

STANZAS.

If aught could warm my soul,
When wintry grief oppressed me.
'T would be thy sweet controul
Which with its magic blessed me.
For dews to keep it green,
Thy desert heart hath panted;
The flowers that there are seen,
Are those which thou hast planted.
O! other thoughts and feelings
The hand of time hath wasted;
But love's divine revealings
The outrage have outlasted.
Now if by thee forsaken
This breast should lonely be,
Will not each hope be shaken
Like blossoms from a tree?
Go, seek the Lybian waste,
Where desert winds are blowing;
Like demons dark in haste
With sand streams round them flowing.
That Lybian waste shall be
The image of my mind,
When I become to thee
No more than is the wind.
But now, O! what is sadness?
I scarcely heed its name;
My present bliss is madness,
My soul is all on flame.
O! blessings upon thee,
That thou hast been my blessing;
Death in thy frown I see,
And life in thy caressing.

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NORMAL SCHOOLS.

THIS subject has for a long while engaged our attention, and we trust we shall not displease our readers, if we offer them the fruits of our meditation. Education is an important science; and hence every scheme or system, which has for its object the cultivation of the human intellect, cannot but be reckoned worthy of consideration. The valuable accessions that have been made to the philosophy of the human mind; the various plans that have been set on foot, to apply such a fund of information, to practical purposes; and the *impetus* which the science of education has, in consequence, received, all over the civilized world, will excuse a man, who volunteers with the purest motives, to explain his own views of the subject, to open his plan, and point to its utility, as its strongest and best recommendation. Nothing appertaining to science, is useless; and although our opinion and mode of procedure, may be considered defective, we find support in the consolation that we have done our duty,—that we have not buried “our one talent” under ground, but have employed it to good and spiritual purposes.

Normal schools originated in Germany. It was there, that men first perceived the want of efficient instruments to conduct successfully the work of national instruction. The pædagogical and philological seminary, contained the germs of English Normal schools. It proceeded upon the supposition, that those who had been most successful in self-education or self-learning were most qualified to teach others, the principles of that science or art in which they themselves particularly excelled, and for the acquisition of which they had devoted their best and most precious hours. Hence pædagogical and philological seminaries were united to the Universities, and students derived a two-fold instruction; inasmuch as they studied those subjects, which were required in the seminary, and at the same time, received instruction from the school or University to which the seminary was attached. This seminary soon conferred lasting benefits on the country. The minds of the Germans were directed to every branch of science and of art, and their discoveries and improvements have not only subverted the happiness and the fame of their native country, but have indirectly influenced the men of thought of other lands, and rendered them signal service in the prosecution of those studies, which engrossed their own attention and rewarded their labor.

In the year 1809, Normal Schools were established in Prussia, through the influence of Pestalozzi's system and exertions, as well as from the flourishing and useful nature of the German pædagogical and philological seminaries. Young men voluntarily came forward to undertake the office

of teacher, so striking were the results of Pestalozzi's ingenious system of Education, and so great were the respect, the love, and gratitude, which he, most deservedly obtained from all classes of citizens, for the noble sacrifice he had made for the promotion of their happiness, and the good he had already triumphantly achieved. Although these Normal Schools had been in existence but a year, their importance was instantly acknowledged, and their usefulness placed beyond the shadow of a doubt.

There are eras in the roll of revolving years, which distinguish the commencement of any great event, and may be regarded in the light of mile-stones, silently telling us of the march nations have made in their progress of civilization and refinement, and the prospects that are opening of the destinies of the world. There are starting points in the history of science which mark the developement of truth and the dissipation of error. There are stars in the blue heavens, which by the permanent stations they occupy, are so many fixed points of observation for the astronomer to prosecute his peculiarly sublime researches. So may the establishment of Normal Schools be reckoned in the progress and history of education. Even in this view, as a place of observation, Normal schools, cannot but be looked upon as a triumph in the history of the mind, and as a certain evidence that *now* improvement in the art of Teaching and regenerating the intellect from the sins of its ignorance will assuredly follow. The grand truth, now evolved in the science of Education, that Teaching is an art, which must be carefully and attentively studied, is pregnant with good results. It was once, during the infancy of the world, that men maintained the opinion, that Teaching was not an art, and that it consisted merely in the communication of ideas from one mind to another. As in common conversation we convey information of every kind, so our fathers considered, that Teaching was nothing more than imparting the knowledge one had acquired to another. Hence every man of broken fortune turned his attention to the office of schoolmaster, as the source of his livelihood. From the days of Dionysius to the present times, we are acquainted with a *uniformity* of system in enlightening the human mind. Rules by rote and the birch to accelerate progress, constituted the only method, adopted by all schoolmasters, from the tyrant of Sicily to the wooden-legged soldier who makes children acquire the Alphabet in the most expeditious manner.

The same evil system of teaching children to read and learn what they could never understand, and never profit from the frivolity of the lessons communicated, was borne across the Atlantic, with the articles of merchandize exported to India. Although great improvements have taken place in Europe in the science and art of Education, none of them has reached these shores. Commercial commodities of improved quality, are found in our bazars; all the trifles and gew-gaws of French manufactures are found, "ranged on the table, glistening in a row;" but improved systems of education, the result of deep thought and patient observation, are never found in our schools. These are most unaccountably kept back from us, who especially need them. We require efficient agents to perform the duties of Teachers. We are in want of men, who have made Education their study, and have been engaged in Teaching as an art. We are in need of workmen, who have served as *apprentices* in their business, and

have qualified themselves for their duties by attention, assiduity, and application.

The certain progress which the Philosophy of the human mind has made, in the past and present century, entitles us to state, that to it, we are mainly indebted for the wholesome change, that has taken place in the science of Education. By unfolding the laws that govern thought, and discovering the connexion which exists among several trains of thoughts, that succeed one another with lightning-like velocity, Mental Philosophy has performed a signal service not only to the cause of National Education, but that of humanity in general. It is only by a knowledge of the laws of the human mind, that we can act with certainty and success, upon the mind itself; and hence the science of Education, by the light and achievements of Mental Philosophy, will be enabled to communicate a right direction to the intellectual faculties, to strengthen the feeble, and repress the growth of those that are precocious; will nurture the moral powers, and urge to greater exertion the active powers of the mind; will enlarge the sphere of the understanding and cause the horizon of the benevolent desires of man to expand, and in addition to these solid and ennobling triumphs, give the pencil of Fancy its richest hues, and imagination the brightest creations that ever were awakened in the breasts of mortals. Those who have therefore made the art of teaching their profession, must have a fair knowledge of the general principles and sound deductions of Mental Philosophy.

To secure efficient Teachers, therefore, it is the duty of Government to lend their aid to the establishment of Normal Schools, which profess to accomplish, what India now manifestly wants, and for which want she is suffering.—The first requisite for the success of Normal Schools is a qualified Superintendent,—one who has studied and practised the subject of education, and who has entered into the employment not only from an aptitude for it, but also from a love for the nature of the occupation. The services of such an individual are beyond measure valuable; for by his eminent theoretic knowledge and practical experience, he will benefit his auditors; by his predilection for the office, he will manifest an ardent zeal for the prosecution of his work;—and by his love for his labor, he will incite his pupils to tread in his footsteps, to look up to him as their model, to copy his temper and disposition, and to use their utmost endeavours, as well to please him as to profit themselves and promote their future prospects. So bright and edifying an example, so qualified a person, cannot but conduct the operations of the Normal Schools with success and advantage.

The next consideration is the qualifications of the students who are to be received into the Normal Schools—in other words it is necessary to ascertain the kind and quality of the materials upon which Normal Schools are to operate. Boys in this country, may be admitted when they have attained their sixteenth year. At this age they are usually found to be impelled with a desire to study as well as to excel their contemporaries. They also display, at this season, a love for reading, and are capable of conducting and appreciating an argument. Their continuance at Normal Schools, should be until they have arrived at their twenty-first year. The five years of their stay at these schools, should be employed according to the following classification:

First Year.—They should be well sifted and examined in the lessons they have learnt at School, with a view of supplying any deficiencies, deepening every lesson in the memory, and exercising the understanding.

During the Second and Third years, the students should be advanced in their studies, and those subjects which are highly useful to man, as a social and moral being, should be carefully and rigidly prosecuted.

During the Fourth and Fifth years, besides their stated studies, the pupils should be made, for only an hour to engage in teaching.

2. To every Normal School, there must be appended a preparatory school, where the fourth and fifth years' students should be compelled to teach.

3. The pupils of the preparatory school are to be divided into small groups, under the immediate tuition of the students of the Normal School, and the Superintendent should always be present with his more mature pupils, to hear them, instruct, encourage the industrious and successful, animate the drooping in spirits, check every error, and guide the whole of the machinery.

4. Once every month, the pupils of the preparatory school are to assemble together, and the visitors of the institution, assisted by the Superintendent are to examine the school and note the progress the pupils have made.

5. At the close of every year, the Superintendent should present Government with the names of the students who have discharged their duties satisfactorily and whose qualifications are of a high standard.

6. After the lapse of five years, it should be placed within the province of the Superintendent to submit for employment, the names of the distinguished students.

7. Private seminaries and individuals as well as all scholastic establishments are to be allowed the privilege of employing teachers from the Normal school.

8. Government should take the Normal Schools, under their special care and instruction, and provide for their due appearance among us. For it is by education alone, that the wealth of the country can be effectually worked, the morals of the people corrected—and the country itself advanced in civilization.

9. That the Government may not defray all the expenses, the pupils of the preparatory seminary should be made to pay two rupees a month each, for the excellent instruction they will receive, and the great moral benefits which will flow to them in after life.

10. The students should procure their own lodgings.

Having thrown out these suggestions, crude and imperfect as they are, we cannot conclude this interesting subject, without in a few words taking notice of the Normal College of Mr. Hodgson, and exposing its errors and impracticability.

The plan which Mr. Hodgson proposes for carrying out his views are not, in our opinion, sufficiently *comprehensive*. Although that gentleman intends, in his Normal College to have both the Vernaculars and the English language taught, he does not calculate on the difficulties that beset his path, and the means which he has at his disposal, for overcoming them. It is well known that there are various dialects in use in this country, and

their written characters are also dissimilar. Now, according to Mr. Hodgson's design, each of these dialects must have a professor in order to enable the people to have the full benefit of a useful education. The Normal College would thus be very aptly likened to the tower of Babel, and the machinery will not only be very complicated, but very costly. Besides these difficulties, where would one find the qualified instruments to conduct the *routine* of the college affairs, and plan the studies for the students? Mr. Hodgson's sketch looks beautiful at a distance, but when we take into consideration its feasibility, we are obliged to confess, that we see in it but slender hopes of success.

We are entirely opposed to the method of imparting useful information by means of translations. We see no advantage in it. The impossibility of perfecting the work of transfusing European knowledge into the language of the East, so as that the natives may possess excellent manuals for educational purposes, is apparent to all. But there is no necessity for this! Children are sent at a very early age to school, and the acquisition of the English language is attended with no serious difficulty. Why therefore should men multiply labor, when the road is so clear and straight for them to obtain a complete knowledge of European Literature, Science and Art?

Besides, there is a great advantage in teaching the Natives, through the English language, all moral and useful knowledge. By this means, the English language will be rendered *universal*. The advantage in prospect is immense. Already England, America, those parts of Africa which have been civilized, speak the English language. Let Asia also speak the same accent, and think and write in the same words: there will then be no difficulty in national communication. Like the notations of Algebra, which are understood all over the world, the English language will be universally intelligible. How expeditious will then be the transmission of ideas from one part of the world to another! How easy will be the work of the Missionary—the Apostle of Peace—the Herald of good tidings!

Come, bright improvement! in the car of time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

Pleasures of Hope.

PROPOSAL FOR ESTABLISHING A SOCIETY

TO BE DESIGNATED

“THE SCHOOLMASTERS’ INSTITUTE.”

“The happy few.”

THE great impetus which NATIONAL EDUCATION has received throughout the civilized world, the increasing attention which is paid to the best means of accomplishing this noble end, and the consequent necessity of providing qualified and well prepared instruments for carrying on the great work of renovating the minds of the PEOPLE and building them in

truth, virtue, and Religion, have elevated education to the rank and dignity of a science, and given teaching, a most distinguished place among the useful arts. The ancient system of imparting instruction by the exclusive cultivation of the memory, is fast crumbling into nothingness; while the more rational and efficacious method of unfolding the understanding, exercising the faculty of reason, and making memory but of secondary importance—a useful adjunct only in assisting the primary object of cultivating the understanding is being generally introduced. The former *regimen* for promoting the health of the mind by administering to it a vast quantity of words, without meaning, is now yielding its sway to the more beneficial *pabulum* for its nourishment, of words whose significations are well understood, which convey a clear and distinct perception of the ideas intended to be conveyed, and provide a stock of information which will be of advantage in after life, and which is required for the due discharge of the duties of life. The oppression which the minds of the pupil suffered, in days of yore, when schoolmasters

“ Even though vanquish’d, could argue still,”

by being instructed in studies, which never loosed the fetters that are imposed upon thought in the season of boyhood, and which confined the intellect, in the garb of infancy, though the body had reached the dimensions of manhood, is fading away, and giving place to freedom of enquiry and self-examination, on the part of the scholar, which promises manifold advantages, by inducing him to think and reason for himself; and thus it nourishes that independence of mind and firmness of character which so well befit the station and dignity of human nature. Under the ancient *regime*, there was an appeal made to the *feelings* of the scholars, with the view of its reaching the *understanding*, but happily for social and moral improvement, the *rod* is not so frequently applied, the *ferule* does not so often greet the eyes of the trembling learner, but the *understanding* is addressed to open the fountain of *feelings*, and in order to ensure success, the lesson is brought on a level with the capacity of the scholar.

These stupendous and important revolutions, have not left the office of the teacher, unaffected. They ask him now to direct his attention to the nature of his duties. They plead to him, to ascertain the extent, the length and the breadth of the responsibility he has taken upon himself. They require of him to become acquainted with the obligations he imposes upon himself, by accepting the office of teacher. They demand that he should devote the best portion of his time, his freshest energies, his most eager zeal to the discharge of his interesting, though difficult duties.

With the most solemn considerations, do the nature and the responsibilities of the office of schoolmaster, come home to the bosoms of every reflecting individual. How necessary then, is it, that all those who are, in this country, engaged in that office, should understand, with precision and accuracy, what is required of them, and how they have qualified themselves for fulfilling their engagements. In this society, there are individuals who enter into the situation of schoolmasters, merely because they have no other employment. They *hang* on this office, for a little while, and so soon as they succeed in obtaining an employment, more congenial with their temper and suited to their disposition, they leave the schoolmaster's office, and abandon the interesting art of teaching the young

ideas how to shoot." The work of improving the minds of man, of making an effect upon the *mass* of the people by cultivating their faculties, is thus impeded, and the office is also brought into disrepute.

To remedy this evil, to raise the office of schoolmaster to a respectable station, and to qualify him for the correct discharge of his duties, are the objects, which are proposed to be secured of establishing "AN INSTITUTE OF SCHOOLMASTERS." It is hoped that these objects will be attained by the adoption of the following methods:

1st.—By the purchase of books, treating on the subject of education throughout the world.

2nd.—By reading Essays on the Science and Art of Education from the pens of the Members of the Institute.

3rd.—By discussing questions relating to Education in general.

4th.—By considering the best means for promoting Education in India.

The information thus acquired, will be published in a volume every quarter: and should the importance of any subject create the *necessity*, the local authorities will be applied to for assistance and co-operation.

The names of intending Members will be received by the Conductors of the Magazine, and so soon as a sufficient number is obtained, a preliminary Meeting will be held to organize the contemplated institute.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE AND ART IN ITALY.

(Continued from page 366)

CHAP. III.—GENOA—LUCCA.

THE Italian proverb, says that Genoa has "land without trees, sea without fish, and men without faith." To the two first accusations I must certainly demur, but I am afraid that the most disgraceful of the three is not altogether without foundation. It is not Genoa alone which has to bear the foul reproach; for morality is at a wretchedly low ebb throughout the whole of Italy. It is impossible for a passing traveller to pronounce from his own observations upon the manners and moral character of a people, but it would seem from all accounts that in national spirit at least, the Genoese are much superior to the rest of the Italians. A proof of this was given shortly before we were at Genoa, when the whole body of the nobility left the city in defiance of the probable consequences, rather than be present at the fêtes which were in preparation to celebrate the marriage of the son of the king of Sardinia. The part which the English took in giving over the Genoese to their most hated enemies is not yet forgotten, and we can hardly expect to be popular in Genoa.

To describe all the various interesting objects in this city would be an almost endless task, but I must not forget to mention the magnificent view of the town and Bay from the Cupola of Carignano Church, which perhaps even surpasses that from the Turin Gate, though the latter bursts upon you with such magical suddenness, that it necessarily produces a greater effect. The noble charity of the Albeng's *dei poveri* deserves honorable mention, nor must I leave out the gardens which the Genoese consider the pride of their city, nor the beautiful opera-house of Carlo Felice.

I believe that the name *Cornice* is, strictly speaking, only applied to that portion of the coast between Nice and Genoa, but the scenery beyond the latter city is of a similar character, less wild perhaps, but possessing greater variety. It was not without regret that we left "la città de' palazzi," and found ourselves winding up the steep sides of the "olive-sandalled Appenine," on our road to Lucca. The traveller who approaches Genoa from the East has a somewhat similar surprise in store, to that which we had witnessed when we passed through the Turin Gate. He enters a long grotto, cut through the marble mountain, at the end of which like a picture in its frame he sees the noble city with its back ground of lofty Appenines, and at its feet the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean, forming altogether a scene of most enchanting beauty. Thus, upon both sides is Genoa shut out from view till you are ready to enter it. Between Genoa and Chiavari the termination of our first day's journey, the situation of the little town of Santa Margarita, surrounded with its olive groves, with its little bay and white beach, struck us as being particularly beautiful. At Chiavari begins the ascent of the Bracco, one of the highest of the Appenines in this part of Italy. This is rather a long and tedious operation, though the road is constructed with such admirable skill, that the pass is not very steep. From the summit of the Bracco you have a most magnificent and sublime view of the whole range of Appenines and Maritime Alps, rising one above another in endless variety, and extending on either side as far as the eye can reach; and although the scene could not of course bear comparison in point of savage sublimity with those presented by the mightier masses of the Swiss mountains, there was a wild and solitary grandeur about the view from the Bracco which was very impressive. We now began to descend towards the famous Gulf of Spezia, but it was a long time before we caught a glimpse of its still waters, and the pretty little town near which Shelley for some time lived in solitude. Beautiful as the Gulf undoubtedly is, I could not help being somewhat disappointed, a feeling which probably arose from the fact that our journey for the last two hundred miles had been through scenery of a very similar character, and we were getting tired of travelling constantly between the sea and the mountains. However, we soon began to enter a country the features of which were very different. The Appenines gradually receded from the sea-coast, and after passing through the delightfully situated towns of Sarzana, Massa, and Carrara, famous for its magnificent marble works, we at last saw beneath us the fertile plains of Tuscany and Lucca, about to unfold to us so many wonders, their noble cities, their galleries of art, and their far-famed black-eyed *contadine*; there also we were to hear the beautiful language of Italy spoken in all its perfection and purity, for Tuscany is *par excellence* "il bel paese, dove 'l si suona." The valley in which Carrara lies reminded us a good deal of parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the town appeared more habitable than almost any other we had seen. Carrara is likely, from its beautiful situation and temperate climate, to become a favorite summer residence, but at present it is not much frequented by strangers, the Baths of Lucca possessing superior attractions. In this day's journey we were stopped at five or six different custom houses, but these gave us no trouble, for in Italy the *doganiere* are always very glad to let you pass in consideration of

a few pauls, upon the assurance that you are not importing any contraband goods. This is a case in which the never ending request of *datemì qualche cosa* is more pleasant than usual, for an examination at a custom-house is not a very delightful operation. At the sea-port towns they are necessarily less lenient. Among other absurdities the tariff of the small state of Massa deserves notice. Ascending one of the hills, (not particularly steep) we had six horses and a pair of oxen harnessed to a light carriage.

The environs of Lucca exhibit in their greatest perfection, the peculiar scenery and cultivation of the North of Italy. No one can approach this city without feeling how applicable even now is the Italian epithet of *L'Industriosa*; and Industry here is seen in a most attractive form. Nothing can exceed in beauty the cultivated plain around Lucca, and that lovely amphitheatre of wooded hills, which no one who has seen can forget. It has been well said that the roads through the territories of Lucca resemble galleries decorated for a ball. They are bordered on each side by trees, planted at regular distances, to which the trunks of the vines are fastened, while from one to another hang down the branches laden with grapes, in the most graceful festoons. All the fields are separated from one another in the same way. It is only when the vines are suffered to grow in this way, you can understand all the admiration so constantly lavished upon vineyards. In France and Germany where they are cut down every year, they are no better than fields full of stunted currant bushes. In the time of the vintage in the north of Italy, the scene must be one of unrivalled interest, beauty, and gaiety; but as we were not fortunate enough to see it, I can attempt no description. The peasantry of Lucca and Tuscany are an extremely handsome and good-mannered race, often possessing a most creditable acquaintance with the history and poetry of their country, which latter they often recite *con amore*. The inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys of the Apennine subsist, in a great measure, upon the chestnuts which grow in immense quantities upon the mountains. These they make into a sort of bread or cakes, (*castagnaccio*), which, with the addition of wine from the plains, make no contemptible fare. A bottle of good *vin ordinaire* costs only a few *baiochi*, yet drunkenness is very rare. The common Italian wines are generally speaking, stronger than those of France, but to my taste were not so palatable, though they are preferred by many people, from the greater absence of acidity. The best of them all was, I thought, that of Asti, somewhat resembling Champagne. Redi, in his curious poem of "Bacchus in Tuscany," gives the best account of the various wines, and at the same time a most humorous and amusing one, but old Indians will hardly admit his authority, when he expresses his utter contempt of their sovereign liquor—Beer—to which they generally seem inclined to attribute as many virtues as he does to his wine, when he professes that the cup of good Corsican is a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, unless indeed they be caused by witchcraft upon the *squallida cervogia*, which is exactly and literally the Indian Pale Ale. Redi has very little mercy;

" Chi la squallida cervogia,
" Alle labbra sue congiugne,
" Presto muore, o rado giugne,
" All' eta vecchia e barbogia ;

" Beva il Sidro d' Inghilterra,
 " Chi vuol gir presto sotterra ;
 " Chi vuol gir presto alla morte,
 " Le bevande usi del Norte."

To all of which we must reply in his own words, " Mostra aver poco giudizio." But his credit is somewhat redeemed by what he says of Ice, and which it would be well if Mr. Ladd will always bear in mind.

" Son le nevi il quinto elemento
 " Che compongono il vero bevère :
 " Ben é folle chi spera ricevere,
 " Senza nevi nel bere un contento."

J. H. N.

(To be Continued.)

RAM AND LUCHMIN.

[The following tale was recited to me about four or five and thirty years ago, by a native, when I was at school at Chinsurah. It is a translation from the Bengalee version, and I have taken but few liberties with the original, both in the way of addition and alteration]

IN ancient times, there lived in the city of Ooojein, a Rajah, who was distinguished for every virtue which adorns the character, and ennobles the mind of man. His name was Dusrut, and he had two wives, both of whom were celebrated for their beauty ; of whom the Rajah was excessively fond, and who were equally attached to him. The Rajah's dominions were extensive, his wealth was immense, and his charity boundless : but his happiness was chequered with gloom and melancholy, for he had no children, no heir to bless his sight, succeed to his vast possessions, and transmit his name to posterity.

It was with a view to obtain an object so near and dear to his heart, that with the advice of the wise and learned, who daily flocked to his court, and assisted him in the administration of the affairs of the Government, the Rajah had caused an alms-house to be erected for the reception of travellers or others, whom either business or curiosity brought to the city, and who were comfortably lodged, and hospitably entertained there at the sole expense of the state.

After the lapse of many years, a Jozee, or religious mendicant, emaciated in body by the rigours of discipline, covered with ashes from head to foot, and scantily clothed, made his appearance one morning, at the palace gate, and in loud and harsh accents sent forth his *sawal* or petition for alms. The Rajah, who was an early riser, and renowned for his munificence, heard the *Jozee's* supplication, and ordered the customary *daun* or gift to be sent to him ; but the latter refused to accept it, unless the Rajah would come down and bestow it on him in person. So singular and unbecoming a message was calculated to rouse anger and astonishment in the breast of any man, but the Rajah with that mildness of disposition and condescension of manner, for which he was remarkable, descended without delay, with the *daun* in his hand, and gave it to the *Jozee*, who, in return, pre-

sented *Dusrut* with a couple of ripe mangoes with strict injunctions not to eat them himself, but to give one to each of his Ranees. The Prince received the mangoes with thankfulness and reverence, and promising to abide by the *Jogee's* instructions returned with them into the *Zanarah*. The Ranees eat the mangoes, and from that day becoming *enciente*, in due course of time each was confined and delivered of twins. The children of the elder princess were called Ram and Luchmin, and those of the younger Bhurrit and Churrit. Great rejoicings were kept up in honor of the births of the Princes, and thousands of gold and silver pieces were distributed in charity to the poor and indigent.

It is said that when the four sons of the Rajah were grown up, and had arrived at the age of maturity, he was attacked with a dangerous and incurable malady. The most learned and experienced physicians were employed to arrest the progress of the disease and restore the Rajah to health, but in spite of their skill, and the most potent remedies, which they administered to their royal patient, the malady, instead of being checked in its ravages on the Rajah's constitution, gained ground daily, until all hopes of recovery were extinguished. Prayers and sacrifices were made without ceasing, night and morning, at the shrines of the gods, and large sums were given away in charity to Brahmins to propitiate the favor of the *debtas*; but all in vain; for it appeared evident that the Rajah's time had approached, and equally clear that he must quit this world ere long.

But although the Rajah's complaint was of a very virulent nature, yet it seems, he was permitted to enjoy a little repose occasionally.—It was observed, that the Rajah had rest every alternate night, when it happened to be the younger Ranees turn to watch at his bedside, and that his sleep was broken and disturbed whenever it came to the elder Ranees turn to keep the vigil. In consideration, therefore, of the partial relief afforded to him, *Dusrut*, a short while before his death, promised the former that he would grant her whatever request she preferred, and confirmed the promise with an oath. Taking immediate and full advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, and still more of the temper of mind in which the Rajah then was, the *Chotee* Ranees asked the succession of the Raj for her own sons, Bhurrit and Churrit, and demanded the banishment of Ram and Luchmin from his dominions. The Rajah was grieved in his heart at the latter part of his favorite wife's request; but, recollecting that it was on those nights only, on which she watched at his sick bedside, that he obtained some rest, and that he could not retract from his oath without shame and dishonor, he was constrained to grant her petition. He accordingly summoned his ministers and courtiers, and in their presence, declared Bhurrit and Churrit his legitimate successors, and pronounced the banishment of Ram and Luchmin. A few hours afterwards the Rajah expired, and his funeral obsequies were performed with great pomp and magnificence.

Bhurrit and Churrit immediately succeeded to the vacant *musnud*, and Ram and Luchmin, in accordance with their sentence of exilement, quitted the city and departed in quest of some other country, where they might spend their days in ease and quietness. For some weeks they wandered from place to place, without meeting with any adventure worth

mentioning ; but at length, came in view of a large and populous town, the residence of another Rajah, who had a lovely and beautiful daughter ; and she was his only child. Hundreds of princes and nobles of illustrious ancestry crowded the Rajah's court, and sought the hand of his daughter in marriage. But where so many sought the honor of his alliance, and where each by his birth, his mental qualities, his personal accomplishments, and above all his exalted station was entitled to an equal share of his attention, his regard, and consideration, the Rajah felt the difficulty and invidiousness of making a selection among them for his son-in-law, and shewing a preference to one over another, without exciting the jealousy and ill-will of the rest. He had recourse therefore, to a stratagem by which he hoped to overcome all obstacles, and satisfy all parties. A bow was ordered to be constructed of such size and strength as not to be easily bent, and thrown in the middle of the courtyard. A proclamation was, at the same time, issued to this effect, that he who should be found capable of drawing the bow and breaking it into two pieces, would be honored with the hand of the princess Secta. Although all the suitors made the attempt, not one was able even to lift the bow from the ground, much less to bend and snap it. On their arrival the brothers heard a report of the above circumstance, and out of mere curiosity repaired to the rendezvous. Ram lifted the enormous bow up with one hand, drew its string with the other, and with ease broke the bow in twain. A shout of applause instantly burst forth from the assembled multitude, and the prize was adjudged to the fortunate stranger as fairly won by him.

In a few days the nuptials took place, and Ram accompanied by his bride, and Luchmin, quitted his father-in-law's hospitable roof, and resumed his journey ; but he knew not whither to go, or where to settle. Driven from his home, from his relatives and friends, deprived of his just rights, and become an-outcast from society, and an exile from his country, he sought in other lands an asylum from his misfortunes. Since his union with Secta, for whom he cherished the fondest affection, and who, in return, loved him as tenderly, he felt more and more anxious to abandon a wandering mode of life, upon which he had, in the anguish of his heart and the despondency of his feelings, at first resolved, and betake to a fixed and settled course of living. The travellers now entered a deep and dense forest, and after proceeding to some distance, reached a place which was situated on the margin of a clear and running sheet of water. Pleased with the spot, which was truly delightful, the party stopped, and determined to go no further, but locate there. With this intention, the brothers collected such materials as the forest supplied, and with them erected a temporary shed with a view to shelter them not only from the inclemencies of the weather, but also from the attacks of wild animals which prowled about for their prey. They subsisted on such fruits as the trees of the forest spontaneously produced, and such fish as the rivulet yielded, and they could contrive to catch.

Here the triumvirate lived in perfect harmony, retirement and security for some weeks, when one day, as Ram and Luchmin were gone out a hunting, they espied an antelope grazing in apparent quietness at some distance. Its neck was adorned with a chain of gold ; its hoofs were composed of the same metal, and silver bells ornamented its ankles. The brothers

drew their bows; but before they could discharge their arrows, the animal gave a sudden spring, and bounded off several hundred yards; then stopped, and looked round, as if inviting a pursuit. The brothers followed the deer, when it again started off, and again halted. In this manner it alternately ran and stopped, always taking care to keep beyond the reach of the shaft, till it finally darted into a thick and intricate part of the *jungle*, and disappeared.

The brothers instituted a strict and careful search after the quarry, but their endeavours to discover its retreat proved unavailing. When, however, they at last emerged from the thicket, and got into a more open track, they beheld, with mingled wonder and amazement, the bleeding head of a child lying at a short distance from them. Its temples were encircled with a wreath of wild flowers; its dark and glossy locks fell on each side on the ground, and its eyes that glowed like fire, were intently rivetted on the countenances of the brothers, as if watching their motions; but on their approach within a few paces of it, in order, perhaps to scrutinize it more closely, it bounded from its position, and hopped backwards with such rapidity, that Ram and Luchmin were unable to overtake it and intercept its escape. An incident so extraordinary was calculated only to increase their astonishment, and they continued the pursuit with unabated ardour; but the more they augmented their speed, the faster the head hopped, until it came near the margin of a deep and dark cavern, when it stopped. The brothers now thought themselves sure of their game, and eagerly advanced to seize it, when to their surprise and horror it precipitated itself into the well, and dropped with a splashing sound into the water contained in it. The next moment loud and prolonged peals of laughter and merriment burst upwards from the depths of the abyss; to laughter succeeded groans, and to groans laughter again. No sooner, however, were these notes of mirth and pleasantry hushed, than the form of a beautiful female, wearing the identical head which had fallen into the well, rose half way above its mouth, and in a tone of mockery and derision, advised the brothers to return to their humble shed, and take care that the hawk did not carry off the white dove they had left behind them, and mate itself with it. This language was quite unintelligible to the brothers, who, without stopping to make any reply to the scornful address of their admonisher, retired from the place, and as they retreated, loud shouts of laughter again greeted them. Ram's heart misgave him, and he communicated his fears to his younger brother Luchmin. The former's apprehensions were, indeed, far from groundless; for Rabun, the ten-headed and twenty-armed giant, had contrived by means of a series of magical delusions, to entice the brothers far away from their home, to enable him, during their absence, the more successfully to carry his design of ravishing Seeta into execution. Luchmin tried to soothe his brother's suspicions; but his own mind was agitated with alarm, and an indistinct vision of Seeta's abduction seemed to flit before Ram's imagination and mock his senses.

While the two brothers were engaged in chase of the antelope mentioned above, a stranger, habited like a *Jogee*, presented himself at the door of their cottage, and asked for charity. The stranger was no other than Rabun himself, who had assumed the appearance of a mendicant in order to deceive Seeta, and carry her off to Lunka, of which he was the lord and

ruler. Rabun was aware that so long as Seeta remained within the influence of the circle, which Ram was accustomed to draw around their dwelling, whenever he and Luchmin went abroad, he had no power to do her any harm ; and it was with a view to throw Seeta off her guard and induce her to pass the limit marked for her, that he used all his art to persuade her to disregard the injunction of her husband ; for once beyond the enchanted line, he knew nothing could protect her. At first Seeta refused to listen to his entreaties, and resolutely refused to comply with his request ; but, in an evil hour she was persuaded to step beyond the charmed circle, and Rabun instantly assuming his natural form, seized the shrieking and shrinking Seeta ; lifted her up in his arms, carried her to his car, and drove off to his country.

On their return from the chase, the brothers were surprised and alarmed at Seeta's absence ; but believing she had not gone far, and would come back ere long, they awaited her return with impatience and anxiety. But hour after hour flitted fast away, without Seeta's appearance ; and when night, at length approached, their fears were excited to the last degree for her safety. But the gloom of the evening was soon dissipated, as the stars, those golden lamps of heaven that light the angels in their paths, peered forth one by one, in rapid succession, in the blue vault of the firmament, and flung down their splendour to irradiate this earth of ours.

The brothers awoke with the early dawn, and with heavy hearts and drooping spirits, went in quest of the lovely truant ; but could discover no trace of her. As they travelled on, they saw a *Bogla* feeding on the banks of a lake, and inquired if he had seen Seeta pass that way. The bird sullenly replied that he knew nothing of Seeta, nor cared to know who or what she was : his business was only to look for food and satisfy his hunger. Incensed at such uncourteousness, Ram cursed the bird, and condemned it to feed all his life on such scanty meal as water yielded, and it is remarked that ever since that time the *Bogla* subsists only on fish. Proceeding further, the brothers met a *Dhobee*, and put the same question to him also ; the *Dhobee* answered in the affirmative, and described the person of Seeta's ravisher and the route he had taken.

From the description the *Dhobee* had furnished of the person of the ravisher, the brothers found no difficulty in making him out to be the giant Rabun, and they thereupon determined to proceed to Lunka, declare war against the giant, and rescue Seeta from his power, or perish in the attempt. With this resolution, Ram and Luchmin took the road to Lunka, and after travelling for some weeks arrived on the banks of a broad and turbulent river. Having no means of crossing the stream, they revolved in their minds what they should do to convey them to the other side. Not a single craft of any kind was visible any where, which could help them in their extremity. At last they resolved to plunge into the water and swim to the opposite bank, and they were preparing to make the attempt, when both the brothers simultaneously perceived, at a considerable distance, an object floating down in their direction. They awaited for a while, and, when it approached sufficiently near observed it to be a mermaid, which offered to ferry them over to the other side.

The mermaid first carried Luchmin over, and landed him in safety. She next took Ram upon her back, and when they were within a few

paces of the bank, the mermaid uttered a terrible shriek and sunk under the waves, leaving Ram to struggle with them. He saw an immense alligator in pursuit of the mermaid, which flew with the swiftness of lightning. The monster was no other than Rabun, who had transformed himself into an alligator, and chased the mermaid with the intention of devouring it for rendering its assistance to the brothers, who, without her aid, could not have crossed the river and continued their journey to Lunka.

Ram and Luchmin had not, however, proceeded far, when they discovered the identical deer, which had been the cause of all their sufferings. At the same instant both drew their bows; but before the arrows could be discharged the wary animal bounded forward with the utmost rapidity, and entered a thick *jungle*. The brothers urged by one and the same impulse followed the flying animal, but were unable to overtake it. It was again lost in the density of the forest, and Ram and Luchmin fatigued with their exertions seated themselves under the umbrageous branches of a large and lofty tree to rest awhile. A cool and refreshing breeze sprung up at this instant, and the brothers, feeling its soft and reviving influence, were lulled to sleep; and when they awoke, the sun had set, and the evening shades begun to prevail. Their attention was now attracted by the glare of a light at some distance, and in the hope of meeting with a human habitation, they advanced towards it, and found it to proceed from a great fire, around which were assembled a number of savages consisting of both sexes. They saluted the travellers in a friendly manner, and invited them to join in their festivity. The brothers cheerfully accepted their invitation, and related their adventures to them. The barbarous people expressed their sympathy in the misfortunes of the strangers, and entertained them with such refreshments as they were provided with.

Some of the savages would occasionally rise and dance round the fire in pairs. Sometimes they would relate anecdotes for general amusement; sometimes recite accounts of the warlike exploits and achievements of their ancestors; and at others sing and divert themselves in various other ways. Among the rest there was a young girl exquisitely beautiful, and who appeared to be the queen of the night. On her forehead was the mark of a crescent, and in the palm of each hand, the print of a star that glittered with a peculiar brilliancy, and seemed to rival the radiance of the orbs above. Toolsee, for that was her name, was an object of universal admiration, and the young men in consequence amorously vied with one another to attract her attention and regard. Ram's eyes were so ardently fixed on her that he made her blush, and the other females could not help noticing his singular behaviour, insomuch that they exchanged significant glances with each other.

Ram approached Toolsee, and taking her by the hand led her with downcast looks and beating heart, to the group of dancers, and joined in the mazes of the performance in which they were engaged.

One of the maidens whispered something in Toolsee's ear, which made her look up into Ram's face, and smile; next simper, and at last burst into a fit of laughter, when a shower of diamonds dropped from her mouth.

"Toolsee," said a female, who stood next to her, "thou art a fortunate creature in securing so handsome a partner."

Toolsee's face was again overspread with blushes deep as crimson, and even Ram, who had scarcely once taken his eyes off her beaming countenance, changed colour, for he participated in her feelings, and felt pleased with the preference shewn to him.

"Indeed, we envy you, Toolsee," cried another female; "and if I were in your place," observed a third, "I would not be contented with the simple pleasure of dancing with the handsome stranger. I would employ all the art I am mistress of to make a conquest of his heart."

"What a lovely pair they would make," rejoined a fourth. "Come, what say you, my sisters," continued the last speaker, "to unite them together in wedlock?"

A shout of approbation expressed the acquiescence of all in the above proposition. The women instantly flocked round Ram and Toolsee, and seriously proposed to join them in holy matrimony. Toolsee was a little coy at first; but Ram appeared perfectly willing. The entreaties of her friends at last extorted a consent from Toolsee, and the chief of the party having been made acquainted with the circumstance joined the hands of both, and was on the point of pronouncing them man and wife, when Toolsee, disengaging her hands from Ram's grasp, retreated a pace or two, fixed her eyes on her lover's face with an expression of the fondest affection, and in faltering accents exclaimed: "Say, lovely stranger, say is thy troth eternally plighted to Toolsee: say, wilt thou forsake all others, and cleave to her and to her only, who loves thee with all the madness of a woman's heart; or wilt thou, so soon as the season of soft pleasure is over, and ere this moon, pointing with her forefinger, at the same time to the form of the crescent on her forehead, "fills its horn, abandon thy unhappy savage, and lay thy head on the tender bosom of another?" "Repeat," she continued, "swear by this burning brand" snatching one from the fire, "swear that thou wilt be mine, mine only, faithfully, eternally." Ram hesitated; his conscience smote him, and the figure of the mild and interesting Seeta arose at that moment in his imagination, and her eye seemed to reproach him for his inconstancy. While strong and conflicting emotions were agitating Ram's breast, and he knew not what answer to return, Toolsee gazed a thoughtful and melancholy sadness in his face, and then burst into a flood of tears, which as they coursed down her cheeks were converted into 'barbaric pearls,' and as they fell on the ground, were eagerly picked up by her companions. Throwing down the ignited brand, Ram uttered a negative in a low and almost inarticulate tone. No sooner, however, did the monosyllable, 'no' escape his lips, than the colour fled from Toolsee's cheeks, her face turned white from rage and disappointment; her lips became pale and quivered with passion; her eyes flashed with a livid glare; and it was with difficulty that she at length stammered out, "now, go, false, perjured wretch; alike detested and accursed; go, fall at the feet of thy sickly minion Seeta, and whisper in her ear tales of thy love and constancy to her, and thy falsehood and perjury to the deluded savage, whom thy perfidy has so cruelly betrayed." The next instant the air became darkened, the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed. Yet the storm passed away, and discovered to the brothers, instead of an assemblage of men and women, only decayed stumps of trees, which had been metamorphosed into human shapes by

magic. The form of Toolsee delated into that of a giant, and Moherabun, one of Rabun's brothers, stood revealed in all his terror and hideousness before Ram and Luchmin. He gnashed his teeth with impotent fury, for he knew he had no power over the brothers, unless by their own folly they placed themselves within it; he stamped the ground with a violence that it literally trembled beneath his feet, and brandished his weapon over his head without being able to make an effective use of it. But his own hour was come, and he fell pierced with a number of arrows. The earth quaked under his huge carcase, as it dropped with an astounding crash; his breathing resembled the loud whistling of the winds, and his expiring groans the roar of the sea, when it is chafed and lashed into fury by the tempest, and the crash of thunder when the elements are at strife.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICE OF SURVEYING IN INDIA.

IN the two preceding articles under the above head we had occasion to caution the public against the employment of the Native *Jurib Ameen*s, as well as of more theoretical geometers, and we also gave a few desultory hints regarding the manner in which surveying should be taught in our seminaries. In the present article, with which we intend to conclude the series, we shall notice some of those collateral branches of knowledge which ought to be acquired by young men, who intend to make themselves really useful as surveyors in India.

For this purpose we shall suppose the subject of our remarks to be a young gentleman who, having acquired a thorough and intimate knowledge of the Sciences of Geometry, Trigonometry, and Mensuration, and having made himself a perfect master of the art of surveying by long practice in Europe, under a variety of circumstances, comes out to India in order to set up as a professional Surveyor. We can fancy that few would hesitate to patronize a person so well accomplished for the performance of the most difficult works. Under certain circumstances, we readily admit, that he would be very successful in his undertakings. For instance, if he were required to survey an estate, the boundaries of which could be clearly pointed out to him, by the owner, he would no doubt make a correct and excellent plan of it:—or suppose he had the direction of an extensive survey such as the grand Trigonometrical Survey of India, with numerous assistants under him; he would still be successful, supposing, of course, his scientific acquirements were equal to such an undertaking. This is all that can be allowed to the greatest proficiency in the science and art of surveying. But place this accomplished Surveyor in that middle station, up to which most men of good acquirements can push themselves; let us suppose him appointed to survey a Purgunah in some part of Bengal or Behar, without any European under him, and subjected to the necessity of obtaining all his information from the people, among whom he may be sent. We shall then find all his brilliant acquirements of little or no avail. Here the principal objects he will have to note down in his field-book, are the boundaries of the various estates which in some parts of the country are so interlocked into one another, and the portions of these

estates themselves often so scattered over the Purgunah, that unless the Surveyor possess a tolerable acquaintance with the Vernacular languages, at least with Bengally for the lower, and the Hindoostany for the Upper Provinces, and be able to collect the requisite information from the Natives, he might as well pack up his Theodolite, and return to Europe, as attempt to accomplish the Survey.

It will then be admitted, that for the successful practice of surveying in India, a knowledge of the Vernacular languages is indispensable. But let us suppose that our accomplished Surveyor has by a couple of years' study with a Moonshy and a Pundit at each elbow, acquired such a knowledge of the Vernaculars as to be able to understand the natives of the country, and convey his sentiments to them on familiar and common topics; or let us go further, and suppose our aspirant to be one of the East Indian Alumni of the Parental Academic Institution, or even a Student of the Hindoo College. Surely one might suppose that no objection could be taken against such candidates on the score of want of knowledge of the Vernacular—their mother tongue! But under the existing system of education in our best institutions, even against these most serious objections could be taken; although it must be admitted, that one of these would have a far better chance than a fresh imported cranium whatever may be its scientific plenitude. Those who have acquired proficiency in any science or art must be aware, that every one of them has its peculiar technical nomenclature, and the Geometrician will allow, that the technicalities of his profession are not a few in number, and that to the uninitiated they convey none or but incorrect ideas. While at School, we remember several in the lower classes understood by the word Hypothenuse the bulky amphibious quadruped, found in the rivers of Africa (Hippopotamus). This is not an unapt illustration of the ludicrous scenes exhibited in the Mofussil by the new arrivals. Totally ignorant of the terms used by the rural population, these Surveyors scarcely understand the people and what is worse, their pride of scientific acquirements prevents them from running the risk of betraying their ignorance, by asking the signification of terms. Thus they grope on in the dark, confusing themselves, and injuring the interests entrusted to their management. We shall here mention a few of the terms in common use among the Agricultural population; but about which, we are sure, few or none of the youth of our Schools know any thing. *Eisen*, North East; *Bdoo*, North West; *Ogny* South East, and *Noireet* South West, we are sure are quite unknown in the East Indian Seminaries, and but little understood even among the pupils of the Native Schools. *Khusra-Paimaish*, rough measurement; *Ijmaly-Mehal*, a joint Estate; *Butwarah*, partition; *Bindafora* interlocked boundaries; and a variety of other terms sufficient to fill a Vocabulary might be mentioned as being quite unknown in our Schools; and yet without a familiar knowledge of them, it is difficult even for the Natives of the country to do business in the Mofussil. But when the Surveyor comes to examine the *chittas* which are the field books of the Natives, and must often be referred to, in order to clear up questions regarding boundaries, the marks of which have been obliterated or are disputed, his difficulties, if he be a tyro, must increase tenfold. In the Native *chittas* he will meet with a variety of abbreviations of technical

terms, which he has never heard of; and the method in which these records of field measurements are arranged, he will also find so different from that of any scientific field-book he could have studied or used, that without considerable labour, aided by a good knowledge of the Vernacular characters and language, he will be unable to make any thing of the work. In order to convey some faint idea of these *chittas*, which is all that can be done in an article like this, let it be understood, that in these records there is no attempt at a pictorial delineation of the lands measured, such as those which are found in our field-books and maps. They are in fact a verbal description of the topographical features of the country, and if laid by the side of our field maps, they must be ranked only as the verbal description of a man's countenance could be ranked by the side of a correct painting of his face. The word *Dag*, which in its common acceptation, signifies a blot, here means a parcel of land, and the word *Bund*, commonly signifying a bye, or a causeway, here means a superficies, the area of which can be computed by but one multiplication of its length and breadth.

Now these *Bunds* are distinctly noted in the *chittas* seriatim as the *Jurip Amcen* proceeds along with the measurement of each. If the 2d *Bund* be on the East of the 1st, he annexes to it the word *topoo*, to being the abbreviation of *tár* its, and *poo* of poorub East; *todo* is the abbreviated term signifying *Dukhin* or South of it, and so on. Should a *Bund* happen to be situated on one side in an oblique direction, he adds to the above abbreviation the word *Dendo*, and if it be situated further off he calls it *Dendodhoor*. When he cannot take an exact measurement, owing to some obstacles which his unscientific skill has not furnished him with the means of overcoming, he notes down the word *Tunkit*, with which Native *chittas* plentifully abound.

It is unnecessary to add any further illustrations, in order to prove that the system of education adopted in our Seminaries falls far short of furnishing information on all topics connected with the duties of a Surveyor in this country. We shall now conclude these observations by briefly stating what we conceive to be necessary for a person to know in order to be a useful Surveyor in India. To a competent knowledge of the English, the Bengaly, and the Hindostany languages, he must add, not only a theoretical knowledge of Mathematics, but a practical skill in surveying in all its branches, an acquaintance with the terms commonly used by the people of the country in discussing agricultural matters, and he must be familiar with the Native *Chittas*. He must also know at least the leading provisions of the Mofussil laws relating to land. The tutor in charge of the Surveying class ought to be quite *au fait* in all these branches, otherwise he will not be fit to hold his situation. It will be no unimportant part of his duties constantly to impress upon the mind of the young gentlemen whose training might be committed to him, the indispensable necessity of preserving good temper while engaged in field operations. Nothing tries the patience of a young man more than hard labour in a hot sun, surrounded by some score of ignorant, vulgar, and dishonest, lying fellows, who do all to puzzle and confuse him, in order to gain their respective objects, and from whom the acutest observer cannot always obtain the real state of things. The taking of correct angles, the

reading of the minute indications of the Vernier of the Theodolite, and other Scientific operations which require complete abstraction for the time, we have felt to be one of the most trying duties when surrounded by a clamorous gang under a meridian sun. Constant watchfulness over the actions of the *Amlah*, and the subordinates in the Survey Department, ready admittance and affability to the people, with a patient hearing of their complaints, and even their rigmarole stories; and above all, an inflexible integrity, are, we must say, among the most requisite qualifications of an Indian Surveyor.

A LETTER TO THE EAST INDIANS.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN!—May I beg your serious attention for a few minutes, while I dwell upon the condition in which we are placed, and direct your eyes to the prospects that open to our view, of improving our circumstances and advancing our interests. The subject of this letter you will acknowledge, is truly important, and intimately connected with our feelings and our homes. It is one of the characteristics of human nature to be continually progressing—to look around and before and behind, for room to spread and act—to direct the strongest and freshest energies to aggrandize itself. It is also one of the phases of artless life, to remain inactive—to breathe existence like an oyster, in a torpid state—in which the faculties appear benumbed, the feelings are deadened, and the human soul represents the stagnation and cheerlessness of the “Dead Pool.” To which of these two descriptions do your characters, as a body, assimilate? Are you active, enquiring, eager to advance your own views and seek the promotion of your own happiness? Or rather, do you not belong to that class of beings whose characteristic is inertness? I should neither wish to be unnecessarily harsh, nor unjust towards you; but I will not on any consideration wink at your faults, or tell a tale which is not founded on correct observation and tested by long experience. “*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*”—“sworn to no master, of no sect am I.” I will not varnish any of the lineaments of your character. I will not give undue prominence to any trifling fault, which may be the offspring of passive good qualities. I will not, throw a darkening shade over your virtues, nor paint your vices with a deeper tint than it reflects of itself. I scorn to appear witty by exaggeration, or expose a body of men to unmerited ridicule, for the sake of soothing my own pride and conceit. Truth will be my guide, as it is my philosopher, and has been my friend.

While you look back to a few years, the first question that rises in the mind is—What progress have you made in meliorating your condition? Consider what our fathers did. We constitute the connecting link between the past and rising generations of our countrymen. All our fathers have not died. Here are some among us, hoary with age, and infirm by years. They remain as examples for our edification, and as monuments for our consideration. Our children are yet being nursed on our knees. Let us return to the question, already put to you—What have you done? Ask the old men of our class, what have they done—and they will tell you—

"We have established a school, in which the major portion of our children have been nourished and educated. We sent a delegate to the British Parliament to redress our grievances and make known our condition." Well done! You cannot but answer that your fathers did something. They beatified themselves, and so far as they could command, they accomplished something. They may not have advanced a mile, but they did advance a foot. They did not build a palace over the head, but they still sought shelter from the storm. They did not fret an idle hour upon the stage of life, but they did do something, how feeble soever may have been their efforts and inconsiderable their progress.

"What have you done?" Permit me to ask. "What are you doing? Let me enquire. Perhaps you will not deign to furnish me with a reply. I will be plain with you, and in accordance with the office of a sponsor, answer for you too—You have done nothing. Your repose arises from indolence and inactivity, and not from the fatigue, the heat, the dust, and toil of exertion. You have just remained at the point your fathers, after some exertion, stood. Have you improved the talents with which God has endowed you? You have a school, you are pleased to call it a national school, of others' planting. Have you watered it,—have you digged a well for its nourishment? Alas! you have done nothing—you have placed your children in it, but you have not permitted them to enjoy the benefits of that education which the school professes to impart. You have taken your children to the fountain, but you have not allowed them to drink copious draughts for their mental and moral regeneration. Your desire has been to place your children at a very early age in an office, to earn a few paltry rupees. You have converted rational beings, endued with moral, intellectual and spiritual energies, into mere machines, to perform the machinery of Government proceedings. You have confined the intellect, dwarfed its stature, and destroyed every noble aim of the soul. These are serious accusations; but does not your conscience admit that they are founded on truth?

And what are your children doing? You reap the fruits of the trees you have planted, and you cannot blame any but yourselves. Your young men are fond of piping and dancing. The bee on the wing does not with greater activity sip sweets from every flower, than do your sons from the meanest trifle, extract idle pleasures. The butterfly is not more happy and more gay. Our youth appear to move in a circle of perpetual gaiety. But view them closer, and what report does closer observation bring? It tells, that all this gaiety, and pleasure, and animal excitement, are purchased at a great price. It emphatically declares, that knowledge, morals, and religion, have been bartered for a *smattering* of *Pickwickian* phrases, for rules of conduct adopted and recommended by the great Stanhope, and for a cold and heartless familiarity to the outward requirements of religion. The exchange is ruinous; and when the day of payment comes—when they will be required to give an account of their opportunities and the manner they have enjoyed them, in order that the Government of this country (I go no higher) will be entitled to reward them; they will be constrained to forego the advantage; they will become *Insolvents*—having nothing as an equivalent to give to the bounties of Government, and hence they will for ever remain, the unhappy tenant of the Jail, which their own

narrow circumstances and their culpable indolence have erected for them.

Is there no remedy? There is. He who probes the disease that is destroying the vital energies of the soul, must also prescribe for its cure.

In the first place, I call upon the fathers of the rising generation, to change their course of conduct. Let not the pinching savings of months be expended in one little fête. Let not a moderate income be wasted in ostentation. Let extravagance in every form be eschewed, and then shall we be able to perceive the advantages of public spirit and decent frugality. The nearest step towards a salutary reformation, is to prolong the stay of your children at school. This is indeed a *desideratum*. It is impossible to operate upon the feelings, and passions, and prejudices of men, who have already numbered many years. But it is practicable with young children, whose unsophisticated natures and plastic minds will cause any impressions to be made upon them, and will yield to any direction, which may be given to them. I will not dwell upon the manifest advantage which children would receive by a longer continuance at school than at present, inasmuch as their minds would be better cultivated and their intellects more improved. Another great benefit that would accrue, would be the freedom all children would enjoy from being carried within the sphere of evil influence, and being brought in contact with corrupt manners. Under existing circumstances, so soon as boys are removed from school, they enter into society, and are at once hurried into the vortex of dissipation. This early initiation 'into the mysteries of a ball room, this early quaffing of the pleasures of conviviality, are unfavorable to the growth of steady and sober habits, and utterly inimical to the formation of a religious and moral character.

By thus preventing boys from assuming at too early an age, the '*toga virilis*,' it must not be supposed that your responsibility is removed, and your obligation, as fathers, entirely discharged. You must exercise vigilant survey over the manners of your children, after they are taken out of the precincts of a school. I would not have you make them lead a monastic life, by giving them so much space only as their respective homes contain. I would give them liberty; but in the meantime, I would direct their attention to worthy and ennobling pursuits, and awaken in their minds, a strong desire for self-improvement. I would that parents would encourage the assembling of young men, under their own inspection, for the purposes of reading and debating on questions that might arise in the course of their studies. I would that parents should encourage their children to write on useful and interesting subjects, and that such meetings should be held periodically. The collision of minds arising from discussing a question, the awakening of attention by reading the best English authors, the writing of essays, would not only form the character, direct the faculties to proper objects, open sources of enjoyment hitherto unfelt before; but this procedure would give such an *impetus* to education and the progress of knowledge, that we will soon see a most desirable change in the character of our community. Our young men would be found to strive successfully for the rewards attendant on solid worth and merit—and not as at present, wasting their time and talents on objects, perishable and useless, unworthy of pursuit.

Fellow Countrymen! This is not all that is required of you. You might still urge on my attention the fact, that after you had given your children the best education this country can impart, you would still find yourselves involved in great difficulty, in giving them employment. I will allow that you are to an extent correct. But has it not often been sounded in your ears, that there are situations of Engineers, Mechanics, and others, opening daily? You are aware of this fact. Then, why defer seizing upon the advantage that is thus offered to you? The remuneration is small, and the prospects of emolument are not bright and cheering;—granted! Are there no means available to remedy the evils of which you complain? Let me propose one for your consideration. Hold a meeting, and let each subscribe a small sum, so that the collected amount might defray the expenses of a few young men—the most promising in your school—to England and maintain them in either of the Universities. Let scholarships be founded by you in one of the Universities, so that your children might enjoy the advantages of a liberal and enlightened instruction. Let one of the conditions, annexed to such favors, be, their return to their mother-country after the completion of their studies, so that their examples and their attainments will serve to awaken in the minds of others, a desire to improve themselves.

Do not on any account stop here. Many of your children display, in their early years, great aptitude for the useful arts. Encourage this predilection and let them be sent to England, with the view of being brought up to those particular businesses for which they have manifested an inclination. To secure this good object, let an *Apprenticing Society* be established by you all, and let one of the conditions required of those who accept of the offers of the Society be, that after the expiration of the term specified in their indentures, they will return to this country to seek employment in it.

In this manner, you will have in a little time, a good number of Artizans, Agriculturists, and Literary and Scientific men, whose services are much required in this country, and who will find sufficient employment in its unmeasured and uncultivated tracts. These men by their assimilation to the manners of the English, and their concordance with the feelings and the spirit of Europeans, will break down the barrier that seems now to separate the European and East Indian communities. Knowledge, skill, and dexterity will bring men on a level, and a loftier and more independent spirit will be infused into the hearts of those who are educated in this country. Are not these advantages which ought to be secured? Are not these benefits which should be obtained? What is the payment of a small sum of money per month, towards the attainments of such desirable objects and the accomplishment of such beneficial ends? Will a handful of yellow and white dust be weighed against the expansion of the intellect, the cultivation of the human powers, the melioration of a low and degraded condition, the raising of a body of men to worth and station in Society, the removal of abject feelings and grovelling desires, the infusion of noble sentiments into the soul, and the assister of man's nature to the dignity he is made to enjoy, in the scale of creation.

In some measure to secure this object, a Society should be formed, with the view of assisting the young men who return from England, to continue their respective pursuits. If the object of men be gain, here is their room for gain indeed! There is something peculiarly soothing to a reflective

mind, to dwell upon the nature of those feelings which will agitate the heart, when it sees a band of young men, belonging to the community, landing on the shores after years of toil and study in England, to teach the natives of this country the same arts, to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and add to the wealth of the country. The contemplated Society should support these youths until they obtain employment, and exertions should be made to secure them situations. What a noble society would not this be? Do you suppose, I am a vain man, a dreamer of dreams? Turn over the pages of history, and tell me, how a Peter changed some rude huts into a great city, excavated canals, spanned rivers with bridges, drained marshes, and made the desert blossom with the rose. He adopted the measure I now propose to you. He for a while, descended from his kingly throne, and mixing with the Artizans and Literati of Europe, acquired information, which he afterwards employed for the beauty of his city, the comfort and happiness of his people, and the strength and security of his vast Empire. What he did in a large scale, could you not accomplish on a smaller one? Yes! You are able. Put your shoulders to the wheel, and begin the work. Be not *speculative*, but *active*. Do not *think*, but *do*. Loiter not, but commence with energy. Open your purse-strings and help to carry out the work of reformation. Count not the cost of any sacrifice, the work is noble. Consult not the pain and the trouble attendant on the practical operations of the work, it is a soul-exciting undertaking. The pain will be unfelt, in the labour which is cheerfully undergone.

You are all justly reproached for being cold and indifferent to your own interests. Oh! show yourselves worthy of men. I have not said all I wish and all I could. The limits of the Magazine, through which I call upon you, will not permit me. I have merely pointed out the way—do ye but enter into it. I have merely thrown out a few general suggestions—do ye consider their feasibility, and bear them out in practice. I have merely delineated the outlines, do you fill up the plan. I have merely directed your attention to the seminal principles—do you form the body.

In prosecuting this work—if you are willing to take up the little I have said—let your demeanour be quiet and humble. Let there be no vauntings, no rending the sky with noise, no flourish of arms in the empty air. Rather, let there be seen a quiet but humble firmness in your gait. Let determination sit on your brow, and let your eyes express the sincerity of your motives. When you will have done so much for yourselves and for your children, you will enjoy the rewards of your own conscience, see your good deeds reflected from the looks that smile around your parental board and in the sunset of your days, your end will be peaceful and happy. —“I have done”

AN EAST INDIAN.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

No. 3.—LUKHEE.

THERE is no picture, so humiliating to human nature, as that which represents the gradual declension of the soul, from every ennobling and purifying passion to the most heartless and degrading feelings of vice. From the constitution of the universe, we perceive that virtue is placed on an eminence, which it is difficult and toilsome to gain—which demands not only exertion, but even self-sacrifice to reach its summit, and which so completely crushes the selfishness of human nature, that in order to be virtuous, man must not only remove this crust which covers his noble and disinterested feelings, but he must so cleanse and purify the tabernacle of his heart, that the altar he builds upon it to virtue, will be visited by HIM who is goodness itself and whose protection will overshadow it. On the other hand, vice seems to be placed at the lower end of a sliding scale, the upper end of which is just under our feet. If we do not strive to rise to the heights of virtue, attainable by all men, we must as a law of our nature, *gravitate* imperceptibly into the chanel house of vice,

“Where hope never comes, that comes to all.”—

Such being the case, it is the duty of all men to remove every temptation that draws a fellow creature from the paths of virtue—to render the ascent to the temple of virtue, “whose summit shines afar,” as easy and delightful as possible, and to point out the locality of that PIT, into which vice leads and in which one will always find,

“In its lowest deep,
“A lower deep, still threatening to devour,
“Opens wide.”

“Ah, gentle girl* ye little think how nigh
“Your change approaches, when all those delights,
“Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
“More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.”

Milton's Paradise Lost.

At the early age of three years, Lukhee, the daughter of respectable parents, was married to a youth, who numbered but seven years, and whose wealth and station, were recommendations in the eyes of her family and friends. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Lukhee not only received a handsome dowry, but her toys were even made of silver. Glittering fishes and pots and lions and birds, all composed of this precious metal were put into her palkee, as she was borne to the house of her father, after the marriage had been celebrated; for it is the custom of the Hindoos not to permit their daughters to live under the roof of their husband, until they arrive to years of maturity. Lukhee's days, like the days of childhood, flew tranquilly away. The same scenes always met her eye; the same faces looked at her, unless at the distance of three or four months, she saw a stranger. A nautch sometimes enlivened her solitude,

* Pair—original.

and then it was a pleasure to see her, all life and motion, her eyes restless with anticipated delights, and her ears attentively directed to the words of the song. She never saw the outside of her dwelling; the walls of her house, shut out the busy world from her, and her ideas never wandered beyond them, unless excited by curiosity, she asked what sights were to be seen, what animals roamed the streets, what men disgraced the city, and what was the nature of the enjoyments in which they indulged. The answer was of course, that there was nothing but evil in the world, and that within the precincts of the house, all that was good, and joyous, and pure, was concentrated.

Lukhee believed this picture of the "world without," to be true, and conceived that her house was a Paradise, and its inmates, the only beings who were uncontaminated by vice, and whose hearts were never sullied by crime. In this "ignorant bliss" she grew up to the age of twelve years, when her husband was removed from the living world, by death. She was asked to ascend the funeral pyre, but she was too young to suffer death by con cremation, so she was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Her condition was indeed a bitter and cruel imprisonment;—a privation of all those comforts which a Hindoo woman loves, and upon which she sets her soul—and a cold indifference to her widowed condition, as if she were a being unworthy of regard and too degraded to merit kind treatment. At this season of her bitterest agony, when she most needed sympathy, was she made the victim of abuses and unkindness, and those who passed her, spurned the hapless widow.

She alone knew and felt the bitterness which she daily tasted. Often did she ask herself this most important question; "What influence could I have exercised over the death of my husband, that I should be subject to such sufferings?" And of what nature and measure were these sufferings? Alas! it is indeed fearful to detail the catalogue that weighed down the heart of the widow. She was obliged ever after her husband's death, to eat from a cocoa-shell, plain rice and salt, she was constrained by the cruel superstition of her fathers, the free use of gold and silver ornaments, in which a poor Hindoo woman so greatly delights, and which constitute the *summum bonum* of her terrestrial felicity. She was compelled to wear the coarsest clothing, and the inmates of the house, as they neared her, not only regarded her with a loathing expression of countenance, but they heaped torrents of abuse, as they crossed the path of the *Husband-eater*, for so they denominated the pining widow. Months rolled heavily, and Lukhee saw no change in the conduct and behaviour of the members of her family. There was no relenting, no kindness, either shewn or proffered. Every morning awoke her to a hopeless repetition of her sufferings, and every evening set without diminishing the sun of her agonies. None deigned to speak to her; she was an outcast in her husband's family. She, who some years ago, was the centre of attraction and applause, who looked the beauty of the whole scene, who was the fortunate bride of a wealthy heir, and whose horoscope had predicted sunny pleasures and endless joys, she, who was "born under no malignant star," was now an object of hatred and scorn: there was no heart to pity her forlorn condition, no ear to listen to her tale of woe, no eye to sympathise with her sorrows. She was a being, left alone and disregarded, an orphan in this hard-hearted world, a ship-wrecked

tenant of a desert island. Her heart had lost all its music. Every string had snapped asunder. Memory awakened into reality, days long departed, by-gone hours, which when contrasted with her present painful condition, caused a *tightness* to bind her heart, and fetter her eyelids so that no genial tears could soothe her woe-begone soul. The world was dark and cheerless. No star twinkled at a distance—no ray of light shot athwart the desert gloom. Enveloped in the night of sorrow, and patient under all her ills, she seemed to live on like the hull of a vessel, which is driven by the waves and current, when all her masts and her equipments become the sport of the storm and the merciless ocean. Four years passed in this dreadful state of existence, and no one gave her one word of kindness or smile of welcome. At length an old woman took notice of her. She often entered into conversation with Lukhee, and it is not unlikely that Lukhee loved her and listened to her words.

Is it matter of surprise that Lukhee should have loved the old woman, who thus cheered her solitude and spoke to her words of kindness—such melting words had not for a length of time, entered into her ears? The winter of grief had bound all her afflictions, and feelings, and passions, with the cold chain of indifference, but no sooner had the sun of kindness and sympathy warmed her ice-fettered soul, than the stream of pure love again flowed from her soul, and her former feelings and desires, which had reposed under the weight of sorrow, now “put forth their tender leaves” and quickly began to blossom. The old woman daily felt Lukhee’s affection increase in ardour and sincerity. From trite conversation, enquiries after her health—or a desire to gratify her wants, the old woman quickly proceeded to probe her heart and at first gently hinted at the inconveniences of her situation. Lukhee laid bare her mind before her, and the old woman too soon perceived that her plan had succeeded, that the victim was secure. When she had wound round the affections of Lukhee, and entrapped her in her snare, she accordingly suggested to her the necessity and advantage of releasing herself from all this cruel bondage by making her escape from the house. Lukhee, smarting every day, aye, every hour, under her thrice-painful conditions, at last consented to depart. The day and hour were fixed. A small *poojah* which diverted the attention of the inmates from Lukhee, favored also by a dull and cloudy evening, afforded the old woman a fitting opportunity to effect her ward’s escape, through a small and narrow door in the back of the building and opening in the street. Many of my readers must have seen these doors, three feet by half.

Lukhee became the mistress of a rich zemindar. Let not the reader of this artless tale, regard this with harrassed feelings and lament Lukhee’s first step in vice. Although her first fall, she was nevertheless happy and comfortable! There is a wide difference between the condition of a mistress in Hindoo society, and one among the Europeans, more advanced in civilization and more refined in manners. Amongst the latter, a mistress is obliged to seek shelter in privacy from the scorn and reproach of her friends in general. She cannot hold up her head with the best of the land. It is her lot to put up with severe sufferings and unmerited insult. But the condition of a mistress among the Hindoos is far otherwise. She enjoys more comforts and conveniences. She has servants at her com-

mand to do her bidding ; she enjoys some of the luxuries of life ; she can proceed upon the river for any exercise, or spend the day in some garden. All these a wife cannot enjoy. These advantages considered, there are greater temptations to lead a Hindoo woman astray, than are to be found in the path of one who is placed under the influences of European civilization, and subject to the power and benignant spirit of Christianity.

What a view does not this feature of Hindoo society present ! How powerfully does it not call for reform ! Alas ! where is the band of enlightened Hindoos seen ? This is the place for their observation ! This is the field for their exertion ! Here are noble ends to gain ! A whole posterity to be saved ! Remove the fetters that chain your women, ye reformers ! and do away with the bolts that restrain their personal liberty ! Let the beams of knowledge shine into their hearts, and let their souls be attuned to a proper sense of their duty, their station, and their obligations ! Let not a widow be treated with harshness, and let her not be a sufferer of privations. Let her again enter into the married state, and once more dispense the charities and moralities of life. Strive, ye learned Hindoos, to secure these advantages—to stem the corruption of your society, and you will receive the blessings of millions yet unborn, and your names and your deeds will be crowned with the freshest and sweetest wreaths of poesy !

So long as youth and beauty shone in the face and person of Lukhee, she was the delight of her master, who considered nothing as too great for her, and attended to her requests with an eager desire to do every thing she wished. Time rolled onward and the bloom of Lukhee's cheeks faded, shade after shade—the lustre of her large black eyes grew gradually dim, and hair after hair was losing its glossy blackness. But Lukhee was not discarded by her admirers. Art repaired the destructive effects of age, and for a season, she was the beauty of the place. But she could not long attach to herself the affection of her protector. He left her for another, and Lukhee placed herself under the roof and care of another man. Although she still enjoyed the comforts and conveniences of life and was stinted in nothing that she wished, the desertion of the first protector, struck a heavy blow upon her heart. She was awakened to a sense of her degraded condition. She felt the frail tenure by which she held the affections of her present master. The slightest change would snap the tie that bound him to her. All her efforts were now directed to please—every art tried—his palate was consulted—the most trifling cause of anger was studiously avoided, and Lukhee found herself obliged to be in a state of constant excitement to meet the wishes of her lord, who was often known to speak harshly to her, and reproach her severely for her forgetfulness to fulfil his desires. He began to receive her attentions with a cold indifference. Often did he turn away with disgust, as she was perhaps straining every nerve to please him, or render herself attractive. From soft-reproaches he went to rebukes, and then proceeded to threats. He often visited her in a state of intoxication, and on one occasion, being infuriated by wine, he laid hands of violence upon her and turned her out of doors.

Poor Lukhee, wretched, degraded, houseless, stood in the streets, motionless, as if she were an idiot. She saw nothing—her senses seemed entranced and her eyes were without any signs of animation. With a fixed

dull gaze she looked upon the passers by. A knot of young men whose sole business it is to parade nightly the streets in those parts where the native population live, crowded almost to suffocation, and forcibly take away some poor hapless female, who may venture out, under the cover of the night, to see her friends and relatives—perceived Lukhee and bore her away unresistingly to their place of rendezvous. Lukhee could make no resistance. She was scarcely sensible whither she was going, and who were her ravishers. She appeared to be entirely reckless of herself and her condition, for no sooner was she placed in a mean and humble dwelling with the most ordinary furniture which a poor Hindoo can command, than she seemed to recover her spirits, and commenced singing an air, which she loved to hear. She continued with her protector for a short time only, for she found herself wandering from alley to alley and from house to house; sometimes she met companions in guilt, and then instead of mutually condoling each other, on their degraded and pitiable condition, and reflecting on the deep abyss of misery into which they had sunk—they endeavoured to stifle the pangs and reproaches of conscience by forced mirth and loud laughter, by playing on their musical instruments and singing amorous songs. How poor is not human nature in resources when in the very depth of grief, no other consolation can be found for guilt, than mirth and laughter! How desolate is the condition of a poor, ignorant, and helpless Hindoo female, who has no prop to support her in her hour of adversity; no energy to raise her when well-nigh overwhelmed by temptation, and no resolution to abandon a course of living, which only brings bitterness along with it, and sinks her deeper in the slough of vice!

Lukhee's situation was painful, but the worst remains to be told. After being obliged for awhile to pass, like so much traffic from hand to hand, she found herself loathed even by these corrupt associates; until she could find no asylum from any. She was obliged therefore to take refuge in the company of the most abandoned women in the town, and herd with those, who lived in the miserable haunts of poverty and degradation. Buried in the obscurity of multitude, miserable and wretched as she was, Lukhee continued to sink gradually in vice. Her health had failed her, and disease had already made its appearance in her person. Her very companions drove her from their society. Thus friendless and homeless she became the inmate of a hospital, founded by the liberality of the British Government, for the indigent and the infirm. After the lapse of many months, she returned to her companions, weak in body and with a constitution shaken to its very base.

Her last employment was to follow the infamous occupation of the woman who had seduced her from her own home, and reduced her to this lamentable situation. She endeavoured to compass the ruin of young women, and alas! for the privation and seclusion of Hindoo customs, she too well succeeded. Again did she appear to be in a more comfortable situation. But the hand of death was upon her—deep consumption had seized her vitals, and after an illness of months did she breathe her last. Friendless and alone—none was by her side. A little light glimmered in her hut. The night was dark and stormy. The rain beat in through the mats, and the lightning played fearfully before her eyes. It was a night in June. When the rage of the storm was highest and the lightning

played with the greatest glee in the heavens, and the thunder bellowed, as it were under ground—at that dreadful hour, when Nature seemed to be in convulsions, did Lukhee's spirit, part for ever and for ever, from her body, now emaciated and weak.*

The next morning were the inmates of the house aware of Lukhee's condition. Her corpse was wrapped in the mat upon which she had died, and suspended on a pole, the ends of which were borne by two of the meanest natives—the most despised of the race, was it thrown into the river, to be borne backwards and forward by the tide, to be pecked at by the birds, and mangled by the wild jackalls and dogs, that nightly seek such prey.

Let the story of the poor unfortunate Lukhee convey a lesson of instruction and warning to the refined and educated Hindoos of Calcutta!

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF CHIVALRY AND OF HONOUR, IN CONNECTION WITH THE MODERN SYSTEM OF DUELLING.

"But in the triall of true curtasie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashioned to please the eyes of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas,
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd,
The vriest sight, to think gold that is bras,
But Vertue's seat is deep within the mynd,
And not in outward shewes, but inward thoughts defynd."

(Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book VI)

If we look back to the time of the old Greeks and Romans, we shall look in vain for the slightest traces of the feeling of honour. Antiquity exhibits most noble examples of patriotism, of virtue, of paternal and filial affection, but though many a man was found ready to exclaim "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," and to meet death as if it were a banquet, we cannot point to the man who was willing to lay down his life for his honour—and for the best of reasons, that no feeling of the kind existed. To the word *honour* we here attach a meaning quite opposite to that which in the present day is usually given to it. Deference to public opinion is a very different thing from the feeling of honour.

Christianity first proclaimed the dignity of humanity. She first taught man to look upon himself as created in the Image of God; she gave him as the ideal of holiness and purity a man; she taught him that his first and only duty was to act in humble imitation of that divine pattern which had been set before him. The Christian first understood that all his duties were comprehended in the one principle, that he was to act up to every thing that his humanity required of him. He still would die for his country, but his love for his home was no longer his sole feeling; he now knew that it was likewise his duty to himself as a Man. He still paid reverence to the laws, but not merely because it was commanded, or from motives of expediency, but because he was obeying the mightier and more sacred law of his Humanity, or in other words of his *honour*. He felt that his duties to himself

were indetical with these to his God ; and this too united with the deepest humility, for he could not make the latter subordinate to the former, because he saw that they were one and the same without any possibility of separation.

Thus was formed the character of the Christian Knight. We need hardly say that the corruptions into which the Institutions of Chivalry fell from the very beginning, cannot militate against the principles on which they were founded. The Philosopher will judge of Chivalry, not by its defects but by its excellencies. Thus, we take the Apollo and the Antinous as the ideals of manly beauty, and should never think of judging of the human race by the many frightful and unnatural specimens we may have seen.

When the Errant Knight went over the world, for the sake of punishing crime and redressing injury, he did so upon the principle that his honour, that is, his duty to himself as a man, demanded of him that he should interpose his person in defence of the oppressed, and as the supporter of all who needed his assistance. His very name of knight (*Knecht*) proclaimed him to be a *servant*. He was to consider that power was given into his hands for the sole purpose of upholding the cause of religion and virtue. He was to do good for its own sake ; to assert his honour in defiance of every obstacle ; to despise the comments of the world, and solely to perform his duty to God, to his neighbour, and to himself. That this was the ideal character to which the true Knight aspired, no one can deny who has studied the chronicles, the romances, and the poems of the chivalric ages. And who will not admit the worth of such sentiments ? Yet we are constantly told, that it is the relic of this system, which we now see in the practice of duelling. Let us endeavour to discover how far this is the case, and by a comparison between the principles of the ideal Knight of Antiquity and of the modern Duellist, to see how far the latter is swayed by similar motives, and in what degree some of the proposed plans would be efficacious in suppressing the present system.

One of the first and natural corruptions into which knighthood fell, was stimulated and fostered to an extreme degree by the introduction of Jousts and Tournaments, which, though their primary intention might have been good, soon began to create a love of fighting for its own sake, and a desire of admiration. Many, indeed, strive earnestly to trace out when the first tournament was held, and tell us that this is the beginning of chivalry ; but they must be poor philosophers who can look no further than this, for the spirit must have existed long before it began to take any such external forms.

Whatever doubt may be thrown upon particular actions recorded, the authority of the ancient writers upon the subject cannot be the least impaired, as presenting to us a fair general picture of the principles of chivalry. And it may be remarked, that the descriptions which the old Chroniclers give us are even more favorable as to the essentials of the matter, than even those of poets and romance-writers, who are supposed to possess the privilege of unlimited embellishment and exaggeration.

The chronicles of Froissart give us numberless examples of what was considered becoming for the Knight, and here we have something more than mere imaginary views of what chivalry ought to be ; we see what effects it really produced. Let us take his account of the surrender of

Calais to Edward, when Eustace, St. Pierre, and his companions were condemned by the King to death, in satisfaction of his revengeful feelings, and in contempt of his knightly spirit. "Then, Sir Walter of Manny said, Oh noble King, for God's sake, refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign nobless, therefore do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of your villainy; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company," &c. (*Vol. 1, c. 146, Lord Berners's Translation.*) It may be observed that Sir Walter of Manny does not here give as a reason for mercy that men would "speak villainy" of the King, but that he ought not to "*give cause*" that they should do so. The vows which the Knight took, and the various ceremonies which he went through, before he could be admitted into the chivalric fraternity, and receive the accolade, are too well known to need repetition, and though the forms were maintained long after the spirit had crept out, the intention of the institution was clearly established, and there must have once been a life and internal vigour, or it could never have produced such wonderful effects upon the Christian world. Thus, Alphonso of Portugal, when he knighted his son after the storming of Arsilla, instructed him that "a Knight ought to be the husband of widows, the father of orphans, the protector of the poor, and the prop of those who have no other support."

The Romances of Amadis of Gaul and Palmerin of England, which Cervantes in *Don Quixote* says were worthy of being preserved in caskets of gold, exhibit noble specimens of the beau ideal of the chivalric character. The same may be said of the ancient Spanish ballads, particularly some of those referring to the Cid—"el Honra de Espana." Or take Chaucer's description of the Knight in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, who

"Loved Chivalry,
"Truth and Honour, Freedom and Courtesy."

After speaking of his "worthinesse" by which the old poets always mean *valour*, he proceeds—

"I and though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid;
He never yet no villainy said
In all his life unto no manner wight;
He was a very parfait gentie Knight."

It would be an endless task to quote passages from Spencer to the same effect, and to bring forward the various gentle deeds of the Redcross Knight, who could not go forth with Una till he had put on "the armour of the Christian man," of Arthegal, or Sir Calidore, the Courteous, who, as we read in *Morte d'Arthur* of Launcelot de Lak, was "the curtiest Knight that ever bare shield, the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, the kindest man that ever strake with sword, the meekest man and the gentlest that ever sate in hall among ladies, and the sternest Knight to mortal foe that ever put spear into the rest." Even Ariosto, who can hardly ever suppress his laughing propensities, and certainly treats his cavaliers not very gently, constantly asserts in his sober moods the beauty of the principles of Chivalry, and tells us of

"Gli antichi guerrier, de' quai gli studi
Tutti fur gentilezza e cortesia."

In those lawless ages force was the only argument that could be used with any chance of success, and the constant appeal to arms was fostered by the system of *Ordeal*, in which it was supposed that God would always give victory to the Knight. Yet it is a remarkable fact, and one to which sufficient attention has not been paid, that this appeal to arms was constantly admitted to be an evil, though as it then seemed, a necessary one, and we may find many examples that even then the truth was not wholly denied, that a man's Honour ought not as a matter of course, to be redressed by force of arms. A most memorable instance of this may be found in Tasso's immortal poem, when Tancredi, that most perfect and truly "gentle Knight" ever described by poet, and whose very name calls up images of every thing that is noble and courteous and lovely, counsels the fiery Rinaldo to lay aside his disdain and anger against Godfrey; telling him to conquer himself, and to despise, as he says, "the customs and opinions, which the world calls the laws of honour," and enforcing his advice by his own example.

"Dimmi, che pensi far? Vorrai le mani
Del civil sangue tuo dunque bruttar te?
E con le piaghe indegne de' cristiani
Trafigger cristo, ond' ci son membra e parte?
Di transitorio onor rispetti vani,
Che qual onda di mar sen viene e parte,
Potranno in te piu che la fede e'l zelo
Di quella gloria che n'eterna in Cielo?"

"Ah! no, per dio: vinci te stesso, e spoglia
Questa feroce tua mente superba—
Cedi; non fia timor, ma santa voglia.
Ch'a questo ceder tuo palma si serba
E se pur degna, ond' altri esempio toglia,
E la mio giovinetta etade acerba;
Anch'io fui provocato, eppur non venni
Co' Fedeli in contesa, e mi contenni!"

(*Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto v. 47.)

And then he goes on to say, that when he had exalted the cross in conquered Cilicia, and Baldovin insultingly deprived him of his victory.—

"Con l'arm^e pero di ricovrarlo
Non tentai poscia, e f rse i' potea farlo"

It is not our object to point out the various modes in which the pure principles of Chivalry gradually became corrupted, and by which honour was made to consist in skill at the tournament. The above quotations may serve and show what was the true character of the really "gentle knight." To uphold the interests of the oppressed and the helpless was his first duty; and thus arose his devotion to woman, as the embodiment of that which above all required his help of weakness and loveliness.

Christianity first gave honour to womanhood, and respect for this great principle of civilization was accomplished by means of chivalry. The Knight was the first person to assert the true principles of his religion when brought into action, and to proclaim that duty and honour were synonymous terms. And it was through his respect for woman that he added 'gentleness'* and courtesy to duty and honour, and thus made complete

* It may be observed that the meaning of the old words *gentle* and *gentleness*, is almost entirely lost in modern English—the terms no longer possessing their former comprehensive character. They exactly answer to the *gentile* and *gentilezza* of the Italians.

the character of the Christian *Gentleman*. How important these former qualities were considered, we may see in the marriage service of the Church of England. "The Church not only requires of the man to engage to love and cherish his wife, to comfort and to honour her, to keep her in sickness and in health, in poverty and in riches, so long as they both shall live, but she makes him sum up all these in this new and more emphatic form—'With my Body I thee worship.' She who in old times called forth the spirit of Christian knighthood in feudal courts and castles, and taught the proud and fierce baron that, while his glittering arms and his stately war-horse were but the signs of his nobility, his name and his honour drew true life and strength from his faithful service of the poor and the oppressed, the woman and the orphan. She who taught the christian soldier to practise, and the christian poet to paint, the union of courage and strength with gentleness and humility:—she, who caring for us no less than for our fathers, still keeps alive in 'an age of sophisters, economists, and calculators,' the old spirit of chivalry under the modest guise of the christian gentleman:—she bids the husband bind himself to such knightly service, to such soldier-like and romantic allegiance and devotion, to such courteous deference and respect towards his own wife in all the daily intercourse of common life, whether she be lady or peasant, whether he be prince or ploughman; she commands him to *worship* his wife as the living shrine of ideal beauty and goodness."*

How different from the true chivalric principles are those of our modern Duellists. Honour with them no longer signifies duty, but that cowardly respect for the opinion of the world which Tasso in the passage above quoted mentions only as a thing to be despised by the Knight who is worthy of his name. *Knecht* signifies not a *bully* but a *servant*. Loveace in those exquisite lines on going to the wars, beautifully expresses how the duty of the cavalier to his mistress, and every other worthy feeling was connected with the assertion of his honour.

"Yet this Inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

Seldom indeed do we even hear it hinted that such a thing ever existed as the old feeling of Honour, and rarely if ever, in the present day, do men appeal to their Honour as the reason for fighting duels. Its name has been altogether usurped by that contemptible deference to public opinion, which any truly honourable man should be ashamed to uphold. The persuasion that such is their Duty, that forgiveness is better than revenge, can alone, and ought alone to prevent men fighting in defence of their honour. But as regards that despicable system which has taken the place of true chivalry, (yet which is insultingly and falsely said to be the same,) as Public opinion created it, so alone can Public opinion destroy it. We often hear of various plans which are to put an end to this practice, and among them none seem to be more commonly desired than a "court of honour." Of *honour*, indeed! say rather of *dishonour*. For what has Honour which had its origin in Christianity itself, and is its most funda-

* *Holy Matrimony, its duties and dignity*. (London 1843,) a little work which every one would do well to purchase.

mental principle, being identical with Duty, to do with tribunals for the disputes of duellists? As Spencer has said in the lines which serve for our motto, to what a state of debasement have those noble principles of chivalry been reduced, and what a contrast do they offer to that which has usurped their place. Well may we say with Ariosto, and look with sorrow on the present picture in comparison,

" Oh gran bonta de' cavalieri antiqui!
 Eran rivali, eran di fe diversi
 E si santian degli aspri colpi iniqui
 Per luttà la persona anco dolerai;
 E pur per selve oscure e calli obliqui,
 Insieme van senza sospetto aversi"

Orlando Furioso I. 22.

J.

THE BUZ-WUZ FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. Theophilus Adolphus Buz-wuz is a name too well known amongst our community to need an elaborate introduction of him to our readers. Sufficient it is for our purpose to state, that he was a man pretty for advanced in years, and was rather of a portly appearance. He married in early life, and was blessed with a couple of daughters, who were as beautiful as they were gay; and the parents from an over-fondness allowed them many indulgences, which other young ladies could not boast of. Mrs. Buz-wuz, whose maiden name was Miss Elizabeth Theodora Keggs, was a lady, who in her younger years had laid some claims to what we call feminine charms; but years had rolled over her head, and caused some indelible marks upon her once beautiful face. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Buz-wuz was not to be outdone by old Time; for she took care to bring Art in the way to repair the depredations committed by that gentleman. Art soon put his inventive powers into exercise, and performed wonders in favor of Mrs. Buz-wuz. Although the lady had gone through full forty summers, Art invested her with the appearance of Juvenility, by the magical influence of his skill. And when Mrs. Buz-wuz saw herself in the glass, in her full dress, a smile passed over her countenance, at the thought that she had succeeded so well in evading the encroachments of her inveterate enemy.

As for the Misses Buz-wuz, why they were the prettiest creatures that one could set his eyes upon; but they had certain peculiarities, which it is left to the reader to discover while going through these pages. The elder was named after her mother, Elizabeth Theodora Buz-wuz, and the younger was called Julia Keggs Buz-wuz. The fame of the beauty of the two sisters began daily to spread far and wide, until they became the staple of general conversation amongst those young men, who either had a desire to settle themselves in life, or wished "to trifle with woman's feelings." The Misses Buz-wuz, unlike their mother, required not any adventitious means to set off their persons to advantage: they thought with the Poet that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." At times, however, they lost sight of this simple truth, when they fancied it would serve their

interest to have all the gaudy paraphernalia of fashionable ladies. But this was not all. Our young ladies thought, and very wisely too, that it would not be well for them to make such a grand display externally, while their minds were not properly cultivated. In order to supply the deficiency they sedulously applied themselves to the perusal of works of Fiction: Romances, Novels and Tales formed the range of their studies; beyond these they thought there was nothing worthy of their attention. A love scene in a Novel was what delighted them most; and Miss Julia was sometimes pleased to enact the lady, and her sister the gentleman, and they both cooed and wooed one another in the peculiar style of the writer, until they had familiarized themselves with the happy expressions made use of in the whole scene. This may appear rather strange to some; but such was the case, and we chroniclers of by-gone times must content ourselves with facts, however marvellous they may appear to others. Let not the reader, however, imagine that we wish to lower the Misses Buz-wuz in public estimation by writing thus of them; far from it, we mean nothing of the kind, our object is solely to record what we think to be the prominent features of characters entirely beyond the reach of general imitation. The ladies courted admirers; and if they made any extraordinary effort to compass their object, surely no blame can be attached to them, since all are in a greater or less degree, desirous of being thought well of by others.

Having thus presented to our readers a hurried, though a correct, delineation of the personages composing the Buz-wuz family, we deem it necessary to turn to other matters which demand our attention.

One evening Mr. Buz-wuz sat with his wife and daughters, enjoying a most agreeable tete-a-tete. He reclined in his easy chair, and filled the room with volumes of smoke, which he sent forth from his mouth occasionally. While Mr. Buz-wuz was thus employed, his attention was arrested by Mrs. Buz-wuz, who called out to him, "My dear Theophilus!"

"Yes, Bess," exclaimed Mr. Buz-wuz, keeping his Havannah between two of his fingers, and sending forth a blast of smoke, which went off curling to the ceiling. "Yes Bess, what is the matter?"

"Now, what I am going to say, my dear, is this, our daughters you know —— Now Misses Bet and Julie," addressing herself to her daughters, "go inside for a while, if you please, while your father and I talk upon matters which are not intended for your ears." The young ladies forthwith attended to the request of their mother, and Mrs. Buz-wuz resumed her conversation,—"now what I was going to observe, my love, is simply this: our daughters, you know, have arrived at that age when it is but meet that they should see company; for who knows what may happen to us: it should, therefore, be our object to have them settled in life before we close our eyes."

"Certainly, certainly, my darling," exclaimed Mr. Buz-wuz, sitting upright, and looking rather gravely upon the subject.

"I am glad that you coincide with me in this point; for it would not be well for us, husband and wife, to be of opposite opinions when the interests of our offspring are concerned."

"Very true! very true!" observed the gentleman, and then puffed away with a great deal of self-complaisance.

"Now what I would propose," resumed Mrs. Buz-wuz, is to have a few friends at our house occasionally, and be assured, that it will not be long before you and I shall have the satisfaction to see our Bet and Julie united to some young gentlemen, who move in the highest circle in society."

"Nothing like it; nothing like it," exclaimed Mr. Buz-wuz, with a side glance at his wife.

"Then you know, my love," continued Mrs. Buz-wuz, "people will look upon us with respect, our friendship will be courted by every body. But I know how I will treat certain parties: I shall not even return their nod of recognition; and if they attempt to put their foot upon my door, they shall be directly told to turn away. And when we and our daughters go round the course, all eyes shall be upon us."—Just as Mrs. Buz-wuz arrived at the climax of her happiness, she, poor thing, was completely choked by a large volume of smoke sent forth by her husband. The lady coughed and coughed for some time, and then gently rebuked her lord and master for the nasty habit, which had caused such an interruption to her talk. Mr. Buz-wuz immediately threw away the cigar, and assured his wife, that he would never again be guilty of such rudeness. The lady then resumed her conversation, in the same strain:

"Now, my dear," said she, "you see the advantages which we shall derive by having friends to visit us; and I would, therefore, propose giving a little tea-party to a select few, which is intended to be a prelude to other meetings, when I have not the least doubt our daughters will appear to some advantage."

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Buz-wuz, looking at the direction, in which the cigar had taken its course when it left his hand. "With all my heart, Bess; with all my heart."

"Then may I ask a few friends for to-morrow evening, what say you, my love?"

"Do as you please, Bess, I have not the least objection to any thing you propose."

"Now Julie and Bet, my loves!" said Mrs. Buz-wuz (the young ladies had by this time been recalled to their seats), come my dears, your Pa and I propose to have a small tea-party to-morrow evening. We shall have a few friends with us."

"Whom will you have, mother?" enquired Miss Julia

"Why we are thinking of asking Mr. Gabriel Bricks, Mr. Tom Short, Mr. Christopher Legs, and a few of our lady friends."

"No body else, Ma?"

"Let me think, yes, yes, I had nearly forgotten Bob Grogus, Oh, he must be one of the party, to be sure."

At this Miss Julia appeared to smile, and the elder Miss Buz-wuz looked at her mother, and gave her a significant wink. Mr. Buz-wuz had by this time fallen back in his chair, and was enjoying a comfortable nap!

CHAPTER II.

The evening came, and the little house of Mr. Buz-wuz looked more than ordinarily spruce and neat. Things were properly arranged, and servants received instructions how to go through the duties, which were to be imposed upon them. Mrs. Buz-wuz consumed nearly a couple of

hours in checking herself, and the Misses Buz-wuz as many to perform the same office. As for Mr. Buz-wuz, he sat contentedly in a part of the room, and ruminated deeply by the help of his Havannah. The time for the appearance of the visitors at length arrived, and the ladies after the most laborious operations at the toilette adjourned to the hall, where they seated themselves in expectation of the company. Mr. Grogus was the first to make his entrance, who after an interchange of conventionalities took his seat beside Miss Julia Buz-wuz, to whom he endeavoured to make himself as agreeable as he could possibly be. Then came other ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Gabriel Bricks was the last, though not the least among those who graced the hall of Mr. Buz-wuz on this occasion. As this gentleman will hold a prominent part in our little sketch, it behoves us to introduce him to the reader in a special manner. Mr. Bricks then, good reader, was a fashionable young man; rather slender in make, with hair in a state of high culture, which ran down to his chin in ringlets. Of the acquirements of Mr. Bricks we know nothing more than this, that he was a good hand at Riddles and Connundrums; was able to recite scraps of poetry; sung songs, and had always a budget of anecdotes at command. Whether Mr. Bricks was popular amongst gentlemen we know not, but this is certain, that he was a favourite amongst certain coteries of ladies, who were particularly fond of the *bagatelles* in which Mr. Gabriel was so fitted to excel. On Mr. Bricks' entering the room, Mrs. Buz-wuz gave him a most warm welcome, and introduced him to her husband and her visitors as a gentleman of rare talents and abilities. This was a feather to Mr. Bricks's cap, and he wore it with much self-gratulation.

Tea was soon served, and Mr. Buz-wuz was obliged to quit his comfortable position, and act the host at table. How he acquitted himself in this (to him) novel occupation, it is not on record. Be that as it may, he was soon relieved of the task, and took the first opportunity of retreating to his favourite seat, and giving a free scope to his smoking propensity. In the mean time, all the paraphernalia of the table being removed, the company threw off their reserve, and gradually became more communicative. The Misses Buz-wuz talked to the gentlemen, and the gentlemen talked to them. Mrs. Buz-wuz drew the attention of her neighbours to the importation of blonds and laces, and her neighbours in return discussed the respective merits of the Calcutta Milliners. Our friend, Mr. Bricks, was of course not silent when there was so much to be said and heard. He too gave many a tit-bit of news respecting balls and dinners, of races and regattas, and was never at a loss for a subject; for when he found his budget exhausted, he generally had recourse to jokes and jibes, at the expense of others. He made several hits at Mr. Grogus during the evening, and whether he was successful or not in his sallies, he was sure to laugh first, to show that he was really a man of wit, whether others conceded to him the title or not. "What odds and ends!" exclaimed Mr. Bricks, addressing himself to Mr. Grogus—"does your mother know that you are out?"

Grogus never heard such an expression, and he took it in the literal sense which the words convey. He was therefore quite taken aback. "My mother!" said he—"Yes, I told her that I was coming here."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" vociferated Mr. Bricks, "you are a complete gentle-

man, Mr. Grogus, an out and outer, a regular trump to be sure, and no mistake." And then Mr. Bricks put the thumb of his left hand upon the tip of his nose, and began to play Snooks at Mr. Grogus. Now, Mrs. Buz-wuz, who never saw such a thing done in her presence, thought this to be a piece of rare pantomimic exhibition; and as she was aware that Mr. Bricks was a fashion able young gentleman, she verily believed that he must have acquired this mode of communicating his sentiments by some one well skilled in the art. She could not therefore but entertain a very high opinion of Mr. Bricks, and she smiled, so did the Misses Buz-wuz; all these three smiled and looked at one another with a meaning which could not be mistaken, that is to say, they considered Mr. Gabriel Bricks no common personage; and Gabriel seeing this was much gratified, and throwing himself on his chair sent forth a horse laugh, so loud and continuous, that it even made Mr. Buz-wuz call out, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Buz-wuz, "our friend, Mr. Bricks, here is so funny, that he has made every body laugh."

"Yes, Mam," observed Mr. Bricks, "there is no occupation more agreeable to me, than keeping my friends in good humour. A good laugh, Mam, dissipates melancholy, and is highly conducive to health. The immortal Shakspeare has many a passage on this subject: and I do assure you there is nothing which I like so much as a good laugh. It relieves me, as it were of a load, and gives point to my wit—ha! ha! ha!" Saying this Mr. Bricks looked round to enjoy his triumph. Mr. Grogus looked angry, and Mrs. Buz-wuz and her daughters seemed to think Mr. Bricks was a prodigy of learning. A short pause ensued during which all eyes were fixed upon Mr. Bricks. At length a gentleman, in order to break the silence which now prevailed, called out to Mr. Bricks by name, "Mr. Bricks?" exclaimed he.

"Your most obedient and humble servant, Sir," returned the other.

"What is your opinion regarding the copy-right act?" asked the gentleman.

Now Mr. Bricks, who never paid any attention to subjects of this nature, was really puzzled what to say. If the earth opened before him, he would have, Curtius-like, thrown himself into the gulf, to save himself from the disgrace which awaited him. But as the earth did not open, and as the eyes of all were directed towards him, he felt it incumbent to say something. He, therefore, after half a dozen hems, drawled out a reply to the effect, that the measure was an injudicious one.

"How so, Mr. Bricks?" asked the gentleman, "I trust you will favor me with the reasons which have led you to form such a conclusion."

Mr. Bricks never expected this, and his blood began to freeze in his veins. He however had the adroitness to turn it off by attempting to engage Mrs. Buz-wuz in conversation with him. "Have you heard Mrs. Buz-wuz——"

"But, Mr. Bricks"—cried the gentleman.

"Mrs. Buz-wuz, I am just going to ask you——"

"Mr. Bricks, excuse me, but——"

"Mrs. Buz-wuz, you cannot conceive——"

"I beg your attention, Mr. Bricks, to the subject under consideration."

"Instantly, Sir. instantly, Sir. —" Then turning to Mrs. Buz-wuz,

"you can not conceive Ma'am, what a pleasant party we had at the Botanic Gardens, a few days past."

"Ma," cried Julie, Oh, do take us there, one day."

"Oh yes, dear mother," cried the elder sister, "we must go there."

"By all means, by all means, said Mrs. Buz-wuz, "I shall not disoblige you. Oh yes, it has long been my intention to take a trip to the gardens."

"You will not be disappointed, Mam, I do assure you," observed Mr. Bricks.

The gentleman who intended to drag Mr. Bricks into the arena of discussion, finding that his attempt was futile, troubled himself no further; and Mr. Bricks, on the other hand, soon plunged himself into a sea of small-talk, of which there was no termination. The night, however, began to advance, and the visitors retired, and with them Mr. Bricks made his exit.

"Oh! what a fine young man, Mr. Bricks, is Ma," observed Miss Julia, as soon as the company had dispersed.

"I told you, my dear, he was a perfect gentleman"

"Perfectly so."

"And he is a learned man too."

"Yes," said the elder Miss Buz-wuz, "how he talked of Shakespeare, Ma."

"And what a fool he made of Bob Grogus," remarked Miss Julia.

"For shame Julia! you should not talk of Bob in this style."

"I do not know, how it is, Bet, I do not like him."

"This is strange," exclaimed her sister, "I believe Mr. Bricks has made some impression upon your heart; fie Julie! you are a fickle creature!"

But Miss Julia answered this with a smile only, and soon after retired into her room, and so did the other ladies.

CHAPTER III.

Calcutta, during the Doorjah Poojah vacation it needs be told, becomes intolerable from its dullness. Public business is completely closed; and all those who can afford to enjoy a trip on the river take advantage of the opportunity, and leave the city in large companies. The Ditchers from the highest to the lowest grade of society, are seen cruising on the river in pinnaces and budgerows, and look as lively and gay as they can be in the happiest eras of their lives. Some proceed up the river, others down below: some grace the Dutch and French settlements with their presence, while others visit the Gardens, or go wherever their fancy might lead them. It was on one of these seasons of gaiety, that a very large gathering of ladies and gentlemen was seen in the Botanic Gardens. The ghaut was crowded to excess, with boats of all sizes and description; and in every part of the garden, one might have seen parties of well dressed ladies and fashionable gentlemen promenading the well laid walks, sitting beneath the umbrageous Banian trees, or enjoying the beautiful prospects of plants and shrubs, arranged with that order and taste for which the place has been characterized. Amongst this happy throng there was a small party that kept themselves aloof from others, and selected a very convenient spot for their diversions. There were many pretty ladies amongst them, and fine gentlemen too; and they all laughed, and sang, and danced in exceedingly high spirits, caring for no body, but doing all

they could to please and to be pleased. Gentle reader, could you tell us who they were? But we shall answer the question for you. They were the Buz-wuz Family. Marvel not that the Buz-wuzzians had come to the gardens; we say *marvel* because they had hitherto led a life of perfect seclusion; and it was considered to be a phenomenon to see them any where, much less in a place of public resort.

But let that pass. Let us return to the convivial board, and detain our readers for a while in describing to them the doings of the Buz-wuz family there. Mrs. Buz-wuz, the *major donna* of the party had certainly done every thing to contribute to the comforts of her guests. All the delicacies of the table were at command, and one need only ask to receive what would satisfy his taste. It was not, however, on these creature comforts that Mrs. Buz-wuz depended for the success of the party, but be it spoken to her credit, on the galaxy of wit and beauty that graced the table; and when we mention the names of Mr. Bricks, Tom Short, Miss Teggs, and Mr. Grogus, we think it is enough to satisfy the most fastidious in these matters, that Mrs. Buz-wuz was a lady of much discernment. The party was altogether an agreeable one. So thought Mr. Bricks, and Misses Buz-wuz. Mr. Bricks by some means had insinuated himself into the good graces of both these young ladies, and would have assuredly been the apple of discord, the bone of contention, had not he, by some marked attention to Miss Julia Buz-wuz, decided the matter, and shown himself to be the devoted admirer of this young beauty. Mr. Bricks then took his seat next to Julia, and whispered many sweet things to her ears; while poor Grogus looked from a distance "like patience sitting on a monument smiling at grief." The other ladies and gentlemen were also engaged; for Miss Teggs and the elder Miss Buz-wuz were not ladies of the common stamp and they too had their admirers. Occasionally, the fiddle was struck, and, the young ladies and gentlemen exhibited their *Terpsichorean* art to the delight of all.

Mr. Bricks led Miss Julia Buz-wuz, Mr. Tom Short took Miss Teggs, and the other gentlemen stood up with their partners, and joined in the mazes of the dance. And who could describe the disappointment depicted in the face of Grogus, when he saw Miss Julia Buz-wuz thus snatched away from him. The "Rivals" might have been enacted for any thing we know to the contrary, and Bob Grogus might have transformed himself into Bob Acres, had not the ire of the gentleman been arrested in its progress by the conviction of the changeableness of woman's heart. "Ah woman thy name is deceit," exclaimed Grogus in the bitterness of his soul, and then turned away to give vent to his feelings, amidst the flowers and shrubs which adorn the Garden.

Dinner was announced, and the party did not fail to do justice to the excellent fare provided for them by Mrs. Buz-wuz. If Mr. Bricks was admired for his wit and facetiousness on other occasions, he certainly excelled himself in this particular, on the present. He was the life and soul of the party. There was nothing he said, which did not convulse the ladies with laughter; if he made a passing allusion to the most trifling subject all ears were attentive, and if he happened to smile, the cachinatory nerves of all were set in motion. At length Mr. Bricks' spirit moved him, and he, taking a glass in his hand, addressed the company as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel proud to address you on the present occasion. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, yet I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my mind to you, yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am proud of the acquaintance of the Buz-wuz family. I feel proud, I say, to know the family; and when I speak of Miss Julia Buz-wuz, oh, I have scarcely words to give expression to my feelings, (the ladies smiled, and the color of Miss Julia *was up*, for she blushed outright.) After a short pause, Mr. Bricks continued: "Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am no speaker, however,—what was I going to say? now Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot express what I want to say—my heart is too full—it is surcharged with pleasurable emotions. But then—it is true—however—I have just been introduced to the family—if you felt as I feel—Really Miss Julia Buz-wuz is the *beau ideal* of feminine excellence—It is true—but—I do not know how it is, I cannot speak—when I am on my legs, I am out of my element—Ladies and Gentlemen—yet, however."—

"But—but—but—that will do"—cried an old gentleman with a bald pate. "That will do," echoed Mr. Grogus from the other end of the table, and thus was Mr. Bricks constrained to resume his seat, cursing the moment he took into his head to make a speech.

The day had been far spent, and the shades of evening were now closing over the scene. The bell tolled for the laborers to go home, and the Buz-wuz family took the hint, and repaired to their budgerow. The ladies seated themselves on the roof, and the gentlemen discussed the merits of the "Rosy," below, or were engaged in conversation with their fair companions. Among the latter was Mr. Bricks, who took Miss Julia Buz-wuz to a remote part of the ditch, and there poured many sweet things to her willing ears.

"Miss Buz-wuz!" exclaimed Mr. Bricks, holding her hand, and elevating his eyes to the heavens,—"*Miss Buz-wuz!*"

"Yes, Mr. Bricks," returned the blushing maid.

"I love you, Miss Buz-wuz"

"For shame! Mr. Bricks—you are very impertinent"

"Yes, Miss Buz-wuz—you have made a conquest of me"

"For shame; Mr. Bricks—do not be foolish"

"I tell you, my adorable creature, you are now the centre of my happiness. Without you the world would be to me a wilderness", saying this Mr. Bricks threw himself upon his knees, to kiss the hands of Miss Buz-wuz;—but in the attempt, he, by some strange fatality, lost his balance, and went headlong into the water below.

It was, however, a fortunate circumstance for the amorous gentleman, that the part of the river where he had fallen was so shallow, that the water scarcely rose to his knees; but his condition might be more easily conceived than described: his body was completely covered with clay; and we need not say he was placed in the most uncomfortable of all uncomfortable situations. Mr. Bricks stood in this state, a pitiful object of human misery. He was soon brought overboard, and there relieved of the load he had brought with him from the river; but our Romeo was so cooled by his precipitate plunge into the water, that he no more, from that day, got warm on the subject of love. He ceased visiting the Buz-wuz family, leaving Mr. Grogus a fair field to regain his footing.

THE
ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

DECEMBER, 1843.

[No. 12.]

TO OUR READERS.

GENTLE READERS!—Although we have courted your favor *eleven* times during the space of this year, and presented you with *eleven* courses of rational repast for the gratification of your intellectual appetites, we cannot but address ourselves to you particularly, the last time for this year. This Number completes our first volume. It is our *twelfth* appearance. There is something pleasing in the number twelve. Young men and women to this day, play merry gambols on the "*Twelfth Night*," and Shakespeare has written a delightful comedy on it. On reaching the *twelfth* month of our existence, we cannot look back on the past, without rendering you, kind readers, our sincere thanks for your support. We feel that it is due to you, to show that we are grateful for the favors you have shewn us. Those favors will never be lost on us. The dew moistens the earth, as it were for a moment, and as soon as the sun appears, it vanishes like a mist and passes away into thin air. But the dew is not lost; it permeates the soil, and promotes vegetation. Such will be the imperceptible influence of your countenance and support. It will never cease to influence our conduct, and even in after years, memory with reverted eyes will regard these days with pleasure.

We have never reckoned the cost of any sacrifice, in our wish to please you. Our freshest energies have been devoted to this object. In health or in sickness we have only been actuated by the sole desire of increasing the stock of your pleasures. We have dressed as great a variety of dishes, as we conceived would have suited every palate, and pleased every individual taste. How far we have succeeded, it is not for us to decide. We can truly declare that we have exerted our best endeavours to render our Magazine as interesting as circumstances would allow. There is one feature, peculiar to our publication, which we flattered ourselves would prove its best recommendation. It is its Indian character. It has been our object to give prominence to every thing that is connected with India. Our pages have displayed the resources of India. We have commented on the peculiar features of its civilization. We have adverted to its characteristic customs; and explained its most common superstitions. We have done all that our limited means would permit, to develop the character of India, past and present. But we have meanwhile not been unmindful of those of our readers, who delight to read of England. Original articles on such subjects have been from time to time inserted, and if *variety* be a recommendation as well as a proof of good-intention on the part of *caterers* for the public taste, we do not hesitate to aver, that

a more entertaining *melange*, than is to be found in the pages of the *Oriental Magazine*, has not been presented for some time past in India.

KIND AND INDULGENT READERS !—You will allow that we have set nothing down in flattery or violation of facts. We have enumerated what we have performed, not with the view of its being inferred, that we have done enough, but because we make an appeal for extended support, that we might do more. Notwithstanding, that the *Oriental Magazine* has suffered from the "*res angusta domi*"—a complaint, which unfortunately too many endure, the Conductors have made the greatest exertion to gratify their readers. It is now left to you to support this Magazine. If you refuse your assistance, the Conductors must abandon the undertaking, in which they have embarked. If the Magazine have not attained the summit of perfection, your aid is required to hasten its progress and increase its powers. The insufficiency of the publication, to answer the end proposed, is not the question with you. But this is the narrow question. If other similar publications have from time to time been got up, until the fire of enterprise no longer burns in the hearts of many, then is it doubly incumbent on you to support a Magazine which has risen in the place of those, long departed. Support it to the extent you are able, and should it ever be undeserving of public patronage, the great encouragement bestowed on it, will stimulate others to follow the footsteps of the Conductors of the Magazine, until the worse course will give place to the better.

In conclusion, the Conductors of the *Oriental Magazine* not only beg the continuance of your support, but they hope that you will exert yourselves to afford every encouragement in your power, to ensure the success of the periodical.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCE OF SHURKSTAN.

(Continued from page 372.)

CHAPTER II.

The History of the King of Bengal.

In the wide and fertile region of Bengal, reigned a youthful monarch who combined mental perfection with corporal beauty, and united an excellent genius to an eloquent tongue. His amiable disposition secured the affections of his people, and his wrath was dreaded by his enemies. This monarch was wedded to a lovely young damsel, whose countenance shone like the full moon in the heaven of beauty. He was so enamoured of his wife that her presence became necessary to his existence, and he was ever beside her, intoxicating himself with draughts of happiness from the vintry of her society. The proud fair one conscious of the influence of her beauty, comported herself with much reserve, and at the same time kept alive the affections of the king with allight blandishments and love-exciting glances. With deep hypocrisy she made a show of modesty in order the more effectually to deceive.

One day the king was amusing himself with some pictures executed by skilful and renowned artists; the fair enchantress was also seated beside him. It so happened that he turned to the portrait of a young and handsome man; at this the queen, who was likewise looking at the paintings, and whose soul was kneaded with leaven of fraud and cunning, instantly drew her veil over her face. Her conduct astonished the king, and he said; "Wherefore do you veil yourself in these apartments, where there is no stranger, and where the presence of one cannot be suspected." "O, sovereign of my affections," she replied, "I felt ashamed and compelled to conceal my face at the sight of this picture, which seems to be staring with bold eyes; nor do I wish to look with pleasure even on the portrait of a strange man." The king was exceedingly delighted at this instance of the modesty of his wife, and his confidence in her increased a hundred fold.

After the lapse of some time the king was one night, as was his wont, reposing with his eyes closed, apparently asleep, and the queen sitting beside him on the bed. Suddenly a finely coloured cat entered the room, and rolling itself two or three times near the bed, rose up a young and handsome woman. The chaste queen embraced her eagerly and with much honour seated her by her side, and thinking the king was asleep, began conversing without reserve, and desired to know the cause of her being favoured with a visit. Her guest, having adorned her tongue with the eloquence of messengers, thus replied,—“After implorations for the prolongation of your life, and the increase of your honours, and expressions of an earnest desire of a personal communication, your sister sets forth her supplication; this night her son, in an auspicious and fortunate hour will adorn the nuptial throne. Albeit all the appliances for the promotion of happiness have been provided, and the feast furnished with every requisite for the furtherance of pleasure, without your royal presence all will be joyless. The guests longing to behold your magnificence are expectants of the honour of doing homage to your majesty.

“Though music, wine, and flowers combine,

“To grace the festive scene,

“’Tis lustrous without the light

“The loved one’s eyes bestow.”

It will therefore become the generosity which should ever be the attribute of the great, were you with the condescension with which you have always comported yourself towards your sister, to favor her in this respect, and illumine the night of desire in the hearts of the anxious guests with the light of your joy-exciting presence. Besides this, the youth in whose affections the mistress of the world rejoices, the fawn of the garden of love, to reclaim whom from native wildness the royal edict had ere this been issued, has this night been ensnared.”

The queen, who appeared much delighted with this intelligence, laid on her eyes the finger of compliance, (1) and said, “The time that I have a thousand times prayed for, has at length arrived. Fortune has dawned on the horizon of desire, and the pleasant breeze of fruition has refreshed the garden of hope. To this the expected enjoyment of the society of that beauteous youth who has robbed my soul of rest, and ensnared my

heart in his musk-exhaling tresses, has brought a vast accession of happiness. No day was ever crowned with so joyous a night.

“ O happy night whose bosom holds
“ Events so precious and so rare ! ”

By the aid of propitious fortune, when satisfied by the king's sleep that I can do so with safety, I shall in the twinkling of an eye be present in that heavenly assembly.” Saying this she dismissed the messenger.

The king on hearing this conversation, was immersed in the sea of wonder; nevertheless putting forth the steps of curiosity on the plain of the unravelment of this mystery, he closed his eyes, and lying motionless began to snore as one fast asleep. The Peri, from dread of whose treachery a Dive (2) would fly to the distance of a hundred years' journey, immediately induced her royal garments, adorned her person with her most brilliant jewels, and arrayed herself with all possible splendour. Then sending for the Vizier's wife, both threw themselves on the bed, and rolling on it, were transformed into two handsome cats. In this shape they quitted the palace and took the road which led out of the city. The king followed them. Beyond the precincts of the town was a large tree, which the cats ascended; the king, unperceived by them, clasped the trunk in his arms, and fixed his feet firmly in the roots. Suddenly the tree began to move, and rising high in the air, proceeded with immense velocity, then descended and fixed itself in a place where the sound of such sweet music reached the king's ears as convinced him that it was not the abode of human creatures. He left the tree and stood at some distance from it. The cats descended and went towards the city. The king followed them to a large and magnificent palace, which was crowded by all the inhabitants of the city both noble and ignoble. The cats entered the Harem-sera; the king remained in the company of the men and sat quietly on one side unnoticed in the crowded and motley assemblage: however, he kept his eyes fixed towards the place whence the cats had entered, lest they should depart unperceived by him and he be left among an unfriendly race.

About midnight a man entered the assembly bearing a gold tray with a garland of flowers in it; for it was the custom of the place to put a garland round the neck of the bridegroom, and take him within the Harem-sera, there to undergo some vain and superstitious ceremonies. It so happened that in this instance the bridegroom was deformed and ill favoured; as, therefore, he who brought the garland did not think it becoming to introduce such a Dive into the assemblage of Houries, (3) and to contrast his ugliness with the beauty of the Peri to whom he was wedded, by seating him publicly on the same throne with her, he looked around for some youth of handsome person and engaging presence, that he might bestow the garland on him, and take him within in order that the customary forms may be accomplished. The beauty of the stranger who had come uninvited to the feast fixed the regard of this person. Without hesitation he threw the garland round his neck, and taking him by the hand bid him rise and follow him. The king, who from fear of the cats trembled like a mouse, looked upon the garland as upon a cruel serpent, and remained powerless. But as there was no possibility of refusal he submitted to

fate, and entered what appeared the Mushko(4) of Khosrou, where he saw crowds of Peris all round. The room, like a parterre in spring, glowed with the rose and jasamind of loveliness on which bright glances sparkled like dew drops. The king was placed on the seat of honour, and according to the custom of the place, a necklace of pearls and rubies was put on him, and all the fair assembly gathered round him like stars about the moon, and began the customary rites.

While this was proceeding the king sat silently, contemplating the bewitching forms around him, when his eyes fell on his own chaste and modest queen, who was sitting in a convenient corner with the Vizier's wife and a few other friends, sipping the melted ruby, and in the excitation of love and wine, embracing her lover and allaying the thirst of his affection with vivifying waters from the ruby fountain of her lips. In a little time she drew near the king and looking at him, called the Vizier's wife and said to her, "The countenance of this youth resembles that of our king so closely that one would suppose he had accompanied us here." On hearing these words the king was nearly dead with terror lest he be discovered, and harm befall him. Fortunately however, the wine had obscured the senses of the queen so that her suspicion was not excited; she therefore hastened back to him who was the sovereign of her heart.

At length the king was permitted to depart from the Harem-sera, and returning to the assembly of the men preferred thanks to the Great Preserver of all things, and resolved, if ever he returned to his kingdom, forthwith to cast his and the Vizier's wives from the highest tower of his palace to the lowest pit of hell. (5)

When it was near dawn the two cats issued from the Harem-sera and hastened out of the City. The king followed them, and by means of the same tree that had brought them, reached the suburbs of his capital, and running home with as much speed as he could, laid himself down on his bed, before the arrival of his wife. She came a short time after and sat on the bed near him until the twilight proclaimed the approach of the majesty of day, and the rosy morning began to bloom in the horizon, when she arose and engaged herself in her usual occupations.

The king, fatigued as he was from want of rest and from anxiety, was so soon overpowered by sleep that he did not remove the jewelled necklace from his neck. When he awoke he forgot to conceal it, so that his wife saw it, and instantly the close resemblance which she had observed between the youth in the nuptial feast and her husband instantly occurred to her coupled with the conviction that the king must have followed her there. This was far from being pleasing to her, inasmuch as she knew that her real character was now revealed; therefore with much indignation she cried, "What means this necklace? Have you without my knowledge sat again on the nuptial throne?" The king overstepping the bounds of discretion and setting aside the suggestions of prudence, kindled in his countenance the fire of wrath, and thus replied "Prepare thyself for hell and expect momentarily the punishment due to thy crime." On hearing these words the queen resolved, in self defence, on a desperate measure, for she knew that irresolution in this affair would cost her life. Taking therefore some dust and muttering a few words on it she threw it on the king's face, who was instantly transformed into a peacock.

The officers of state not being honoured with an audience for some days, intimidated by a messenger who had access to the inner apartments of the palace, that all the king's subjects were anxious to know why His Majesty did not appear in public, and bless his servants with the opportunity of doing him homage; that many important affairs were awaiting his consideration, wherefore it would be conferring a great benefit to the country were he for one hour to enlighten the night of his slaves' desire with the light of his august presence. The queen sent a reply as from the king, that owing to indisposition His Majesty was not able to appear in public or to attend to business; therefore he desired that all the officers should put up their supplications to the throne of mercy, for the restoration of his health. The people on hearing this message were steeped in sorrow, and returned grieving.

The Vizier who was adorned with the jewels of loyalty and sincerity, and the tablet of whose heart was decorated with the characters of rectitude, was affected above all others; for as he was well acquainted with the temper of the king, he suspected that either His Majesty was deprived of the gem of understanding, or that he was involved in some danger so that the reins of action were not in the grasp of his will, and that he was no longer the master of his own actions. With these thoughts the prudent Vizier went home, and cunningly prevailed on his wife with many sweet and insinuating speeches, to go into the royal Harem-sera and bring him intelligence of what had occurred to the king. Being the queen's confidant the Vizier's wife easily informed herself of the real state of affairs and communicated it to her husband. The Vizier was exceedingly grieved thereat, and said to himself, "In times of danger and trouble, it becomes the duty of a faithful servant to lay down his life for his master. If, therefore, I, who have been fostered and nourished by the beneficence of the king and his ancestors, do not at this juncture endeavour to extricate my sovereign from the calamity which has befallen him, how shall I have performed the obligations which gratitude and loyalty impose on me." Girding himself therefore with the cincture of fortitude, he hastened with the steps of adventure, and being guided by prudence, procured a peacock and went with it, concealed about him, to the palace, and sent a message saying; "Having heard that the king amuses himself with a peacock, the meanest, yet the most faithful, of his subjects prays that now that he is not able to bask in the splendour of the auspicious presence of his sovereign, he may be permitted to kiss the feet of this peacock. If it be sent out for a moment the glory of this devoted slave will be elevated to the sky." The queen knowing the high reputation of the Vizier and the estimation in which he was held thought it prudent to send to him the peacock, which was indeed his sovereign.

The Vizier was elated at the success of his stratagem. Sending the peacock he had brought with him into the Harem-sera, he took the other home with him, and said to his wife; "O my life and soul, the star of fortune is on the ascendant; for behold the king is in my power; in other words, by an artful stratagem I have obtained possession of this peacock from the royal palace. If thou hast the power, as I know thou hast, restore the king to his real shape, that on the plea of having saved his life, I might exact from his gratitude as much wealth as I desire, and even compel him to divide his empire with me and subject half the king-

dom to my sway. Then shall I assume the ensigns of royalty and encircle my brow with the crown of sovereignty and thou wilt be exalted above all the other ladies of the court." Although avarice and ambition inclined his wife to accede to his proposal, yet as she was the companion and confidante of the queen, she was resolved not to betray her friend, and said to her husband; "I shall engage in this affair on condition, that after having obtained what you desire, I shall be permitted to retransform him into a peacock and restore him to the queen." The Vizier thought this proposition a matter of congratulation, and, to all appearance, assented to it, until he saw the king restored to his human form and freed from the calamity that had befallen him, when he drew his sword and at one blow severed his wife's head from her body.

The king, like one awoken from a trance, looked around him with astonishment and anxiously enquired; "How have I come to your house, and by what means has your wife been brought to the lamentable state in which I see her." The wise Vizier related all that had occurred. The king applauded his loyalty and devotedness, and asked his advice in this matter. "The most prudent course, O king," replied the Vizier, "is, to place yourself in safety before the queen obtains intelligence of this occurrence; for if again, which God forbid, you fall into her hands, there will be no possibility of escape, and I also will be involved in the same misfortune with yourself." The king approved of this counsel, and accompanied by the Vizier departed from the capital during the night, and remained concealed for some time in another city. Then on a favourable opportunity occurring he left his own kingdom and took up his abode in a distant country. The monarch of this country being informed of the high descent and royalty of the king of Bengal, gave him his daughter in marriage and thus established him in the bonds of affinity.

The king considered himself fortunate, and thought he was free from all danger, when it happened, that as he was one day in the garden playing at chess with his wife a kite suddenly appeared in the air screaming and flying round him. No sooner had his wife seen the kite than she said; "Knowest thou, O King, who this kite is, and why it thus flieth round thee." The king replied; "I know nothing more than this, that it is a bird flying in the air." "This is no bird" said she, "but your wife, who in this disguise has come here in search of you. Now, there is no means of escaping from her without my aid." The king was very much alarmed on hearing this, and began to tremble for his life, and sending for the Vizier informed him of the danger: "O king," said the Vizier, "let not fear gain admittance into your sublime soul, but ask the queen to ward off this evil from you." "O most wise Vizier," said the new queen, "the accomplishment of this affair I consider my duty, because whoever attempts the life of the king is my principal enemy. I will therefore also transform myself into a kite, and seizing the other with beak and talons, throw ourselves before the king; let him then quickly dispatch his enemy with a stick. Lest, however, he strike me through mistake, I will for the sake of distinction assume a speckled plumage, the other being entirely black." The king took a staff in his hand and stood full of expectation until the two kites grappled with each other and fell before him; he then joyfully sprang forward and cried to the Vizier,

"Which shall I strike, the black or the speckled." The Vizier replied, "Hast thou not heard, O king, that the tawny dog is the Shugal's kinsfolk? (6) "If thou hast escaped from the jaws of the crocodile wouldst thou fall into those of the wolf? Prudence dictates that you should strike both, and thus free yourself entirely from the malignancy of this race of beings more inimical to man than the wolf or the serpent." According to the Vizier's advice the king sent both to perdition, and thus not only escaped from the calamity which then threatened him, but secured himself from future danger.

NOTES ON CHAPTER II.

(1) *Laid on her eyes the finger of compliance.* The people of the East are noted for the profusion of action which they employ in speaking even on subjects which do not induce much excitement or emotion; consequently their writings abound with phrases and figures which bear allusion to this peculiarity of their character. Such expressions as, *to thrust one on the breast with the hand of refusal, to bite the finger of regret, to strike the ground with the hand of despair*, may be met with in every page. With regard to the particular expression in the text which has given occasion for this note, I may be allowed to add, that I have frequently observed in conversing with a friend, a native of Syria, that when he assented absolutely to any thing that was said, he bowed his head and laid his fingers on one eye and on the other, as if he meant by this action to say, "what you propose is as precious to me as my eyes."

(2) *Dive.* The Dives, genii or giants, in Eastern mythology are a race of malignant beings, called likewise Divner, male demons (the Peris being imagined of the female sex, though both are supposed to propagate their species independent of one another, an irreconcilable enmity subsisting between them.) In the chronicle of Abujafar, there is a tradition, that God created the Genii or Dives, long before Adam, and gave them the world to rule over for 7000 years: after which, the sovereignty was vested in the Peris and Dives for 2000 years more, under their sole monarch Gian ben Gian; but these beings disobeying the mandates of God, Eblis (the devil) then an ethereal angel, was sent from heaven to chastise and govern them; when, being joined by a considerable party of malcontents, he gave battle to Gian ben Gian, whom he totally routed and became in his room absolute sovereign of the earth. See *Richardson's Dictionary*, page 879.

(3) *Houriés, Literally black eyed.* The nymphs who will form the delight of the faithful mussulmen in paradise are so called, because they possess large black eyes; thus says the Koran "Circuibunt circa eas adolescentes perpetuandi in juventute. Cum scyphis sine ansis, et scyphis ansatis; et calice ex vino jugiter fluente. Non lædentur in capite propter illud, neque mente turbabuntur. Et cum pomis ex eo quod eligerent. Et carne avium ex eo quod appeteverint. Et erunt cum eis puellæ nigrioculæ, amplioculæ. Quasi similitudines margaritæ absconditæ in concha." Ref. *Alco*: page 697.

(4) *Mushko of Khosrou.* The Palace, or as it is styled, the throne of Khosrou Parviz famous among the Eastern Historians. "Ce throne," says D'Herbelot "etoit un grand palais d'une hauteur prodigieuse, et son étendue etoit si vaste, qu'il etoit soutenu de quarante mille colonnes d'argent, toutes rangées en divers ordres d'architecture. Sa voute etoit enrichée de mille globes d'or, lesquels avoient tous leur mouvement différent, et representoient les Planetes et les diverses constellations du Zodiaque. Les murailles etoient parées de trente mille housses en broderie, tendues en plusieurs compartimens. Sous ce Palais il

y avoit des voutes séparées, ou l'on gardoit des trésors immenses d'or, d'argent, des pierres, et de drogues pretieuses, et l'un de ces trésors portoit le nom de Badaverd, Apporté par le vent; à cause de l'aventure qui en rendit Chosroës le possesseur.

L'Empereur Grec ayant fait charger ce qu'il avoit de plus pretieux, sur un flotte qu'il envoyoit à Constantinople, le vent luy fut si contraire, qu'ayant perdu sa route, elle fut jettée dans les ports du Roy de Perse, lequel estoit, pour lors, maitre de toute la Syrie, d'une grand partie de l'Asie Mineure, de l'Isle de Chypre, et de l'Egypte. Ainsi toutes les richesses qu'elle portoit etant tombées entre les mains des Gouverneurs de Chosroës, furent incontinent envoyées à Madain, et mises dans un des cent trésors que ce Prince possedoit, et qui porta depuis le nom de Badaverd.

Outre la magnificence de ce Palais, le Serail de Chosroës estoit rempli de trois mille Filles de condition libre, et de douze mille Esclaves du même sexe, toutes choisies, entre les plus belles de son Empire. Il avoit dans ses Ecuries six mille chevaux ou mules, destinez pour sa personne. Deux de ses chevaux ont conservé leurs noms dans les Histoires de l'Orient, aussi bien que le Bucephale d'Alexandre; l'un s'appelloit Schebdiz et l'autre Barid tous deux incomparables, le première, pour sa vitesse, et le second, pour sa beaute.—*Bib Ori* : p. 997.

(5) *The lowest pit of Hell.* Dans l'Alcoran au chapitre de la Pierre, il est dit que l'Enfer a sept portes, et que chaque porte a son supplice particulier. Quelques Interpretes disent qu'il faut entendre par ces sept portes, sept étages differens dans lesquels sept differentes sortes de pecheurs seront hunis.

Le premier qui s'appelle Gehenném est destine pour les adorateurs du vray Dieu tels que sont les Musulmans, qui auront parleurs crimes d'y tomber.

Le second appellé Ladha, est pour les Chretiens.

Le troisième nommé Hothama, est pour les Juifs.

Le quatrième nommé Sâir est destiné aux Sabiens.

Le cinquième appellé Sacar, est pour les Mages, ou Ghebres.—

Le sixième nommé Gehim, pour les Payens et Idolatres appellé Muschrecan, qui admettent la pualité des Diux.

Le septième, et le plus profond de l'abyssme, qui porte le nom de Haoviat est reservé aux hypocrites, c'est-à-dire, à ceux qui font paroître au dehors qu'ils ont une religion, et qui n'en ont aucune dans le cœur, et ce dernier étage est encore appelle Derk Asfal, c'est-à-dire, le plus profond.—*Bib Ori* : page 368.

(6) *Shugâl.* An animal supposed to be pro-created, between a dog and fox.

RAM AND LUCHMIN.

(Concluded from page 409.)

RAM and LUCHMIN quickly left the scene of danger, and continued their route to Lunka. In the course of a few months they reached the outskirts of the territory of the giants, and as usual, halted in a sequestered spot situated in a *jungle*. Wearied with their journey, and overcome with hunger, Ram deputed Luchmin in search of a village to procure food for them.

Luchmin, as desired, went in quest of subsistence, and while on the way beheld a garden planted with all manner of fruit trees. He entered the place, and called out to the gardener, but received no answer. He gazed around in hopes of discovering some one, and his attention was caught by a most

extraordinary, but enchanted, tree. Its trunk was made of gold; its branches were composed of silver; its leaves consisted of emeralds; its blossoms of clusters of pearls, and its fruits of rubies. Near to this wonderful tree, flowed a cistern of water so clear and bright, that it looked like liquid crystal, and sparkled in the rays of the sun with such brilliancy as to dazzle the sight. Luchmin advanced towards the magical tree, and its trunk immediately moved backwards and forwards with a peculiar grace; its branches waved to and fro, and up and down alternately; its leaves rustled; and its blossoms and fruits rattled so measuredly as to produce in combination a harmonious concert. The water in the fountain also bubbled and danced to the music created by the magical tree. Luchmin listened to the melody with breathless intensity and absorbing interest, until the transporting sounds ceased for a while, when, awakened from his momentary trance, he put forth his hand to pull a fruit from a branch that hung nearest him; but he had scarcely touched it, ere a half-suppressed sigh and a half-stifled moan seemed to escape from the very heart of the trunk of the tree, and Luchmin instinctively recoiled a few steps. The water of the fountain rolled tumultuously and dashed against the banks with fury; the leaves of the tree rattled roughly; the branches shook with great force; and the trunk rocking to and fro violently divided itself, and exhibited to Luchmin's astonished gaze, a most beautiful youthful female, with a star stamped on her forehead, and apparently buried in deep slumber. Excited by the impulse of his feelings, Luchmin bent forward, and attempted to imprint a warm and impassioned kiss on her lips; but at that instant, the sleeper uttered a piercing shriek, as if stung by a viper; the trunk closed and rocked again; the branches waved; the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruit rustled and rattled with the same violence as before. Luchmin was struck with terror, but ere he could retire from the fatal spot, which seemed to root him to the ground, the magical tree and fountain vanished from his sight, and in the room of the former grew a common tree of great size, and from a lofty branch of it, a huge monkey leaped down and grappled with him.

The combatants struggled hard to throw each other down, and Luchmin was at last brought to the ground. The latter gave a shriek, and it reached Ram's ear, just as he was on the point of rising to go in quest of his brother, whose prolonged absence had somewhat alarmed him, and he could not account for it. He rightly conjectured that Luchmin was in distress, and hastening to his aid, arrived just in time to save his brother from being throttled by the monkey, which had got astride his chest, and was pressing his throat with both hands. Ram dragged him away, and the monkey springing up commenced wrestling with Ram; but was soon prostrated, when, in his turn, *Hunnoomaun*, for that was his name, sent forth a shriek, and *Mahadeo* and *Purbuttee* whose servant he was, ran to his assistance. Mahadeo released Hunnoomaun from Ram's grasp, and began to fight with the latter. The battle had continued for some time, when Parbuttee perceiving her husband's body, which was full of sore-boils, changing into gold, called out to Mahadeo to desist from the impious strife. 'Behold,' said she, 'it is the great Ram, with whom thou art wrestling. Look at thy body, and see whatever part is touched by the per-

spiration of his hand, turns into gold. Cease, Mahadeo; acknowledge thy offence, and implore pardon for thy rashness.'

Mahadeo, disengaging himself from the conflict, and observing several parts of his body actually converted into the precious metal mentioned by Parbuttee, prostrated himself at Ram's feet, and entreated his forgiveness for the temerity which he had, however, in his ignorance, committed. Ram accorded his pardon without hesitation, and in token of his sincerity passed his hands over the remainder of Mahadeo's body, and healed him of his *Kqres* or blotches. As a return for the great favor which Mahadeo and Parbuttee had received from Ram, they earnestly entreated of him to take Hunnoomaun along with him, assuring him that they entertained no doubt that he would prove of great service to him in his meditated expedition against Rabun. Ram, at first, declined their offer; but their importunity, after all, prevailed upon him to accept the monkey on condition of his submitting to a trial of his usefulness.

Hunnoomaun consented, and Ram placing a quantity of food before himself and his brother bade the monkey join them in partaking of it. Hunnoomaun did so, and at every mouthful put his hand behind him, as if to scratch his tail. Ram observed the trick, and was offended with it. Turning to Mahadeo and Parbuttee, he told them that he was satisfied from this trial of what little use the monkey would be to him; for 'see,' said he, 'he cannot eat without scratching his tail after every mouthful.' Hunnoomaun denied the charge, and moving aside, discovered to the party seven balls of sand collected together. On being questioned as to what they implied, Hunnoomaun explained that, so far from scratching his tail at every mouthful, as was supposed, he had stretched forth his hand to the river side, washed it and as a proof of the truth of the statement brought a ball of sand, and placed it at his back, while Ram and Luchmin continued eating without once performing ablution. Ram was convinced of his error, and so pleased with the monkey's ingenuity, that he no longer hesitated to take him, and Hunnoomaun literally capered with joy at his acceptance.

The parties now separated; and Mahadeo and Parbuttee returned to their residence, which was situated on a lofty mountain that derived its name from the latter; while Ram and Luchmin, accompanied by Hunnoomaun, pursued their progress to the land of the giants. Every night, Hunnoomaun watched the brothers during their slumber, and whenever he felt sleepy, would form a circle with his tail around his masters. But Moheraj, Rabun's youngest brother, having heard of Ram and Luchmin's arrival, contrived a variety of schemes to decoy them into his power; but on account of the vigilance of the monkey, could not succeed in the accomplishment of his object. One night, however, as Hunnoomaun slumbered, Moheraj caused the earth to open, where the brothers and Hunnoomaun slept, and stole away the two former without disturbing Hunnoomaun's rest. His intention was to offer the brothers as a sacrifice to the great KALI, whom the giants worshipped, as their tutelary as well as household deity; and thus save his country from the destruction with which it was threatened, and which an old prophecy had declared, would overwhelm it, on its invasion by Ram and Luchmin.

When Hunnoomaun awoke in the morning, his surprise and vexa-

tion at the disappearance of his masters, was as great as his indignation and rage. He suspected that it was Moheraj, who had contrived to carry off the brothers, which, he felt assured, he could not have done without making a passage through the ground, and he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the giant for his treachery.

With this view Hunnoomaun stamped the ground with his foot and an opening immediately presented itself; by it he descended into the centre of the earth, where he soon alighted, and was both surprised and delighted to find it populated with beings of a strange species; yet in some respects resembling the human race. He looked around with wonder, and every object that met his gaze created the most pleasurable sensations in his heart. Splendid mansions and stupendous palaces were seen rearing in every direction, as far as the eye could stretch its vision. A stream, whose water was as clear as crystal, flowed beneath the subterranean city, and washed its base; the finny tribe, with golden and silvery scales, disported in the current, or chased one another in playfulness and security; and the birds of the air hopped from branch to branch, or flew from tree to tree, pouring forth their songs to the sun, and delighting the senses with their melody. Multitudes of people thronged the streets, and talked about the strangers, who had lately arrived, and of the grand sacrifice that was shortly expected to be made of them to Kali. Some pitied the unhappy youths, while others said that they merited their fate, and rejoiced at the prospect which presented itself of their country being freed from the danger which had menaced it.

The monkey listened with anxiety to the above conversation, and joining a group learned from it where the brothers were kept confined; where the temple of Kali was situated; and when the sacrifice would be offered. Having ascertained these particulars, he revolved in his mind* a plan for effecting the rescue of the brothers, and revenging their injury on the head of its author.

Assuming a disguise, Hunnoomaun presented himself before Ram and Luchmin, explained the nature of the scheme he had formed for their deliverance, and wended his way to the temple of Kali. He concealed himself in its vicinity until dark, when he emerged from his privacy, and watched the opportunity of the building being deserted, to enter it and put his project into execution.

The image of Kali was of very large dimensions, and of a most hideous appearance. It was perfectly black, and represented as standing with one leg drawn backwards, and the other thrown forwards with the foot resting on the breast of a prostrate figure, her husband, Seeb. Her tongue, red as blood hung out of the mouth, with one arm raised aloft and the other three holding a human head in each; a string of human heads also adorned her neck, and in short the goddess presented a most frightful and disgusting spectacle. Such is the being who is worshipped by the natives of India, but who is at the same time held in dread and dismay by them, as capable of doing them much harm, if not propitiated.

A single lamp burned in one of the numerous niches, and cast its flickering

* I have applied the term 'mind' to Hunnoomaun, which may probably be thought absurd by the European reader; but, let it be remembered, that the Hindoos regard him, not as an irrational, but rational being, and, indeed, worship him as a *devta*.

glare on the image, which, hideous as it was, looked still more horrible by its reflection. Hunnoomaun, without the least ceremony, demolished the offerings that lay in heaps before the goddess, and after a strict and close examination of the image found that it was hollow, consisting of two pieces joined together. He opened the clefts, and entering the cavity closed them again, and patiently awaited the approach of day.

With the early dawn, the chief of the officiating priests arrived to make the necessary preparations for the sacrifice. He thrice prostrated himself before the image, and when he arose from his devotion, for the first time observed, that the offerings which had been presented on the previous night, had most unaccountably disappeared. He, however, fancied in his bigotry and enthusiasm that, perhaps, the goddess had become hungry and devoured them. The brahmin was struck dumb with wonder at the supposed miracle, which furnished, in his opinion, a convincing proof of the power of the deity, and of her approbation of the intended sacrifice of Ram and Luchmin. In a short time, the temple was filled with spectators, and the sacrifice was delayed only till the arrival of Moheraj.

Intelligence was despatched to the Rajah to hasten his arrival, and as soon as he reached the temple, the conches began to sound, the drums to beat, and the cymbals to clang, in token of the commencement of the preparatory ceremony. But what was the astonishment of the Rajah, the priests, and the assembled multitude, when they observed the image of Kali swell and distend to such a degree, that it at last burst asunder, and Hunnoomaun leaped among them from his hiding place. He snatched the axe from the grasp of the executioner, and dealing deadly blows around him, soon cleared the temple. With one stroke, Hunnoomaun severed Moheraj's head—slew a great number of people, and released Ram and Luchmin from their fetters.

Wrenching the right arm from the corpse of Moheraj, Hunnoomaun flung it into the air with such strength, that forcing its way through the upper stratum of the earth, it dropped near Rabun, while engaged in a game of *Paussah* with his mother. He carelessly took up the torn member, and passed it to his mother, remarking that it was probably the arm of Ram, thrown to him as a trophy of the victory which his brother Moheraj had gained over his enemy. Rabun's mother held the bleeding arm up to her eyes, and examined it narrowly, when giving a piercing shriek she fell senseless to the ground. On her recovery, she burst into a flood of tears, and with convulsive sobs told her son that it was not the arm of his foe, as he suspected, but that of his younger brother, Moheraj, who was, no doubt, slain by Ram, and his arm flung thither as an intimation of his conquest over Moheraj, and as a warning for him.

The apprehension entertained by Rabun's mother was soon confirmed, for intelligence was ere long brought to him of the advance of the enemy, and the deaths of Moheraj and Moherabun. Rabun accordingly lost no further time in preparing for the defence of the city, and in the meanwhile news of the demise of Moheraj was communicated to his widow who was far gone in pregnancy. The report of her husband threw her into a swoon, and the moment she recovered from it, she rose and hastened to the spot where Moheraj was slain, and where his corpse was still lying unburned. While yet on her way, she felt the child struggling desperately in

the womb, and no sooner did she reach the fatal spot, than it burst open his mother's abdomen, and with her entrails wrapped round his body commenced wrestling with Hunnoomaun. As often as the latter grappled with the former and attempted to squeeze him to death, the boy would contrive to slip through Hunnoomaun's gripe, and boldly renew the attack. The combat was thus continued for three successive days and nights, when Ram, perceiving that Hunnoomaun was becoming exhausted by his own exertions, called out to him to invoke his father *Pubbun*, (Wind) to his aid. Hunnoomaun did so, and instantly a storm arose, and covered the little hero with dust, when Hunnoomaun found it easy to seize him in his arms and crush him to atoms.

The brothers having been delivered from an awful fate by the assistance of the faithful Hunnoomaun, returned with him to the place whence they had been treacherously carried off by Moheraj, and deputed the monkey to Lunka to bring them intelligence of Seeta. Hunnoomaun prepared to execute his masters' errand, and disguising himself in the form of a brahmin, found easy ingress into the city. He soon learned on enquiry, the place of Seeta's seclusion. It was situated on a high mountain surrounded by water, and was difficult of access in consequence of its being guarded by a band of giants.

Having arrived on the banks of the stream, Hunnoomaun assumed the figure of a white dove, and flew to the castle in which Seeta was confined. He alighted on the top of the wall overlooked by a small window pierced in the sleeping apartment. He saw his mistress seated on a tuckt-post, alone and unattended. He flew into the chamber, and in a few words communicated to her the news of Ram's and Luchmin's arrival, and their intention of invading Lunka, destroying Rabun, and rescuing her from her imprisonment. Seeta wept with joy at the report brought to her by Hunnoomaun of the safety of those who were so dear to her, and presented the monkey, who had now resumed his natural form, a couple of Mangoes for each of the brothers, and another for himself. With one leap the monkey alighted on the banks, and having eat the mangoe which fell to his share liked the taste of it so well that he was tempted to despatch the others also. But he soon repented of his folly, and was obliged to return to Seeta to whom he related his misfortune, and begged of her to supply him with two more. Seeta, expressed her regret that it was out of her power to remedy the evil, as the three mangoes she gave him were all she had in her possession, and which were sent to her, as a special favor, by Rabun; but directed him to the garden, where that fruit grew.

Hunnoomaun accordingly repaired to the garden. It was the only one in Lunka that produced mangoes, and it belonged to Rabun. He devoured as many as he found on the trees, and after satisfying himself, plucked the trees from their beds, and planted them in an inverted position. While so occupied, the monkey descried the gardener at a distance, and transforming himself into the shape of a squirrel, climbed the nearest tree, and commenced chirping and gambolling on one of the branches.

The gardener's surprise and indignation were unbounded, when he saw the mischief that the monkey had done, and looked about in every direction to discover the culprit, but could detect no one capable of committing such wickedness. He seized the squirrel, placed it on the

parapet of a well, and dealt it a stroke with his scythe ; but it did no harm to the animal. He repeated the blow, and at every stroke the squirrel swelled to a larger and larger size, till the gardener, enraged at his impotence, collected all his strength, and fetched the vermin so severe a blow as to cut off an inch and a half of its hair. Alarmed at this circumstance, Hunnoomaun resumed his natural shape, and told the infuriated gardener to desist from his silly attempt to destroy him, and concluded by saying that there was but one way only by which he would succeed in killing him, and that was to procure as many pieces of cloth, and as large a quantity of oil as he could, wind the cloth round his tail, steep it in oil, and set fire to it, and he would be consumed to ashes.

The gardener did so, and as soon as the tail was in flames, Hunnoomaun leaped up, and lashed the city with it, and set fire to the buildings. When, however, the flames approached close to his body, he found the heat to be insupportable, and endeavoured to extinguish it, but without effecting his purpose. In this perplexity, he went to the river side in the hope of quenching the flame in the water ; but the river entreated him to forbear, observing, that if he persisted in his intention of dipping his tail in it, the water would turn black ; and that neither men nor cattle would be able to drink at its stream, and consequently perish from thirst. The river then advised Hunnoomaun to stretch his tail along its banks, and it would roll its waves over it, and extinguish the fire ; but the experiment failed, and Hunnoomaun, in his increasing distraction, repaired at once to his master, related the whole affair to him, and implored his assistance to extricate him from the danger which every instant threatened his life with destruction. Ram advised him to seize the tail with both hands, and put it into his mouth, when the flame would be smothered. Hunnoomaun did as his master recommended ; but his grief and astonishment were inconceivable, when, on going to wash himself in the river, he discovered by the reflection in the water that his face and hands had become perfectly black. In his agony, he ran back to his master, and bitterly complained to him of the misfortune that had occurred to him by attending to his injunction, declaring that he could no longer dare mix with his brethren without the risk of being hooted out of their society. Ram consoled the monkey for his misadventure by assuring him, that the countenances and the hands of all his tribe would thenceforward turn as black as his own, and it is said that the hands and faces of all his tribe assumed a sooty colour from that day.

With the assistance of Hunnoomaun, Ram collected an immense army, and advanced to lay siege to Lunka. Rabun made every preparation for the defence of the city, and summoned all the giants to his aid in repelling the attack of the enemy. The war was waged with implacable fury and hatred on both sides. The giants tore up hills and mountains and hurled them at the monkeys, crushing thousands under them, and the monkeys would in their turn seize the mountains and hurl them back at the giants, committing equal slaughter among them.

In this manner, the contest was carried on for a long time, with alternate success in favor of both the belligerent parties. One day the giants would gain an advantage over the monkeys, and the next the latter would repulse the sallies made by the former, and drive them back into their stronghold. The unnatural yells of the giants and the equally frightful screams of the

monkeys commingling together would produce a sound so dreadful and horrible, as to resemble the howlings and shrieks of the demons of *Nurgut* engaged in fearful contention.

In this state of doubt and uncertainty, Rabun summoned a most learned, pious, and holy brahmin from the remotest corner of the world. He served the gods day and night without ceasing, and possessed the most exalted virtues. He was directed to make *Tupissah*, or devotions to Kali, and prepare a powerful *baum* to be discharged at the enemy. The brahmin obeyed the instructions of the giant, and having confined himself the whole of the night in the temple of Kall, returned the following morning to Rabun with the *baum* prepared and ready to be discharged. The effect expected to be produced by it was understood to be most disastrous to the enemy.

Intelligence of the arrival of the holy brahmin and of the preparation of the *muntra* had been, by some means or other, communicated to Ram, and had filled his army with dread and dismay. In order to allay its fears, and inspire it with fresh courage, Ram also summoned a holy brahmin from the city of *Cassi*, and desired him to devise and adopt the requisite means for counteracting the effects of the *muntra* in question. The brahmin opened his *pothee*, and after consulting it for a few minutes declared, that there was but one way only of breaking the force of the *baum*. He was asked to explain his meaning and he replied, that a youth, who was pure and chaste not only in act but also in thought, and one who had never approached a female, should be instantly sought after, and placed in the forefront of the army to receive and sustain the *muntra* on his person. Luchmin accordingly offered himself for the duty, and the brahmin, once more referring to his *pothee*, acknowledged, that Luchmin was the man who exactly corresponded with the description given in it, and would answer for the exigency.

Luchmin, having undergone the necessary preparatory ceremony of purification, advanced with a bold heart, and firm and steady step to the head of the army, and received on his person the *baum* which had been just discharged by the priest on the opposite side. Poor Luchmin was struck down to the earth, and gasped for breath. He was taken up and removed to the rear. Various remedies were applied but failed to restore the unfortunate youth to animation. He breathed hard, and seemed to be expiring. The brahmin was again consulted, and informed Ram, that unless the juice of the leaves of a certain plant, which grew on the burning mountain, was administered to Luchmin before sun-rise, he would assuredly perish. The illuminated mountain was situated beyond seven seas, and it, therefore, appeared impossible to procure the remedy in so short a space as remained, for midnight was passed, and it wanted only five or six hours for the appearance of dawn. Despair seized every breast, and every countenance was cast down on the report of this intelligence; for who could, by any possibility, travel to such a distance, and bring the medicine in so short a time. Hunnoomaun, however, offered his services, on the occasion, and promised to return with the plant before the morning. His offer was eagerly accepted by his master, though, as it appeared evident, with little hope of success, and in as many leaps, the monkey crossed the seven seas, and reached the foot of the illuminated mountain, which he beheld, with mingled alarm and admiration, burning with flames from the base to the very top of it. The Scene pre-

sented was one of extraordinary grandeur, magnificence and sublimity. Fire, in spiry forms, glowed and blazed in every direction ; so that ascent to the summit, where the medicinal plant flourished, seemed utterly impracticable. This was, however, not the only difficulty to be surmounted ; for Hunnoomaun had either omitted to enquire the name of the plant, or had forgotten it, and he was, in consequence, plunged into greater perplexity.

Hunnoomaun for a while stood hesitating whether he should climb the mountain, at every risk, or return to his master, frankly acknowledge the failure of his expedition, and trust to his goodness of heart for a free pardon. While he was in this state of suspense, a soft and melodious voice struck his ear and arrested his attention ; inviting him to ascend the mountain without fear. Thus encouraged, Hunnoomaun, gave one spring and alighted on the top ; but what was his astonishment, when he perceived a female of exquisite charms, enveloped up to her waist in flames. ' I am,' said the lovely being, ' but a mortal and the destined bride of Luchmin, chained here, as you see me, by the implacable hatred and enmity of the giant Rabun. As soon as the remedy prescribed for Luchmin,' she continued ' shall be administered to him, and he shall revive, my release will be effected from my confinement, and my fortune united with his.'

Hunnoomaun, as stated before, had entirely forgotten the name of the medicinal plant, and in his confusion, plucked the mountain from its foundation, and bore it on his head. Having to pass the vicinity of the city of Oojeen, Bhurru, who, disturbed by unpleasant dreams, was walking on the terrace of the palace, descried Hunnoomaun at a distance ; and drawing his bow discharged an arrow at him. The arrow struck Hunnoomaun, in one of his thighs, and he fell exclaiming in the agony of his pain, ' Hai ! Ram.' Bhurru was alarmed. He descended from the terrace, and hastened to the monkey, from whom he learned who he was, and received an account of his errand and journey. Bhurru expressed his regret at what had happened, and endeavoured to repair the mischief he had committed. But Hunnoomaun told him that his sorrow was unavailing, and that unless he returned to the camp and the medicine was administered to Luchmin before sunrise, he would perish. Bhurru lifted up the mountain with his finger and replaced it on Hunnoomaun's head. He then desired him to get astride an arrow which he drew from his quiver, and he would send him back at once to the army. Finding that it wanted but half an hour only for the appearance of daylight, Hunnoomaun plucked the sun from its sphere in the firmament, and put it in his mouth. Bhurru now bent his bow with all his strength to its utmost stretch and discharged it, and in the course of a few minutes, Hunnoomaun dropped in the midst of the camp.

The atmosphere was brilliantly lighted up for several miles round, and Rabun and his followers gazed at the phenomenon with mingled surprise and consternation. The juice of the healing leaves was immediately administered to Luchmin, and he revived from his trance. But Hunnoomaun preserved a singular silence, and would return no answer to the numerous questions put to him by many, till Ram wondering at his obstinacy, peremptorily commanded him to speak. No sooner did Hunnoomaun open his mouth to apologize to his master for his

apparent stubbornness, and explain the cause of his taciturnity, than out flew the sun from its temporary prison, and regaining its position in the heavens, clearly shewed that the day was pretty far advanced.

The battle was renewed with greater fury than before, and victory at length declared in favor of the two brothers. Lunka was taken, Rabun slain, and Seeta released from imprisonment. All three, accompanied by the faithful Hunnoomaun, returned to Oojein, when Bhurrut and Churrut willingly resigned the Government into their eldest brother Ram's hands, as of legal right belonging to him. Hunnoomaun continued in personal attendance on his beloved master, and the people of the country enjoyed every repose, security and happiness under the mild and peaceful reign of so good, so just, and so excellent a prince as Ram, who ensured this inestimable blessing to his subjects by closely treading in the footsteps of his father.

Messengers were despatched without delay to the court of Rajah Bussunt Sing to demand his daughter in marriage for Luchmin, and they returned with a favourable answer from him. She was the same female whom Luchmin had found inclosed in a hollow of the trunk of the magical tree mentioned in a former part of this tale, and whom also Hunnoomaun had seen on the top of the illuminated mountain enveloped in flames up to her waist. These punishments had been inflicted on the lately unfortunate, but now happy princess, by the jealousy and hatred of the giant Babun who having one day seen her by accident bathing in a river, had fallen in love with her; and, on her obstinate refusal to wed him, had her conveyed away, and condemned her for stubbornness to the punishments described above.

Luchmin proceeded to the court of Bussunt Sing, and was ere long joined in holy matrimony to his daughter *Pudmamatee*. Some years after their marriage, Bussunt Sing, who was a very old man, died, and Luchmin ascended the *musnud* by right of his wife, as his successor, and many children were borne to him by Pudmamatee.

A QUONDAM EDITOR AND HIS FRIEND.

"THIS will never do—this will never do—I tell you what, I must drop this publication; it has cost me a world of trouble and vexation which I had not the least idea of."—These words were addressed by a gentleman, who had for some time the management of a periodical, to another while they were both seated at an agreeable *tete-a-tete*.

"Drop the publication! what do you mean, Evans?" returned the other.

"Nothing more than this, that the — will not pay, and I think I have given the work a sufficient trial to know, that literature is at a discount in this country."

"Surely you do not mean to say, Evans, that people here do not appreciate literary merit, or that they are by any means hostile to the diffusion of knowledge."

"I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point," observed the editor,

"and I shall therefore explain myself: I do not bring a sweeping charge upon the whole of the community; far from it: there are no doubt some worthy exceptions, but the majority you will allow are passively, though not actively, hostile to the interests of literature. They would not, it is true, submit a bill against the importation of books, or the publication of any useful work in the country; but they would, by their indifference to them, silently exercise a very injurious influence upon all literary undertakings."

"I must beg to differ from you, Evans; for you must be aware, that there have been many literary periodicals, which have invariably received very extensive support from the Calcutta public. I therefore think the charge of indifference which you cast upon them, is unmerited. In fact, I think the publications which issue from the Calcutta Press are not such as to claim general patronage."

"And what may your reasons be for saying so. You do not mean to say, that the periodicals here do not contain any readable matter?"

"That is just what I mean."

"You must then be little acquainted with the periodical literature of the country. I must not go further than to refer you to the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, of some few years back; and then you will find much to convince you that you have drawn very wrong conclusions. This periodical has been very ably conducted, and had at one time for its contributors, men whose writings would have graced the pages of any London publication. But why is it that its original design has been abandoned, simply because it did not enjoy that support which is required for carrying on such a publication? Notwithstanding all the popularity of the *Literary Gazette*, the subscription list did not contain more than four hundred names, and these in time dwindled to a very inconsiderable number."

"But what was the cause of that?—perhaps the contents of the periodical were not subsequently distinguished for talents, and no doubt the people were obliged to withdraw their support."

"Not at all: the subscribers had no reason to complain on that score—the fact is, people here are much fond of novelty. Any thing new has a powerful effect upon them, but when a few months pass over their heads, they think no more of it, and treat it with utter neglect. A new periodical is started, you see a long string of names, but after the lapse of a short period the greater part of them disappears, and the work is left to shift for itself—such has been the case with many a respectable publication in this country, that has lived and died within the sphere of my own experience."

"But you do not mean to say that an extensive circulation will any wise tend to improve the contents of a periodical?"

"Undoubtedly it will. Nothing but an extensive circulation can attain that object. When the proprietor of a periodical finds that he has means at command, it will be his object to engage the services of men, who are best able to gratify the public taste. He will not then depend upon mere voluntary contributions, but will always have a regular supply of first-rate articles on hand, which the editor is only to select for the pages of his Magazine. An editor, however qualified he may be in the discharge of his duties, cannot be expected to fill up his periodical with his own

lucubrations ; and if he has to depend upon the gratuitous aid of others, he must at times be obliged to give insertion to articles, which fall far below the standard he has marked out for himself. But were it otherwise, that is to say, if his means admitted of his engaging the services of distinguished writers, as I have already remarked, he would always be prepared to gratify the intellectual palates of his readers, with a variety of dishes dressed in the most approved fashion."

"But still I do not see any reason why you should attach any blame to the conduct of the community here, for not supporting a local publication, when they can avail themselves of the periodicals of Europe, which all must admit contain articles of transcendent merit ; and since we are at liberty to select what is best, I find it perfectly reasonable in a man to patronize such works as are best calculated to gratify his own taste."

"Your argument, my dear friend, is certainly very plausible ; but I think I shall be able to show you, it is not irrefragable. Now, in the first place, you must know, that not one tenth of the Calcutta public (let us confine ourselves to the Metropolis only) subscribe to the London periodicals ; and even if all did, still it may be asked, should not the people of the country interest themselves in the advancement of local literature ? and how can literature progress if there be not an adequate amount of support extended to it ? The European portion of the community cannot of course be expected to profess any great interest for the literature of the country ; their abode in India is but temporary, and their feelings are, as it were, interwoven with every thing connected with England. They long to quit the country, and once more enjoy the society of friends and relatives, in their Father Land. But such is not the case with the natives of the soil. They live and die in the country. and they must naturally feel more concerned for its welfare ; it is on them, therefore, local literature must depend for support, and they alone should devote themselves to its cultivation."

"But I do not know how this can be done by means of periodicals."

"This is but the first step : periodicals generally create a taste for literature. A man who has no time to go through a ponderous volume may easily peruse the contents of a Magazine ; and a writer who has not sufficient leisure at command to write a book, may yet try his hand in penning an essay or a tale."

"Whatever you might say on the subject, in my humble opinion," observed the other, "your suggestions are in advance of the age. The mass of the people do not enjoy the blessings of education, and unless education be widely diffused all undertakings of this nature will fail of success."

"You are perfectly correct, my dear Sir ; yes, the people must be educated ; and there must be something more sound imparted to the youths of the country in order that they may be able to appreciate knowledge, and know what would tend to ameliorate their condition. Many of our young men are removed from school just when their minds begin to expand, and being thus deprived of the opportunity of cultivating their powers, they exhibit, in after life, a very superficial knowledge of things, and are easily led to form an attachment for objects, which infuse into them a distaste for all literary pursuits. This is, no doubt, a great barrier to all improvement, and I doubt not has had a collateral effect upon all literary undertakings."

“ But I see, you have almost forgotten to tell me about your own periodical. Why is it that you intend abandoning the publication ? ”

“ For no other reason than that I have not support sufficient to meet my expences.”

“ I thought you had a very respectable list of subscribers ? ”

“ Yes—I had once a very large number upon my list—but since many have dropped off.”

“ But why is that ?—surely they have no reason to complain of the contents of your periodical, which have always been spoken of in terms of high commendation, in the public Journals ; and besides your subscriptions are small enough to come within the means of men of the lowest circumstances.”

“ Small as the amount is I really find it difficult to realize my bills—really one third of my subscribers never think of meeting my demands.”

“ Is it possible ! ” exclaimed Mr.——

“ Indeed, this is a fact—though you may be surprised at it, yet such is the case. Perhaps you will have a better idea of the trouble and vexation I have to submit to, when my sircar makes his appearance—here he comes—you only attend to what he has to communicate.”

“ Well, Sir,” called out Mr. Evans—“ what have you been doing to-day ? Have you been able to make any collections for me ? ”

“ One rupee, master,” was the reply.

“ One rupee ! and with two hundred bills in your possession—what man ! what have you been doing ? ”

“ I go almost thirty place to-day, and they all tell me not got money ; come some other day. Master Kilter pay me one rupee, and tell me, tell your master, I not want paper. His other bills he said, he pay next month after.”

“ Very well, and what did Mr. Skims tell you ? ”

“ Master Skemis give me one chit—and here it is.”

Mr. Evans took the chit and read as follows :

SIR,—I beg you will direct your Sircar not to trouble me so often. I shall send for the bills when I have money on hand. In the meantime strike my name off from your list of subscribers.

• Your's, &c., J. SIMS.

“ Here is an instance,” observed Mr. Evans.

“ I see it,” returned the other.

Mr. Evans then turning to the Sircar, asked him for the replies of those gentlemen, upon whom he was particularly directed to attend. “ Did you call upon Mr. Jeffs ? ”

“ Yes, Sir, but he make humbug me all time—once he tell me go to office, I go to office ; then he tell me to go to home, I go to home ; and then he teach his servant to say, master not at home.”

“ How many bills have you of his ? ”

“ Fourteen ”—was the answer.

“ And what did Mr. Keats tell you ? ”

“ Here is his letter, Sir ”—said the Sircar.

Mr. Evans read it aloud as follows :

• Mr. KEATS requests the editor of the, ——— to discontinue sending him the periodical ;—as he finds it a dull affair altogether, since the editor has thought proper to eschew

all subjects connected with Physics. Mr. Keats opines that a Magazine should contain papers of all descriptions. The editor will be pleased to act as Mr. Keats directs, and send him his bills in a month or two hence.

"And from whom is this note?" asked Mr. Evans.

"That is from Master Neal."

The letter in question was worded thus:—

To the Editor of the ———.

SIR,—My main object in subscribing to your periodical was to give my incubrations a "local habitation, and a name." But since you have thought proper to reject my articles, for reasons best known to yourself, I request you will do me the favor of striking my name off from your subscription list.

Your's, &c. A. NEAL.

"And what did he say about the bills?"

"He say, he will not pay."

"I think this is enough, Evans; I can now really sympathise your situation, which is sufficient to put a Job out of patience."

"You have but seen a part of my trouble; the filling up of fifty pages of original matter, is by no means an enviable task—and this is to be done at the risk of health and comfort, without the least return of benefit to myself."

"Why not abandon the thing altogether?"

"That is what I mean to do—the only thing is, that in doing so, I shall be abandoning a good cause. However, I will give it another thought, and ere long, I will decide upon the course, I am to pursue."

Here ended the conference, and the friends separated.

I WILL BE A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the year 18—, India was in a state of dreadful commotion. What with the Mahratta campaigns, what with the war with Tippoo, the situation of the English became daily exceedingly precarious; and as if this was not enough, there was another enemy more powerful than the rest, who was expected to make his descent upon India, and wrest, if possible, the Government of these provinces from the hands of the British. The reader needs not be told who was the enemy here alluded to: Buonaparte who was at the head of the French Army in Egypt, had triumphed over the Mamelukes, in the battle of the Pyramids, and was now making his way to Asia, at the head of his troops, flushed with the honors of a recent victory. He was fully determined to visit India, like another Alexander, in spite of all the difficulties which might beset his path. This bold expedition he was induced to undertake by the earnest solicitation of the King of Mysore, who, alarmed at the success of the British arms, invited the French over to his dominions, to avert the danger which awaited him. But Buonaparte's career was effectually checked by the English and the Turks, whose combined forces were posted at Acre, and formed an insuperable barrier to his progress.

It was at the time when the report of the French Invasion was at its height, the chief functionaries of the Government of Bengal were put on

Their qui vive. Council meetings were held almost daily, and military orders were issued from time to time to strengthen the various fortresses in the country, or make such dispositions of the army, as to render their position more secure. Newspapers were filled with long accounts of the victories gained by Buonaparte, and his expected invasion into India, was rendered more than probable. A general panic seized men of all ranks in the country, and nothing was heard of in Calcutta, but the approach of the French. In this state of affairs, the Government ordered the levying of fresh troops; but in this, they met with some difficulty: the Rajpoots would not enlist as seapoys, being somewhat disaffected with the British rule, and there were not men enough in the fort to protect the city. In this emergency, the Government had recourse to an expedient, by which they thought of compassing the object in view. They immediately issued orders for the formation of a local corps, composed of East Indians, and such Europeans as could be availed of. These met on the plains regularly, for the purpose of being *drilled*. Sectioners and Registers, Tradesmen and Mechanics, were obliged to leave their respective duties, at a certain hour in the evening, and assemble, in their uniforms, for the purpose alluded to. Many were the representations made against this coercion on the part of the Government; but they were of no avail, for nothing could shake the determination of the authorities, convinced as they were of the necessity which urged them to the measure.

CHAPTER II.

There was a little dilapidated building, in the purlicus of Calcutta, which was occupied by a dwarfish looking man, a native of Dacca, who adopted the name of Anthony Sebastian, on coming to the Presidency. But in spite of his assumed title, his origin could not be mistaken; for his broad accentuation of the native dialect, betrayed what he wished to remain concealed. Anthony by dint of perseverance, made himself conversant with a few colloquial phrases of the English language, and had acquired the rudiments of reading and spelling to enable him to perform the duties of a Printers' devil. But Anthony's genius was not formed to develope itself among forms, sticks and fonts; and he therefore soon got tired of his vocation. Our hero, however, was no idler; he sought for employment in some other line of business, to which his inclination led him. He at last advertised himself as a retail dealer of Hams and Bacon, Cheese and Beer; and to draw the attention of the public to the last commodity, he had on his sign board, printed in large characters

GOOD GINGER BEER

TO BE SOLD HERE.

The profession which Anthony now adopted was one for which he had a great predilection, and he devoted all his time and attention to it; so that within a short period, he was able to assume a decent appearance, and was put in a condition to think of changing his state of life. Anthony was always expeditious in the execution of his projects, and he no sooner thought of a wife, than he looked around him to see if he could get a person whom he could make a partner for life. A damsel chanced to come in his way, and she found favor in his sight. It is not necessary for the reader

to know the fascinations Anthony employed in winning the heart of the maiden; how he signified his honorable intentions to her, nor how he wooed and cooed her during the period of courtship. It is sufficient for our purpose to state, that he soon had the felicity of leading the spinster to the Hymenal Altar, and they were both united with ties, which made them cleave to one another "for better and for worse." Anthony after his marriage, continued his trade with redoubled energy; his prospects brightened before him, and happiness reigned in his domestic heart. As an instance of the improved state of his speculations, we might mention the improvement he made upon his board, which now exhibited in very bright colors

**Ginger and Country Beer,
Bacon and Ham,
Are Always sold here,
By Anthony Sebastian.**

Thus far we thought it necessary to speak of Anthony before introducing him in another character. The above will, therefore, form a kind of a preliminary to the sequel which contains the *denouement* of our plot. But we shall not anticipate; let all that remains to be said be presented to the reader, in a regular order.

One morning, Anthony arose at an unusually early hour, and paced about his little compound in measured steps, making use of certain words and expressions, which were perfectly unintelligible to his wife, who though in bed, heard very distinctly every word he uttered. "Right, left, quick march, halt, right about face," kept dinning upon her ears in quick succession, and the poor woman had certain misgivings of the soundness of her husband's mind. "What can be the matter with him," thought she to herself, "to be thus speaking to himself, and walking as if he were measuring the length of the ground, and this not once or twice, but a hundred times? I hope no evil spirit has seized him." So saying, Mrs. Sebastian having performed her toilet, left her room, with the view of witnessing the strange freaks of her husband. She stood at the door of her little hall, and beheld all his movements without being discovered. Anthony, in the mean while strutted about the place with a majestic air; and, *start as he was*, he endeavoured to keep himself erect, as if a paste-board had been stuck to his back. "Right," "left," "right," "left," he continued repeating for a considerable time, and then on pronouncing the word "halt," he stood still with his arms stretched to his sides *à la militaire*. Our hero then seemed pleased at the performance, and turning round he rubbed the palms of his hands against one another, with a smile playing upon his countenance. His wife could bear this no longer, but walked into the compound, and without the customary salutation abruptly asked her lord and master what he meant by this foolery. "What is it you are about?" enquired she with the utmost concern.

"I will be a Soldier, my love," returned the other with an air which meant to say there was no mistake about the matter.

"A Soldier!"

"Yes a soldier and then you know —"

"But why should you be a Soldier, Anthony?"

It is for the honor of the thing, my love. I shall wear a red coat, and does not like a red coat? Yes, yes, I will fight as well as any man, when I distinguish myself, I will be promoted. I may become officer, and perhaps a colonel at the end. Who knows, my dear, what is store for me? perhaps you will not long hence be called Lady Sebastian. Yes, Anthony Sebastian is not doomed to sell ham and cheese all the days of his life. He will yet drive a carriage and pair."

"Is all this true, Anthony?" asked the wife in her simplicity.

"True! of course, Suzannah; do you think I am joking with you?"

"No, I thought so."

"Yes, yes; I will be a Soldier, and you will soon see me in my uniform."

"And how will you manage to get yourself enrolled?"

"Leave that to me. You know they will take any body for the militia."

"Militia! what kind of thing is it, Anthony?"

"It is a little regiment which the Government has formed here, for the defence of the city."

"And why? do they expect the city to be attacked?"

"Have you not heard that the French are coming here with Buonaparte at their head. People say that he is now about a few days' journey from Calcutta; and we must muster a large army here to defend the city."

"And, oh Anthony! if you are killed!"

"O, no fear of that. I am not such a fool as to plant myself before the mouth of a cannon; and should a man attack me I shall always have my comrades to assist me. I am no coward you know; I shall fight like a soldier."

"And, Anthony, what will you do with your shop? Will you still carry it on?"

"I must abandon that soon you know; for how would it look for me when I become a Captain, or a Colonel, to be selling hams and bacon. O no; that will never do. I must send the whole of my store to the auction immediately on receiving orders to take up my quarters at the Fort."

"And shall I also go with you, Anthony?"

"O yes, my dear, Suzannah; how can I live without you?" So saying, Anthony entered the house, and after spending a few minutes at his toilet, and taking a hasty breakfast, he left the house full of mighty resolves in his mind. He went direct to the Fort, and presented himself to the officer, whose business it was to enroll the East Indians in the local Corps. His name being inserted on the list, he returned highly gratified. After that, he was punctual in his attendance on the parade ground, at the hour appointed for exercise, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the evolutions of infantry. The time soon arrived, when the recruits were to make use of their muskets. Each was presented with this weapon, and Anthony was of course not forgotten. One evening, the commanding officer reviewed the regiment; he ordered the muskets to be loaded, and the words "present," and "fire," immediately followed, and a volley was discharged at the word of command. The recruits then dropped their guns upon the ground, and waited further orders. Anthony, however, was singular in this respect; he was seen fumbling the trigger, and was apparently puzzled, why his did not fire. The fact is, when presenting his musket, so violent a trepidation seized him, that he

threw the whole of the contents of the pan upon the ground ; and he his failure in joining in the general discharge. He pulled the trigger some dozen times, but it was of no avail, until all eyes were directed towards him. "What is that fellow doing there?" enquired the officer, in a voice which chilled the very blood in the veins of Anthony. Anthony looked round with fear depicted on his countenance, and to make matters worse, he took the musket, and peeped into the barrel to see if there was anything to obstruct the passage of the cartridge.

"What is that man about?" called out the officer with still greater vehemence.

"He has not been able to fire his piece," was the reply from several near Anthony. The cause being enquired into and ascertained, the officer, who was a good-humoured man in his way, was desirous of having some fun at the expense of our hero, by putting him to the test. "Bring him hither," commanded he; and Anthony left his rank, and was posted in the front. The pan of his musket being replenished with powder, he was bid to fire. Anthony obeyed the order, and the contents were no sooner discharged, than the gun fell from his hand, and he, poor man, measured his length upon the ground. It happened that our soldier, instead of placing the butt of the musket upon his arm, kept it between his chin and shoulder; and when he fired, it kicked so violently, that he was thrown down in an instant. His fall occasioned much merriment, and the Captain himself could not help smiling at the ludicrous sight. He, however, soon assumed an air of gravity, and ordered Anthony to be put upon his legs, and a loaded musket to be given him, to let him try his skill upon it a second time.

"I beg your pardon," said Anthony; "that will do; your honor will excuse me this time."

But the officer heeded not his supplication, and enjoined an instant obedience to his command.

"Fire," called out the Captain.

"Yes, Sir," said he, all in a tremor.

"Fire," repeated the Captain.

"Yes, I am *firing*, Sir," returned the would-be Colonel.

"Will you hear me or not?—Fire instantly." Anthony attended to the request, and the result was as before; for he fell on the ground with the musket at the distance of some ten yards from him. "I shall no more be a soldier," muttered Anthony to himself, when he was again upon his legs. His comrades laughed and jeered at him, and this served to increase the poignancy of his disgrace. He went home with a heavy heart and related the whole of what had befallen him, to his sympathising wife.

"I thought, Anthony," said Suzannah, "you would never do for a Soldier. I did not like to dissuade you from enlisting, as you were so bent upon it."

"But who thought, my dear," observed the husband, "that a small quantity of powder was capable of doing such mischief?"

Anthony after this was never more heard talking of a soldier's life. He by some means got his name struck off from the list, and became perfectly reconciled to his former profession.

, A BRIDAL SONG.

Oh! twine a wreath of orange blossoms,
To bind her flowing hair;
And with rich gems and jewels deck
A bride so young and fair!
In gorgeous robes and satin shoes,
All of the purest white,
Prepare her for the festive hall,
Which she must tread to-night.

II.

Bring flowers of the fairest hue,
In garlands breathing sweet,
To decorate the gay saloon,
As joyful tokens meet;
And 'luminate the mansion fair,
With thousand lamps beside,
That these may suit the bright attire
And beauty of the bride.

III.

There sweetly too let Melody
Her siren-magic fling,
While merry hearts in unison,
Shall gaily dance and sing;
And she with graceful buoyant steps,
Will lightly glide along,
In all her shining garbs array'd,
Amid the happy throng.

IV.

A few short hours, and she must leave
The scene of early years,
Which many a fond and tender tie,
So sacredly endears!
But ere those bitter moments come,
To cloud her sunny brow,
May she partake of every bliss
That home can offer now.

JUVENIS.

26th October, 1843.

LINES

To M ————— ON PARTING.

1.

How dreadful it is when affection's conceal'd
 Beneath the cold garb of disdain—
 And it's brightest, and most welcome ray is reveal'd
 When on 'parting' we utter that word fraught with pain
 Farewell—upon Earth thou ever dearest—"Farewell."

2.

That fate hath been mine, and the winter of Soul
 Hath shed it's chill snows o'er my brow and my heart—
 Oh in mercy restrain those billows that roll,
 When Affection's soft sighs at the moment we part,
 Whispers—dearest, dearest oh, for ever, Farewell,

3.

Like the 'billows that roll' on the face of the Ocean
 When blows the South-wind at the height of its power—
 So wildly doth beat the heart's true emotion
 When, in grief and in sadness at that "cruel hour,"
 In anguish is murmur'd "Dearest, Farewell!"

4.

Oh twine not the wreath with ever-green flowers,
 Nor deck the cold tomb with garlands so rare!
 The heart that had swell'n on such sunny hours
 Is sinking to rest—in oblivion to share,
 The peace thou hast slain—oh dearest, Farewell!

Punjab.

THE END.

